OU CAN STILL MAKE A FORTUNE by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

FEB. 6,
1937

Liberty

5¢

REVERE F. WISTEHUFF

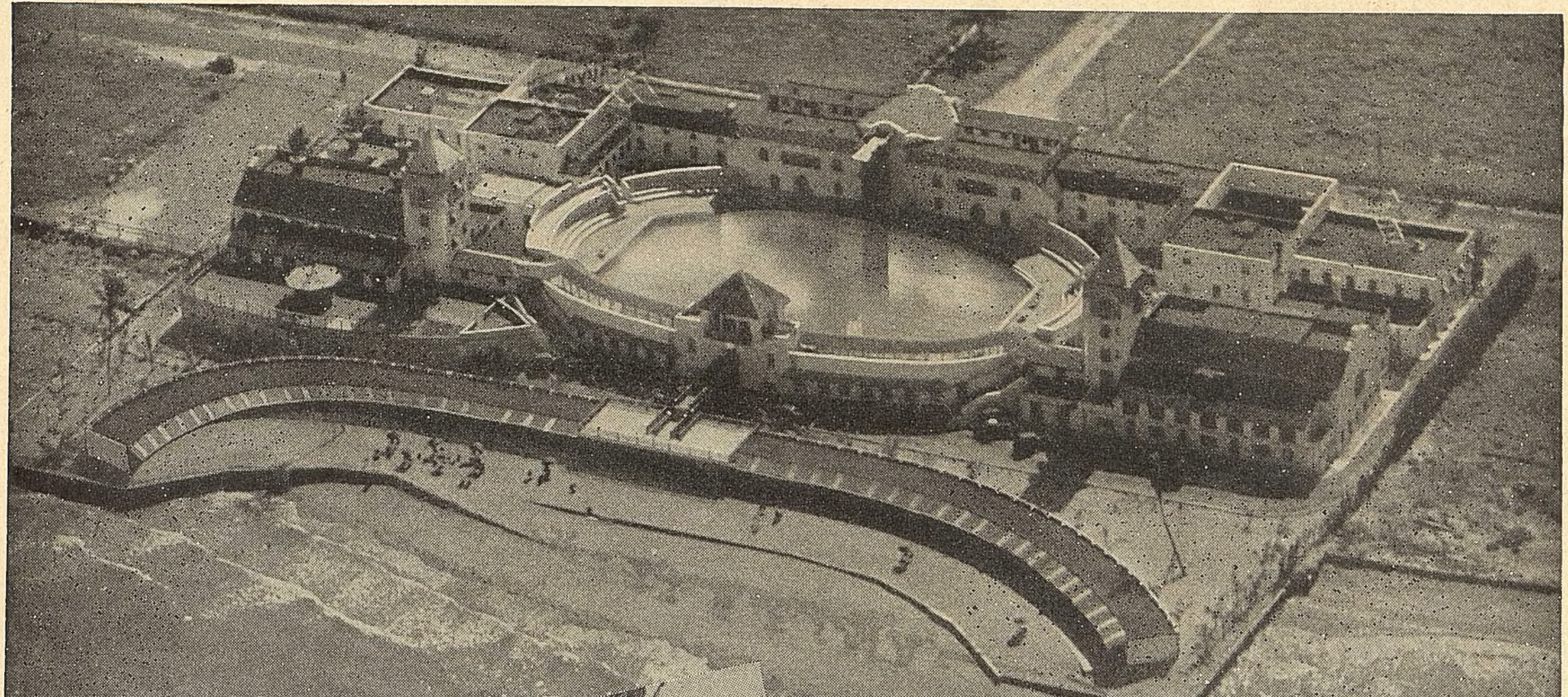
OWARD HUGHES,
ECORD BREAKER—

e Story of an Exciting Life
by RUPERT HUGHES

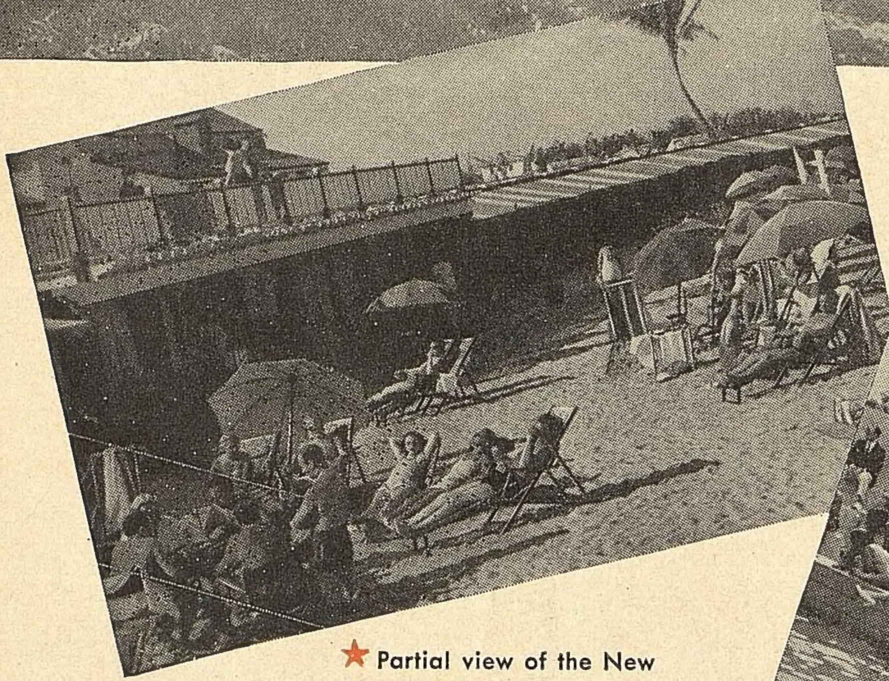
STORIES AND ARTICLES BY ERIC HATCH, WALTON GREEN,
MARGARET SANGSTER, BERT GREEN, JAMES EDWARD GRANT

MACFADDEN-DEAUVILLE HOTEL

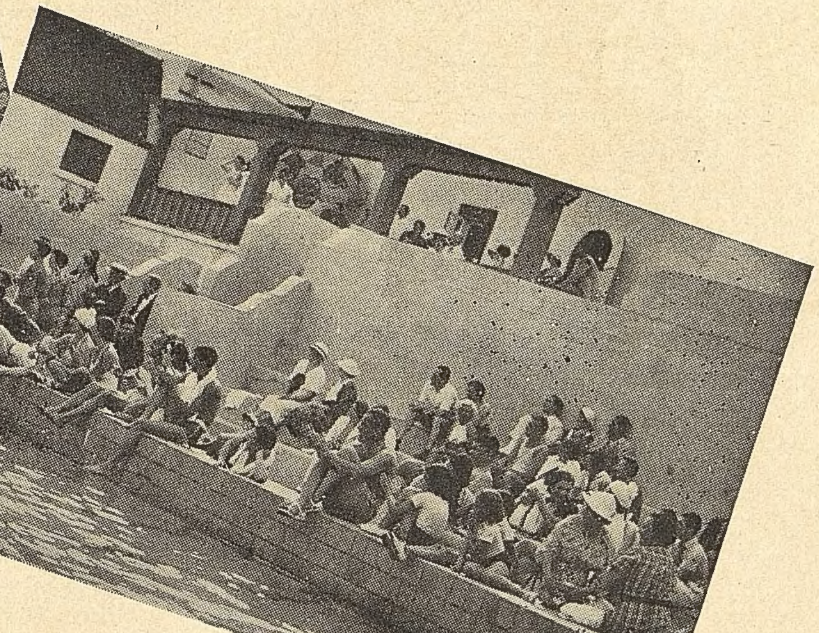
Health and Pleasure Resort



★ The New Deauville from the air. The smiling Atlantic in front, the beautiful Biscayne Bay immediately behind the hotel.



★ Partial view of the New Deauville beach, and luxuriously furnished cabanas.



★ The big circular swimming pool rivals the ocean itself.

★ Florida climate and human ingenuity have combined to make the New Deauville a veritable winter paradise.

Transformed and enlarged last year by Bernarr Macfadden, publisher and health enthusiast, it is now the ideal place to enjoy Florida at its very best.

No other place in Florida can offer more, if indeed as much, in the way of unalloyed joy of living as the New Deauville—luxurious quarters—unsurpassed cuisine with Continental breakfast (tray service) included in room rates—also a la carte service, 500-foot ocean beach carpeted with sand that is powder soft—the world's largest salt water circular swimming pool—nearly one hundred gaily furnished cabanas for all season or short term occupancy—automatic membership of guests in the Deauville Cabana Club—golf, tennis, fishing, sailing, riding, practically right at the door—nothing is lacking to enable you to enjoy Florida to the fullest.

For rates and reservations address: THE NEW DEAUVILLE, Collins Avenue at 67th Street, Miami Beach, Florida. New York Address: Room 1517, Chanin Building, New York, N. Y.

★ For those who wish to add to their store of health and vigor during their stay at the New Deauville, its special department of Physical Culture and vitality building is available.

Sun bathing, hydrotherapy, physiotherapy, electric, steam and cabinet baths, massages, corrective dieting, calisthenics and other facilities on a scale unexcelled.

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Keep in Trim

ENERGY UNAFFECTED AFTER CROWNS. Records show no lessening of physical energy after normal drinking of Crown Whiskies in the case of V. C. Pohlmeyer, business-man, graduate of Michigan, member of the Seagram-sponsored Adirondack Research.

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Which form of whiskey *is* best for you? Consider these facts:

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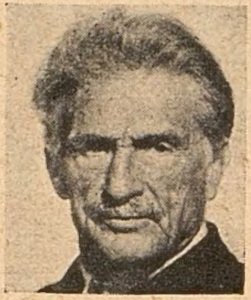
FEBRUARY 6, 1937 **Liberty** VOL. 14, NO. 6

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

WALLACE H. CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

Who Wants to Be a KING?



BERNARR MACFADDEN

THE world was amazed beyond expression at the abdication of King Edward. The British Empire is the world's greatest nation, and the king was envied everywhere. For any one to suggest throwing all the honors aside as a worthless bauble was unthinkable.

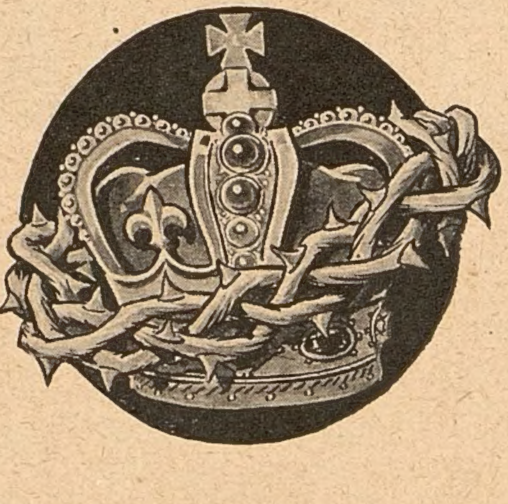
But here we had a king who was human to the last degree. First of all he was apparently a real man, an outstanding personality. He chose to follow the dictates of Dan Cupid. The honors of being a figurehead to the English government seemingly did not appeal to him. Although his decision was apparently made because of his great affection for Mrs. Simpson, we can all read between the lines. There was something more than romance that caused this outstanding English aristocrat to renounce his royal prerogatives.

Anyway, what is there in being a king?

The kings of today, especially in a country with intricate complexities, are merely symbols. The king's advisers are the real rulers. They tell him what to do and he dare not differ with them.

Furthermore, the former King of England, now the Duke of Windsor, was really not an aristocrat at heart. He was heartily in sympathy with the suffering masses. He showed this tendency before and after he ascended the throne. And although a certain amount of such sympathy might be allowed a supposed ruler, it is easily possible to carry such tendencies too far to suit the opinions of his advisers—the real power behind the throne.

We have no reason to envy a king. Or, for that matter, any one in a high position. The higher your position in life, the less freedom you have.



A king, for example, is not unlike a goldfish or a monkey in a cage as far as his private life is concerned. It is almost like living on a stage in full public view. He cannot have a private life of his own.

When we belong to what is called the masses, we can do about what we like as long as we do not break the laws, and no one cares. But as we ascend the scale of what we call success, conventional decrees bind us. The higher we go the less freedom we have and, in most cases, the less real happiness we find. The obligations and responsibilities that we assume in climbing the heights often become shackles that bind and enslave us for the balance of our lives.

For the first time, doubtless, the former King of England has a freedom from restriction and restraint that must be almost like being released from prison. He is probably the happiest man alive. All the sham and show, the hypocritical pretense that he had to endure are no more. He can live his own life in accordance with his personal inclinations.

" Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," said Shakespeare truly. All kings deserve our pity. They should not be envied.

It has been said that " a king can do no wrong." And yet the privilege of marrying a divorced woman, which is accorded to the lowliest citizen of Great Britain, was denied David Windsor.

If you knew the inside story of those with whom you might wish to exchange places, the probabilities are you would recoil in horror at the very thought of such a possibility.

Bernarr Macfadden

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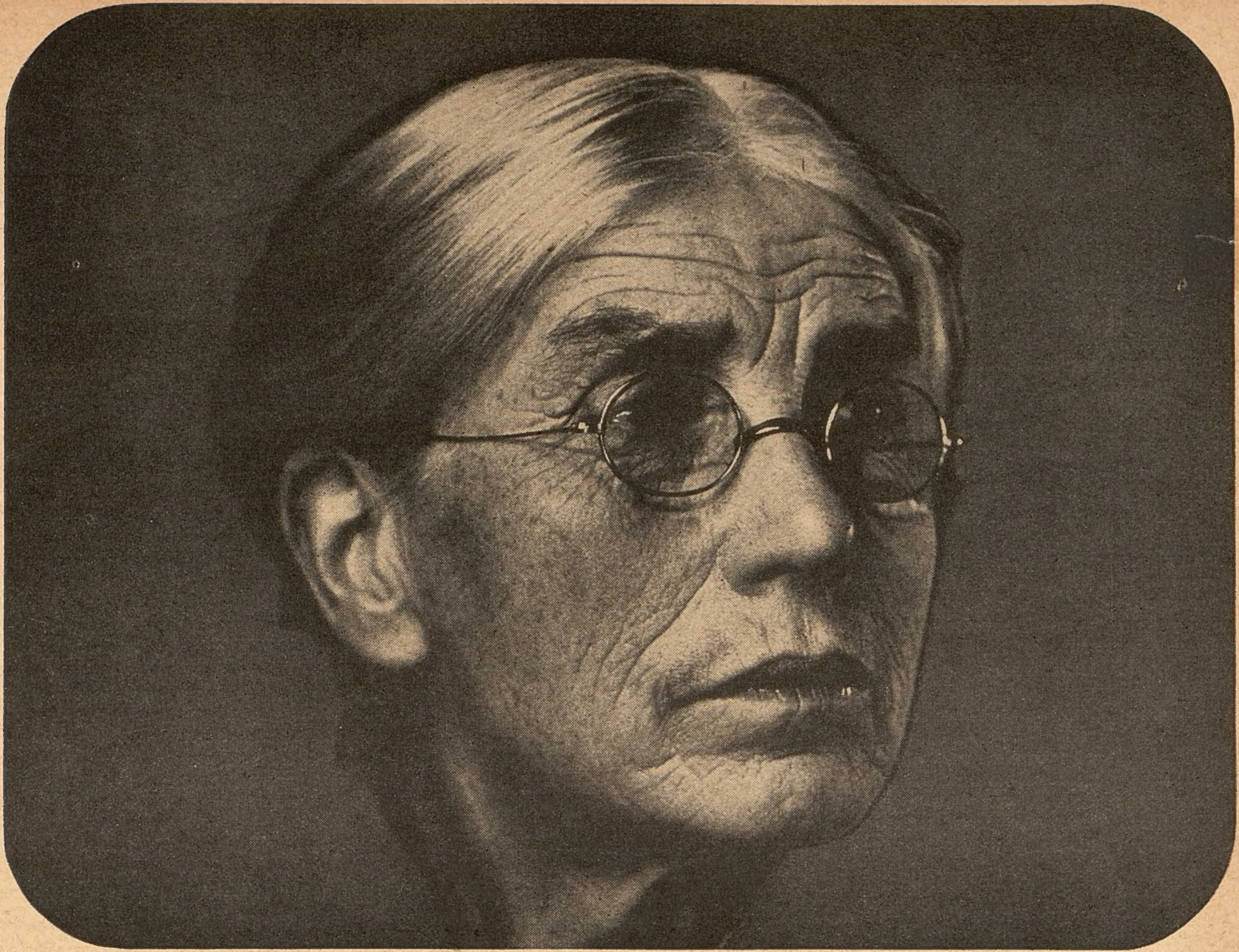


"WOMEN WERE MEANT TO SUFFER"

When grandmother was a girl it was one of those whispered facts of life that the fairer sex must bear their pain in silence.

Old wives, past the three ordeals of womanhood, only murmured that it made their role in life more noble.

When misery etched into the youthful face a little deeper every month, folks merely shrugged their shoulders and said that women were meant to suffer.

But were they?

Sixty-one years ago, a staunch New England woman said "No." So with a will of iron, an understanding heart and a copper kettle, she set to work on her kitchen stove and made the first batch of Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

She gave some of it to friends; they blessed her. They told other women. Soon it came to pass that Lydia Pinkham was showered with letters from far and wide, begging for some of her Compound, other letters telling her of the wonderful good it had done to relieve them.

Since that time her name has lingered on the grateful lips of millions of users who bless the memory of the woman who said "We were *not* meant to suffer."

Needless today

Have you ever tried this wonderful Compound? If you are inclined to become nervous, irritable, almost impossible to live with at times—as a wife and a mother—you owe it to your husband and children as well as yourself to try a bottle of the Compound.

For three generations one woman has told another how to go "smiling through" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helps Nature tone up the system, thus lessening the discomforts* which must be endured, especially during

The Three Ordeals
of Woman

1. *Passing from girlhood into womanhood.*
2. *Preparing for Motherhood.*
3. *Approaching "Middle Age."*

**functional disorders*

Feeling miserable during any one or all three ordeals of womanhood is so needless these days when the Vegetable Compound can help.

We have in our files letters from more than a million women testifying to the good we believe Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound can bring you, too. Why not ask your druggist for a bottle today?

One woman tells another how to go "Smiling Through" with

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

YOU CAN STILL

by CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

Opportunity Gone? It's Everywhere, and Here's the Proof . . A Challenge from One Who Bears a Famous American Name

SOMETIMES I wonder if ambition is going out of our American youth.

It would be the natural aftermath of depression; and yet it would be a tragedy in a nation as progressive and aspiring as these United States. For a tired, sophisticated, blasé Europe, satiated with the glories of a bygone era, such things are expected, nay, taken for granted, but not so in the twentieth-century land of Uncle Sam.

Nevertheless, I sometimes wonder when I hear the sons of some of the still rich, and others not so well off, tell of the lack of opportunity for making a fortune or even a better-than-average living. They'd have you believe that it is only a question of time before the federal government annexes everything and regiments us all as part and parcel of a great political machine which undertakes to do all but live for us.

I, for one, refuse to swallow any such ideas. I do not balk at the duty of government in carrying on life when it is necessary for a government to step in. I am in favor of government help in caring for the needy and in advising with business on the relief of unemployment. But I feel there is still plenty of room for the doers, the thinkers, the actors, and the inventors; and a whole lot of territory left for the hard workers.

For every thousand people who are willing to follow the leader, there is one fellow with the intestinal fortitude that makes men greater.

I often think I'd like to be just twenty years my junior today, and still have the knowledge I've gleaned in the university of hard knocks in that time. Instead of a stripling youth with the indomitable desire to enlist and go to war in the defense of my country, I would have before me a hemisphere at peace with itself astride the saddle of nations, ready for whatever might come. There'd be a gleam in my eye, and my raw knuckles would pack an even better punch. But instead of going out looking for trouble, I'd study hard the business horizon of life, set myself a goal, and go and get it!

Back in the '40s and '50s my great-great-grandfather Cornelius Vanderbilt saw no future in farming the family hills on Staten Island tilled by his ancestors for more than a hundred years. Instead, he got himself a crude little skiff and paddled from Staten Island to Manhattan, peddling the vegetables his family grew. From that skiff came side-wheelers, brigantines, fleet ocean liners. From them, steam engines, thousands of miles of glistening steel tracks, steel freight cars, and real estate in a hundred different cities—an empire from a boyhood dream. In his day and age, if he had sat back, as many others did, and let nature take its course, the rest of us might still be wearing wooden sabots and sackcloth.

Each son down the line contributed to the already large fortune he inherited from his father, and did his best toward a more glowing future for those who were to follow him. . . .

Standing up in the main building of Rockefeller Center the other day, watching the remarkable television tests, I thought of the hundreds of young inventors throughout our country—some of them doubtless headed for great achievements—who must be working on similar ideas.

Years ago, I remember attending one of the first sessions of Dr. De Forest and his radio sending and receiving devices. Some of the reporters touched their temples and smiled slyly; but the good doctor, and dozens of others, went on working, and today we have radio at its zenith.

When I first went to Hollywood in 1919 silent pictures were in an advanced stage. A few years afterward many were the jokes circulated about the "speakies," yet the talkies have become one of the most potent forces in our lives today.

Mackay, Fair, Flood, and O'Brien were ridiculed in the '60s about their claims along the Flowery Range in what was then western Utah—claims that later turned out to be on the billion-dollar Comstock Lode.

Henry Ford must often have had misgivings in those early pioneering days of his with his "horseless carriage," yet Ford's fortune—and those of two hundred and fifty other Detroiters—was founded after the turn of the twentieth century.

And so it goes. Look in any direction, wherever you are when you read this article, and you will see at least one article or object which must have made its maker a tidy sum of money.

A young lady of my acquaintance was born with an ugly birthmark upon her cheek. Through early childhood into young womanhood she suffered embarrassment from her disfigurement. She read a lot and stayed home a good deal. Then she became interested in pharmacology. It became a consuming desire of hers to find some blending of harmless ingredients that would cover the spot. A year or two ago she discovered the right preparation. Today she is fast becoming one of the wealthiest women in New York, as well as one of the most attractive.

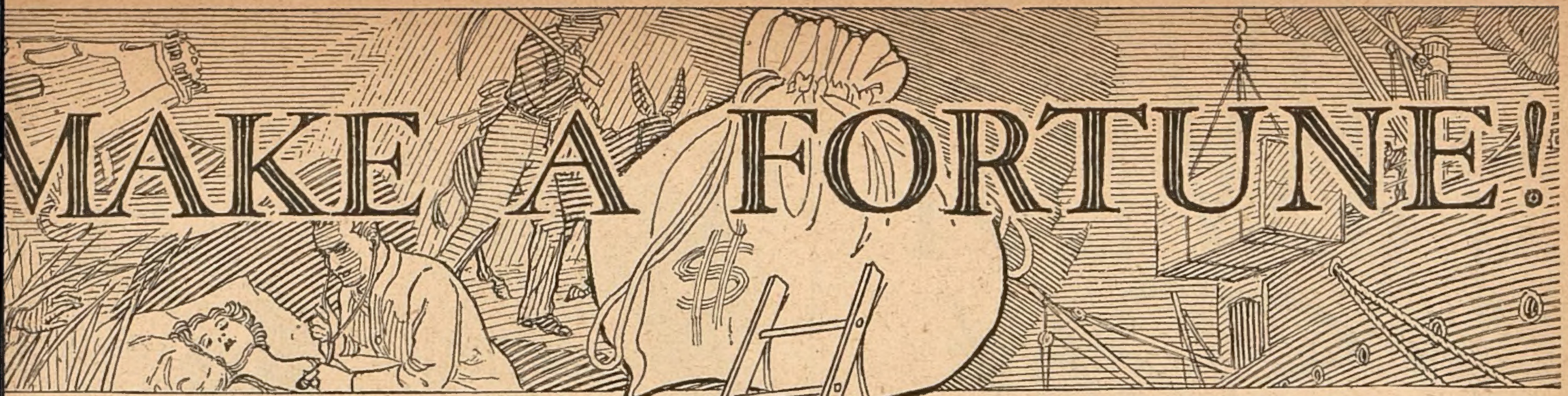
A YOUNG couple—brother and sister—in Chicago five years or so ago discovered that if they mixed this with that, and that with this, they created something quite unusual. They needed to advertise it. And for that they needed more money than they could scrape together. They consulted an older friend of mine, who loaned them one half of what they requested. On the air they went with a program which is now one of the twenty best known in radio. Both are now rich.

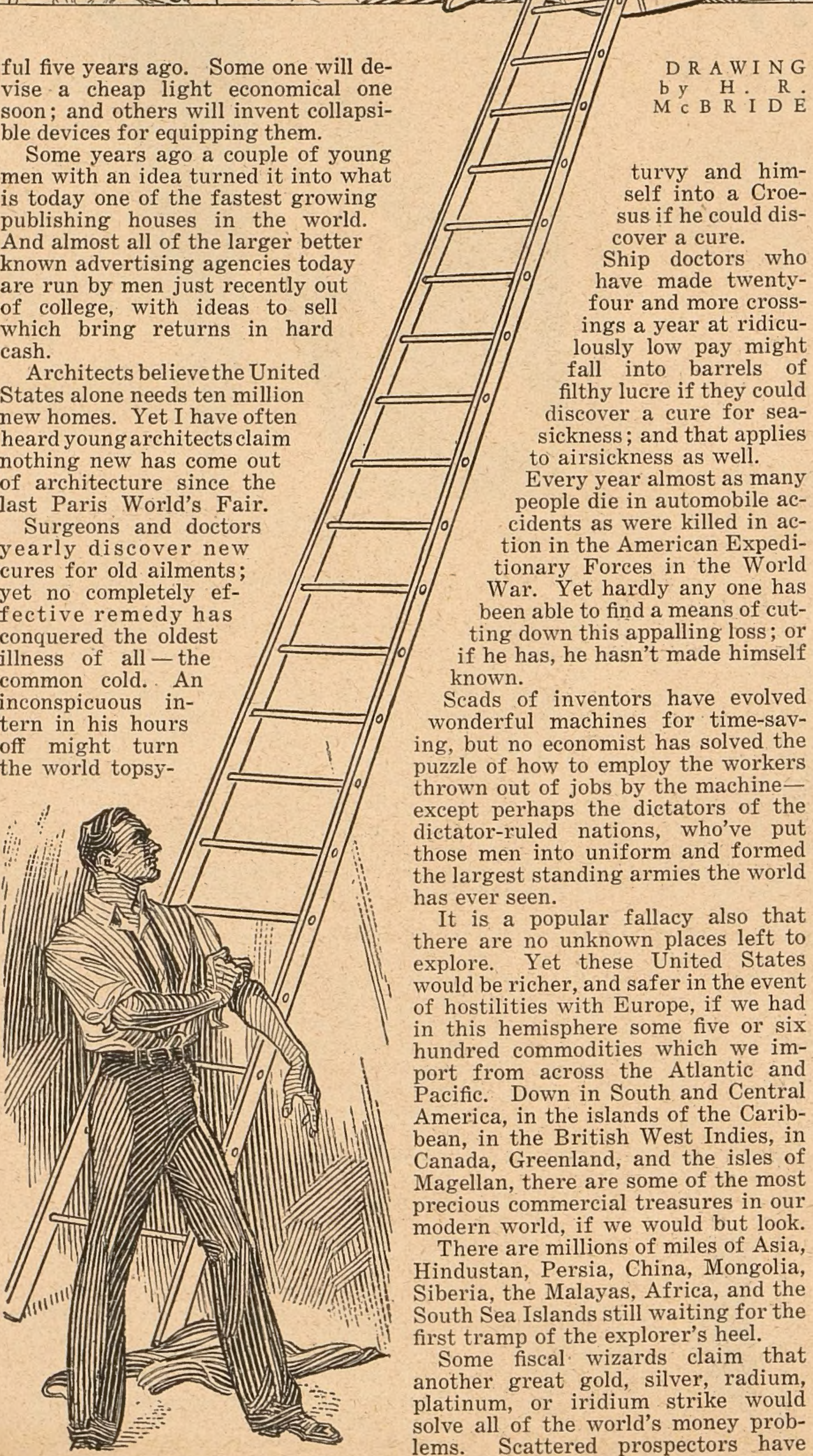
With so many new businesses in their inception it does seem strange that so few young people are willing to knuckle down to hard work and take flyers with some of them. When young men in their early twenties tell me that life holds nothing new, that all frontiers have been turned into back yards, that everything's been done before, it makes me see red.

Stop, look, and think for a moment as life passes you by. Air conditioning has been with us only three or four years. It is comparatively little used in hotels, apartment houses, or private homes; but what a tremendous boon it would be in kitchens alone, if not elsewhere!

Thousands of people are traveling about in house trailers attached to the rear of their cars. More than six hundred concerns are manufacturing them this year as compared to a hand-

MAKE A FORTUNE!





DRAWING by H. R. McBRIDE

ful five years ago. Some one will devise a cheap light economical one soon; and others will invent collapsible devices for equipping them.

Some years ago a couple of young men with an idea turned it into what is today one of the fastest growing publishing houses in the world. And almost all of the larger better known advertising agencies today are run by men just recently out of college, with ideas to sell which bring returns in hard cash.

Architects believe the United States alone needs ten million new homes. Yet I have often heard young architects claim nothing new has come out of architecture since the last Paris World's Fair.

Surgeons and doctors yearly discover new cures for old ailments; yet no completely effective remedy has conquered the oldest illness of all — the common cold. An inconspicuous intern in his hours off might turn the world topsy-turvy and himself into a Croesus if he could discover a cure.

Ship doctors who have made twenty-four and more crossings a year at ridiculously low pay might fall into barrels of filthy lucre if they could discover a cure for seasickness; and that applies to airsickness as well.

Every year almost as many people die in automobile accidents as were killed in action in the American Expeditionary Forces in the World War. Yet hardly any one has been able to find a means of cutting down this appalling loss; or if he has, he hasn't made himself known.

Scads of inventors have evolved wonderful machines for time-saving, but no economist has solved the puzzle of how to employ the workers thrown out of jobs by the machine—except perhaps the dictators of the dictator-ruled nations, who've put those men into uniform and formed the largest standing armies the world has ever seen.

It is a popular fallacy also that there are no unknown places left to explore. Yet these United States would be richer, and safer in the event of hostilities with Europe, if we had in this hemisphere some five or six hundred commodities which we import from across the Atlantic and Pacific. Down in South and Central America, in the islands of the Caribbean, in the British West Indies, in Canada, Greenland, and the isles of Magellan, there are some of the most precious commercial treasures in our modern world, if we would but look.

There are millions of miles of Asia, Hindustan, Persia, China, Mongolia, Siberia, the Malayas, Africa, and the South Sea Islands still waiting for the first tramp of the explorer's heel.

Some fiscal wizards claim that another great gold, silver, radium, platinum, or iridium strike would solve all of the world's money problems. Scattered prospectors have pioneered our West since gold and silver were first discovered, but no really scientific expedition has been out in some time. Northeastern Canada has recently become a beehive of activity; as have Colorado, Arizona, Nevada, and portions of California. But the man who makes a worth-while strike in the next five years on this continent will die a multimillionaire.

World trade between nations is still actually in its infancy. President Roosevelt's recent South American peace trip will do more toward cementing friendly trade relations with our Central and South American cousins than anything else has in years. And young men interested in developing a future through foreign trade could do no better than to study Spanish in school and college, and watch out for a good opportunity to travel for some South American export house. From these nations we import most of the coffee, the raw hides, the oil, the bananas and other tropical fruits, and the spices we use here today.

Then, still to come, are discoveries of methods to eliminate the devastating droughts which have laid bare so much of our agricultural communities; discoveries of how to prevent, or at least check, floods and pestilence; discoveries of new energies from the sea and the stars.

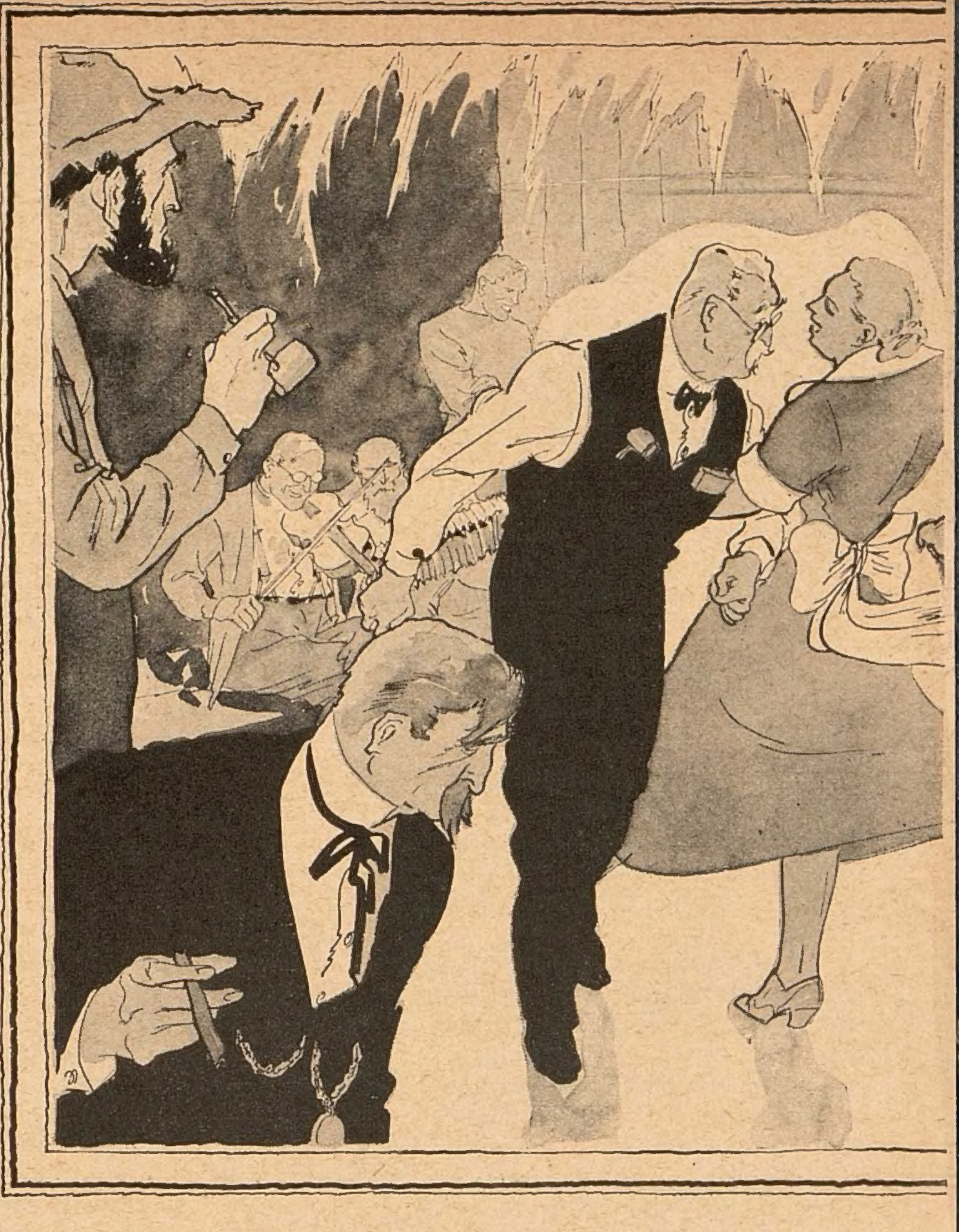
IN England, France, Germany, Italy, Russia, China, and Japan there has been a concerted move on the part of the young to play a more important part in the politics and the policies of those countries. That move is but in its infancy here; but it could well become one of the largest accomplishments that any young people might become involved in. Its horizons are infinite.

Roger Babson, I believe, recently wrote that there are sixty ways to become wealthy and well known today. Personally, I disagree with him. There are limitless openings, provided the eye is quick and the heart brave. The only ointment needed is plenty of elbow grease and a determination to make good. Next time you hear the old gags that "life is played out" and "there's nothing new to invent," just you roar right out in the speaker's face and go about your job of making life a whole lot more interesting.

THE END

HARVEST in Sight

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 45 SECONDS



There were moments of relaxation. One evening, dressed in his

LAUREL looked across the counter into the eyes of the young man who was asking for socks. She said: " I don't think I understand."

The young man said, all in one breath, " I mean the kind the Prince of Wales—my mistake, the King of England—wears. The kind with elastic in th' top. What're you doing tonight? "

Laurel was bewildered. She said, " I'm afraid we don't carry that kind. *Did you want to know what I'm doing tonight?* "

The young man smiled. His teeth were a flash of white against his olive face. He said, " You got me, beautiful! "

Laurel flushed. She thought, I'm not beautiful in the least. She answered primly, " I'm going to the pictures."

The young man asked, " Alone? "

Laurel—who hadn't intended to unbend in the slightest—surprised herself by dimpling. She said, " No. I'm going with another girl."

The young man smiled again. His eyes were very dark beneath brows that were vertical lines, almost meeting above a straight nose. He said: " I've got tickets for a swell musical comedy. I'll meet you at the employees' entrance at— Do you get out at six? "

Laurel, quite without her own volition, murmured, " At six thirty." She added hurriedly, " But you mustn't wait for me. I don't know you! "

The young man chuckled. " You will. S'long, sister. I'll be seeing you."

He turned on his heel, saying, as an afterthought, " Never mind about the socks," and was gone.

Laurel, watching him stride down the aisle of the store, thought that he was very slim and handsome and extremely well dressed. But she had a worried feeling about Aunt Nellie, back on the farm in Rocky Center, New Hampshire. Her aunt wouldn't approve of him and his extraordinarily direct methods of approach.

But even as she was telling herself that she wouldn't meet the young man, Laurel was wondering whether she'd have time, at noon, to run down to the bargain basement and squander her week's lunch money on a new hat!

The young man said, " My name's Bill. Bill Jones. What's your name? "

Laurel told him. " My name," she said, " is Laurel Benson." The young man was hailing a taxi, quite as if he always rode in taxis. He said, " It sort of suits you—but it's a funny name, at that. Laurel's a kind of tree, ain't it? "

Laurel said, " There's a grove of them just at the edge of the south pasture. They're like lace against the sky at twilight. My mother loved them, and when I was born she said they'd be my godmother."

Bill asked, " You live with your mother? "

Laurel explained. " I don't live with anybody, not really," she said. " I'm staying in a roominghouse. I used to live on our farm with my aunt. My father and my mother are both dead. They've been dead "—she choked—" quite a long while."

Bill said, " So've mine." He reached over and took her hand. He surveyed the slim fingers and said, " You're brown's a berry. I bet you're not long in the city."

Laurel sighed. " I've been here three weeks," she told him. " The farm is so poor, and auntie and I thought I'd better try to get a job in the city, so I could earn money for the taxes. They'll be due in September—and this is June. I—I don't like the city. It's kind of lonesome."

Bill smiled with a flash of the so-white teeth. He said, " It won't be lonesome any more, baby! "

THE evening was sheer magic. Beginning at the dimly lighted Italian restaurant with its hovering waiters—all of whom seemed to know Bill—there was one thrill after another. Laurel refused the wine and the cocktails—she'd never tasted a cocktail, and even homemade dandelion wine scared her a little bit.

At the musical comedy—the first stage play she had ever seen—Bill laughed to see her eyes widen and her cheeks grow pink. After the theater they went home in another taxi. When they reached her house, Bill paid off the driver and escorted Laurel tenderly up the steps of the high brownstone stoop.

" It's early yet," he said; " s'pose I come in for a while, so we can gab."

Laurel was embarrassed. " I'm awfully sorry, Mr. Jones," she said, " but I've got just one room—*and it's a bedroom.* I can't invite you in. I would if I were home, on the farm."

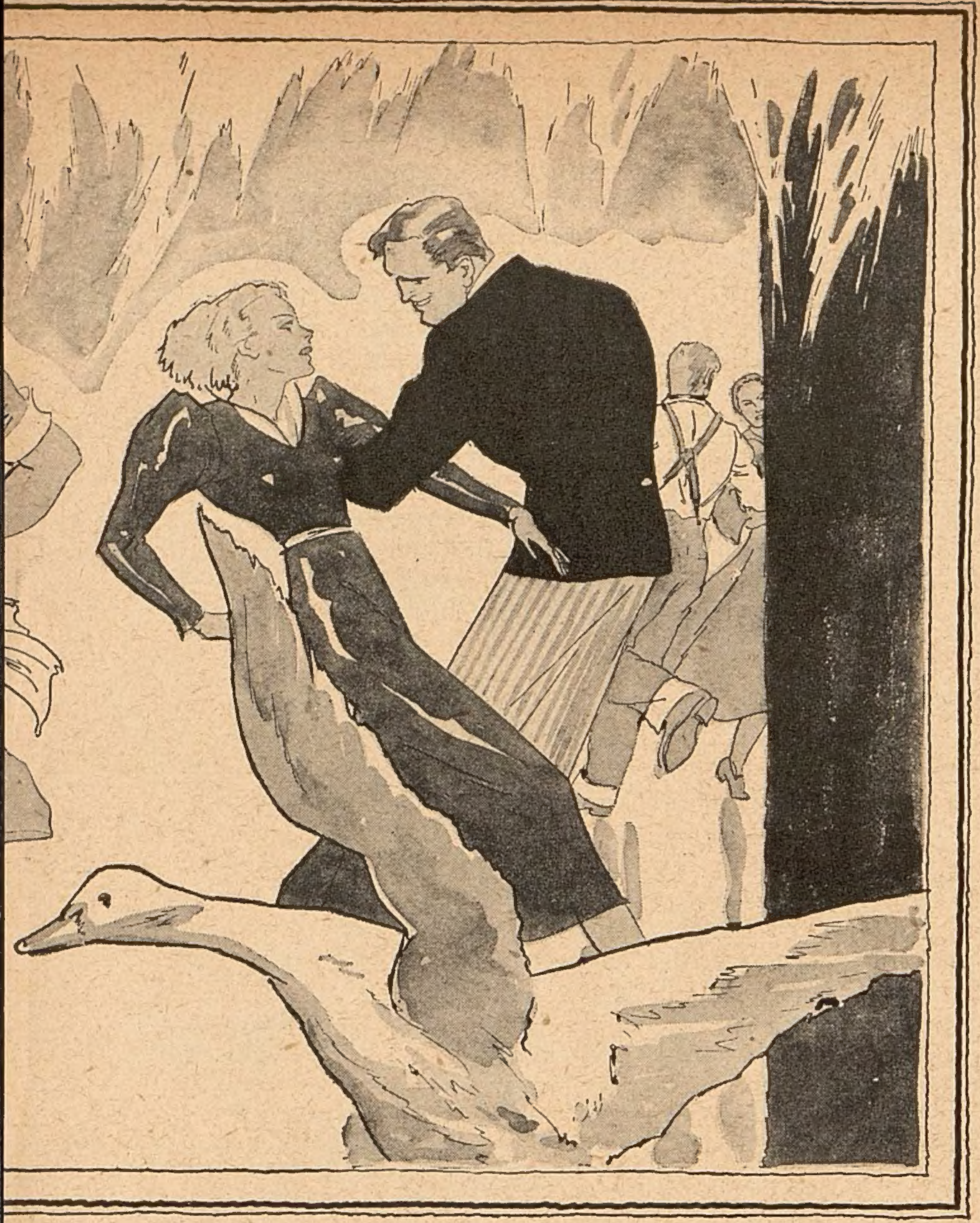
Bill said, " Oh, yeah—on the farm." He peered at Laurel strangely, and said, " Damned if I don't think you're the way you look! " He reached for her suddenly

Romance, and a Strange Adventure! How a Boy and a Girl from Worlds Apart Learned About Life and Love

by

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

ILLUSTRATION BY M. E. SHERWOOD



tore clothes, Bill escorted Laurel and Aunt Nellie to a barn dance.

and said: " Well, how about a little kiss? " Laurel felt a firm muscular arm sweeping her close. She said: " No, I won't! " and slapped.

Bill Jones drew back with the marks of five fingers standing in crimson relief against his olive skin. He said, amazed, " Well, I'll be a so-and-so! " He backed off down the steps, nursing his jawbone. From the foot of the steps he called, " So long, baby. I had a simply darling evening! "

Slowly, very slowly, Laurel opened the door of the roominghouse and crept up the three flights of stairs that led to her hall bedroom. She cried into her lumpy pillow, and awoke the next morning with red eyes and a headache.

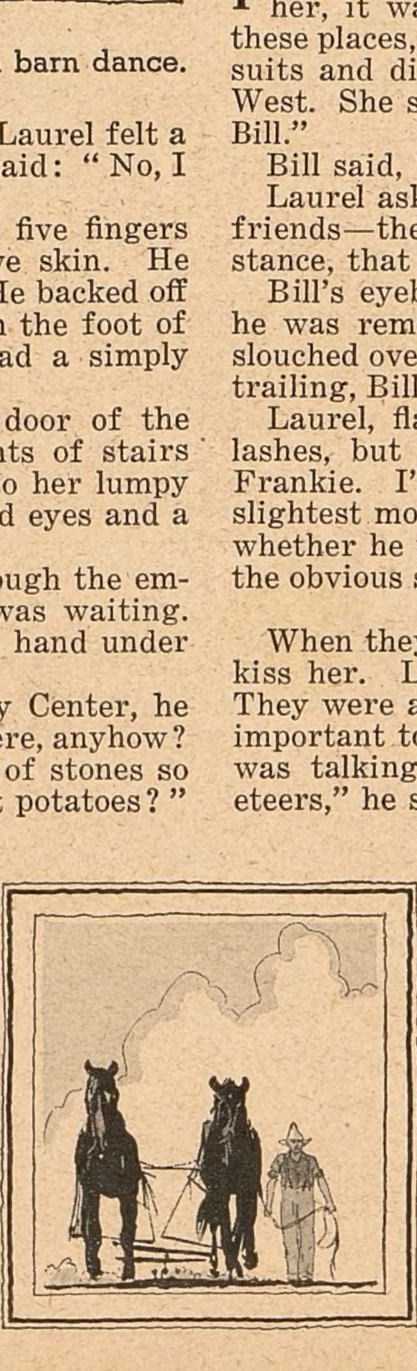
But that evening, when she went out through the employees' entrance of the store, Bill Jones was waiting. He said, " Hello, baby," and tucked Laurel's hand under his arm. . . .

When Laurel told Bill Jones about Rocky Center, he laughed and said, " Say, why do folks stay there, anyhow? What's the sense of breaking a ton or two of stones so you can get an inch of clear ground to plant potatoes? "

Laurel said slowly, " I've often wondered, myself. I guess there's something about owning a piece of land that gets to you."

Bill laughed. " I was to the country once," he said. " They sent me to a fresh-air farm in south Jersey when I was seven or eight. But this New Hampshire you talk about—it sounds a million years from nowhere."

Laurel said, " It is. Our place is fifteen miles from the railroad. Rocky Center isn't even a town. It's just a store and a post office, all in one, and a church."



Bill said, " Regular Chic Sale stuff, huh? No wonder you grew up to be the sort of a girl who knocks a guy cold when he tries to kiss her."

Laurel blushed. She said, " I'm sorry, Bill. But that was the very first night I ever met you."

They were lingering over dinner. Bill began to check off items on his fingers. He said, " This is the ninth evening we've spent together—shows, movies, bus rides, and so on. We've seen everything but the aquarium, and I bet we go there on Sunday! But ten to one, if I was to make a pass at you tonight, you—"

" I'd slap you again," laughed Laurel.

Bill asked, " Why? "

All at once Laurel was embarrassed.

" I suppose it's silly," she said at last, " but I have an idea I don't want to kiss anybody but the fellow I marry. I think it would be nice to be able to tell him I hadn't."

Bill stared at her. " I hope the guy you marry is worth it. I hope he believes what you tell him! "

IT wasn't only the variety of places to which he took her, it was the number of people who knew him at these places, that astonished Laurel. Men who wore flashy suits and diamond rings. Women who looked like Mae West. She said wistfully, " You must be awful popular, Bill."

Bill said, " I am—at times."

Laurel asked, still wistful, " But it's queer about your friends—the way you act with them, I mean. For instance, that Frankie, last night—"

Bill's eyebrows drew together, and Laurel knew that he was remembering how a heavy-set young man had slouched over to their table and said: " Some doll you're trailing, Bill. Why're you so selfish wit' her? "

Laurel, flattered, had looked up at him through coy lashes, but Bill had growled: " Go sell your papers, Frankie. I'll see you later! " And he hadn't made the slightest move toward an introduction. Laurel wondered whether he was ashamed of her—whether she still bore the obvious stamp of Rocky Center!

When they'd known each other for two weeks, Bill did kiss her. Laurel hadn't meant to let him, but he did. They were at the movies, and the newsreel—never very important to Laurel—was on. The police commissioner was talking about crime. " It's the small-time racketeers," he said, " that are the root of our trouble. The McCann crowd, the Baroni brothers, Kid Jones, for instance. If they'd exterminate each other—but they won't! If—"

Laurel whispered, " He's awfully stupid. I wish he'd stop talking and let the show go on."

" So do I," said Bill. Swiftly he leaned toward her and Laurel felt lips brush against her cheek. " You're sweet! " he said thickly. " Let's get out of here, baby. Let's go walking in the park. It's so damn stuffy here."

She said, " All right! " and allowed herself to be piloted up a dark aisle.

When they had gained the park, when they had strolled past the crowded benches near the entrance and reached a dim, leafy, practically untenanted place, Bill stopped short. “ Come here, baby,” he said, and Laurel crept into his arms and felt his lips upon her lips. I wonder if we’re engaged, she thought. But somehow, for all her theories and ideals, it didn’t matter much any more.

They sat on the grass, frankly embracing.

Bill murmured: “ I’m nuts about you, Laurel. Say, are you my girl? ”

Laurel said, “ I guess I am, Bill.” She added shyly, after a crowded interval, “ What do you do, Bill? I mean daytimes. I never felt I had the right to ask you before.”

Bill answered gruffly, “ I make plenty of money.” He scrambled to his feet abruptly. He pulled Laurel to her feet. He said, “ I’d best be taking you home.”

At the entrance to the park he hailed a cab, and after a curiously unemotional journey they reached the roominghouse where Laurel lived. Bill paid off the driver and hurried Laurel up the brownstone steps. He said, “ I can come in now, can’t I, baby? ”

Laurel’s gaze was direct, even through the soft darkness of the summer night. She said: “ How many times have I got to tell you, Bill, that you can’t? I live up three flights in a back hall bedroom—and it’s just a bedroom. I haven’t even a chair for you to sit on.”

Bill said, “ That don’t matter. I thought you was my girl? ”

Laurel’s gaze was even more direct. It was only after a long minute that it wavered.

“ I thought I was, too,” she said miserably. And then she turned from him blindly and pushed her way into the house and ran up the three flights.

That night she repeated history—two-weeks-old history—and cried bitter tears into her lumpy pillow. She fell asleep, finally, from sheer exhaustion. When she wakened to a touch—a very gentle touch—on her forehead, and saw Bill standing by her bed, she didn’t scream. She thought she was still asleep, and dreaming!

Bill said, and he spoke in a whisper, “ I shook them, but it won’t be for long. You got to hide me, Laurel.”

Laurel sat up in bed, her hair tousled in curls around her face, her cambric nightie slipping from one shoulder. She said: “ Where, Bill? Where can I hide you? What’s the matter? How’d you get in? ”

Bill spat out an oath. He said: “ The Baroni boys began to pull some rough stuff. I wouldn’t ’a’ gotten mixed up in it if I hadn’t left you, mad. I had it out with Guido Baroni. I don’t know what shape he’s in, but I do know th’ rest are after me. Lucky I had a skeleton key that fitted your lock. It’s ”—his voice cracked—“ like that guy said in the movies—”

LAUREL had swung her feet over the edge of the bed. Her toes were groping for the crocheted wool slippers that had been Aunt Nellie’s going-away gift.

She asked blankly, “ What guy? ”

Bill said, “ You weren’t paying no attention. The police commish. He said to let ’em— Oh, *hell!* If the Baronis catch me I’ll go for a trip. And a lot of help you are! ”

The word “ trip ” caught at Laurel’s sleep-dazed mind. She said, “ If we had a car I could take you to Rocky Center. They’d never find you there. They’d—”

Bill said, hope dawning in his eyes, “ But I got a car. I got it off—a friend. It’s parked around the corner. I’ll turn my back while you hop into your clothes. And you better pack a suitcase.”

They were well out of the city by sunup. The road lay before them like a brown ribbon unwinding. They didn’t talk much, but Laurel was busy with an assortment of darkish thoughts. She said at last, and irrelevantly, “ I left my crepe kimono—the one with the butterflies—and I forgot my face powder. And Aunt Nellie will be so disappointed about the taxes! ”

Bill spoke sharply. “ For crying out loud! ” he said. “ I’ll buy you a wrapper and some powder, and I’ll take care of the taxes. We’ll call the taxes a fair exchange,” he laughed bitterly, “ for board and lodging.”

Laurel said, “ But they’re a lot of money, Bill. Maybe almost a hundred dollars.”

Bill said, “ Reach in my pocket, baby—no, my breast pocket. Take out my wallet. How much’ve I got? ”

Laurel counted. She’d never seen such a wad of bills! She said in an awe-struck voice: “ I make it five hundred and thirty-five dollars. Oh, Bill ”—her voice was high with agony—“ where did you get it? ”

Bill snapped, “ Don’t you worry. I earned it! ”

They stopped at a lunch wagon for breakfast. Laurel was barely able to swallow a bite of toast, to gulp down her coffee, but Bill ate wolfishly. They bought a newspaper and face powder in the first big town they passed through. Bill scanned the headlines, and muttered, “ Nothing about Guido.”

Luncheon was a sandwich at a roadside stand. A sandwich and beer for Bill. Laurel had coffee again, instead of beer, and went back to sit in the car as soon as she’d finished it. Bill lingered with the proprietor.

“ That guy has a radio,” he said when he joined her. “ He turned on the news. Nothing about Guido or me—I guess we got away clean. Maybe I’ll only have to lie low a couple of days.”

MOUNTAINS, mountains, mountains. They were home to Laurel, but Bill said, “ They’re funny. Like th’ cathedral where I went to Boss Cooney’s funeral. They shut you in, away from th’ world. This New Hampshire’s like I said—a million miles from nowhere! ”

Sunset, gilding mountain peaks.

When they drew to a stop in front of a low white house badly in need of paint, Laurel was out of the car before it ceased to move and was pounding on the door. She called: “ Aunt Nellie! *Aunt Nellie!* ”

The door swung in. A little old woman—neat in a lavender calico gown—stood on the threshold. She exclaimed: “ Laurel! For land sakes! ”

She looked over Laurel’s shoulder and gurgled, “ It didn’t take you long to ketch a beau. Come in, young man, and let me look at you in a good light! ”

It was strange how easily Bill fitted into the life on the farm. He said on the first morning: “ I didn’t know that air could be so ticklish. It’s like champagne.”

Aunt Nellie said, “ Champagne, fiddlesticks! Wait’ll you spend a winter here. You better get some working clothes. What you’re wearing will be ruined in no time. Get shirts and shoes too.”

Bill queried, “ Working clothes? ”

Aunt Nellie said, “ You heard me, Willum. There’s berries to be picked and to be put up.”

They got a newspaper at the store. They purchased blue-denim overalls and drill pants, and shirts that were made of chambray, and heavy-soled shoes. They bought soda crackers and mousetrap cheese, and sat down on the steps of the store to munch them while Bill thumbed through the paper. He found what he sought on a back page.

“ They had to put him in Bellevue,” he told Laurel briefly. “ Guido, I mean. Me—I’m missing. They think I been took for a ride. Well ”—his eyes crept along the ridge of mountains—“ some ride! ”

Laurel said, “ You didn’t kill him, then! ” Her voice was a thread of sound.

Bill flexed his fingers. He answered, “ No, worse luck. Now I gotta settle for a while, and wait. If he was dead ”—Bill shrugged—“ I’d take a chance and go back. Gimme another hunk of cheese, honey, and we’ll trot off home. I’m all in a dither to start my berry pickin’! ”

Berry picking, and hoeing, and hacking at stones. Bill was a good sport—he did them all. His hands—slim hands, with carefully manicured nails—showed blisters after the first day. After the second day most of the manicured nails were broken. He said, as Laurel commented on his fingers, “ So’s my back. God’lmighty, I useter wonder what folks in the country did with their evenings. I know now. They sleep.”

Laurel laughed. Bill, looking at her, knew why he had been so taken with her, there in the store behind the men’s hose counter; why she had crowded thoughts of every other woman from his consciousness. It was because she was like this New Hampshire. Her eyes were as clear as the air. Her lips were as red as the berries he'd been picking. She wasn't trying to be like Katharine Hepburn—the way every other girl in the world was trying just now; her hair wasn't ragged, and she hadn't that gaunt look around the cheekbones. She wasn't even trying to be herself—she *was* herself.

One day, after Bill had been on the farm a fortnight, Aunt Nellie said from out of a clear sky: "All stuff and nonsense aside, Bill—how long you planning to stay in Rocky Center?"

They were lingering over the supper. It was mush and milk and back bacon and doughnuts. Bill scraped his porridge dish before he answered. He said, "Until I'm kicked out. Ain't I giving satisfaction?"

Aunt Nellie persisted. "Most fellows with regular jobs," she said, "get two weeks' vacation at most. I ain't asked any questions, Bill, but you got a regular job, haven't you?"

Bill said, "No, ma'am; I'm temporarily unemployed."

Aunt Nellie was worried. She said, "This is fun maybe now, but a farm's a farm. You won't like it for long. And perhaps," she sighed, "we won't have a farm for long. I'd hoped Laurel, working for good money in the city—she was making fifteen dollars a week!—was going to raise the tax money. But when she lost her job—"

Bill turned to Laurel. "You told Aunt Nellie," he asked, "that you—"

"I told her that I was fired," Laurel interposed, "and that—what with the unemployment situation and all—I thought it best to come home."

Bill asked, "You didn't tell her about my inheritance?"

Laurel said in a whisper, "No!"

Bill turned to Aunt Nellie. He was grinning, expansive. He said, "An old grandfather of mine—one I'd forgot about—died. He left me half a grand."

At Aunt Nellie's blank look he explained, "I mean five hundred bucks. It's yours, baby—and now can I have another doughnut?"

They paid the taxes ahead of time—almost shocking the tax collector to death. Aunt Nellie insisted on putting the other four hundred into a savings bank. When she handed Bill his passbook, his jaw dropped. "For crying out loud!" he said. "I never had nothing like this!"

"And," Aunt Nellie told him, "you'll add to it before the summer's out. We're going share and share alike in the egg money and the apples and the hay."

THE papers, during July, said that they were having a heat wave in the city; but up in Rocky Center folk slept beneath blankets and wore sweaters in the morning. Bill was working hard.

Laurel asked him wistfully, "Do you miss the city, Bill?" And Bill answered quite honestly, "I dunno. I'm too busy or tired most of the time to miss anything."

And yet—for all the tired times—there were moments of relaxation. One evening, dressed in his store clothes, Bill escorted Laurel and Aunt Nellie to a barn dance. Once they went to a carnival at the county seat, twenty miles away. It was at the carnival that some one came up and touched Laurel—momentarily separated from Bill and Aunt Nellie—on the arm. She looked around into the face of a heavy-set young man. She didn't recognize him until he said, "I thought it was Kid Jones's girl! I'm an old pal o' his. Remember me? I spoke to you oncet at Giovanni's Spaghetti House in N' York. My name's Frankie."

Laurel stuttered, "Yes—I remember."

Frankie said, "Kid Jones blew. Just after th' Baroni mix-up. We miss him—miss him lots. You been hearin' from him?"

Laurel said, ignoring Frankie's last question:

"The Baroni mix-up? Tell me, what happened to—Guido."

Frankie laughed. "Guido was up an' around in a mont'. The joke is that him an' his brothers was pinched th' first day he was outa the horspital. They'll be up the river quite a spell—"

"Oh!" breathed Laurel. Her face was radiant. She asked, "What're you doing here, Mr. Frankie?"

The heavy-set young man laughed once more. "I'm travelin' with the carnival," he said. "I got a little racket—card tricks, sort of—" he winked. "It's nice summer work when the big town's slow. Say, baby, how 'bout a beer—or something?"

Laurel said primly, "Thanks, but I can't. My old auntie's with me. Good-by, Mr. Frankie!" She darted off into the crowd.

When she found Aunt Nellie and Bill, in front of a miniature rifle range—with Bill showing Aunt Nellie, lovingly, how to wing a clay pigeon—she was weak with relief. She said: "I've got an awful headache. Please, will you folks take me home?"

She didn't breathe freely until they were in Bill's car, speeding toward Rocky Center; and she turned a deaf ear to Aunt Nellie's petulant—"You're gettin' to be an awful spoilsport, Laurel. Five minutes more an' I'd have won me a doll!"

AUGUST—and mild winds swaying across green fields of grain that were almost ready to turn to gold. To the outlander they made an entrancing picture; to the farmer they spelled weary days and deathless hopes; they stood for dragging bodies and numbed brains. Harvest in sight—harvest in New Hampshire!

Bill, staring at the billowing restless sea that was the Benson meadows, said, "That's *me!* I did it. I did it with my hands. Maybe we'll get enough out of it for a new coat of house paint."

Laurel peered up at him. Her eyes were as blue as gentians in her tanned face. Bill slipped his arm about her. There was comradeship as well as affection in the gesture. He said without rancor, "All this work for about thirty dollars. And I used t' make three hundred in a couple of hours."

Laurel said, "Aren't you lonesome for it, Bill? The city, and the crowds, and the easy money? Don't you get bored with Aunt Nellie and me?"

Bill laughed. He leaned over to nuzzle his chin against Laurel's bright hair. He said: "Since I taught Aunt Nellie to play rummy there ain't a dull moment. Say, baby—how about it? When'll we get married? I thought, perhaps, when th' harvest was in—"

Once there was a girl named Pandora who couldn't keep from opening a box—a box full of trouble. Laurel, not even knowing the legend, tugged at the lid of her box.

"If the Baroni brothers were out of the way, Bill," Laurel said breathlessly, "you'd go back, wouldn't you? Back to the city, I mean. To swell clothes, like you used to wear, and taxis, and lots of money?"

Bill considered a vague possibility. "I s'pose I would," he answered Laurel, "but there's no use crying over spilt goose eggs. October'd be a nice month for a weddin'."

Laurel thought, It would be so easy. Not letting on what Frankie told me. Keeping Bill here; marrying him. Once we were married he'd be—tied. He couldn't get away. She thought, I won't be a liar, not even for *that!* She said aloud: "I met Frankie—you know, that friend you wouldn't introduce me to. I met him the day we were at the carnival. He gave me a lot of news. It seems that the Baroni brothers are all in jail—all of them—and they'll be there a long time. Guido got well—"

Bill said, "The hell he did," and his tone was mild. "Well, that's that!"

Laurel spoke in a shrill voice. She was very nearly sobbing.

"But don't you see what it means, dumbbell? It means you can go back. That you don't have to stay here."

Bill stared at her. His heavy brows drew together over direct eyes. Then he grinned—a sheepish sort of grin.

"Looks like you're awful anxious to be rid of me," he said. "You must think I'm a lousy farmer—to run out on a place when even the hay ain't in! An' if I left, who'd eat all the fruit we canned, come winter?" His arm went around Laurel again, and it was a warm, comforting arm. "The view's pretty from here, ain't it?" he said. "The hills and all!"

Laurel said, "Yes. It is pretty." All at once she wanted to cry, or laugh. She didn't know which.

THE END

I INTERVIEWED THE WORLD—BY AIR

Arabia's Magic Carpet Up to Date! . . . The Story of a Remarkable Visiting-Voyage Through 22,000 Miles of Sky

by

PAULA LECLER

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

I AM just back from air-dashing around the whole globe, and I am not even out of breath.

I had seventy days—just about the time it took breathless Nellie Bly back in 1890. Like Nellie, I have been around the world by the fastest existing commercial conveyances—the first such trip in 1936.

I soared over the Atlantic on the Hindenburg to Frankfort. I crossed Europe by air lines. I spanned the Mediterranean by flying boat; breezed over Palestine, Iraq, Persia, and India in a shining Imperial Airways clipper. I explored Burma, Siam, Indo-China, zooming to China in Air France and Chinese airplanes.

From Shanghai I detoured to Kobe. I zipped by Japan Air Transport to Tokyo before I swung around, as Nellie did, on the home circle across the Pacific. From Seattle, in twenty-two hours, I crossed America in a through United Air-lines plane back to New York.

I did everything Nellie Bly did all around the planet—did it in one third of her time, and it felt like dawdling. And, besides, I did a thousand things she didn't do.

First, that Zeppelin fling across the Atlantic in one great toss like a rubber ball. One third of our skyload were women. And who says the adventuring spirits are all in their twenties and thirties? Twenty-two of us were over fifty; only six were under thirty.

Dr. Eckener was Zeus on our floating Olympus. "I do not smell out the weather as they say," he confided to me. "It is all a matter of careful calculations. Come to the wheelhouse; I'll show you." And so he did.

Liverpool from the air, and here we are in Europe.

Fascinating to drift like an air Cook's excursion, leaning over the broad sills. Quiet English countryside, Manchester, Leeds; and down to the North Sea. Amsterdam shines beneath us with its canals. We come to rest in the huge Frankfort hangar. I air-detour back to England, play around in London two days; run down to Gloucestershire to visit friends. Then wings over the Channel, tidy green fields of France, and I land at Le Bourget for Paris.

Sidewalk cafés, the beautiful boulevards, the monuments and arches, the self-contained people of Paris! I find that strikes and political troubles have in no way changed the suave insouciance of the city.

"They speak of communism here," a ruddy French waiter tells me. "But we Frenchmen are small proprietors. It lives in our blood, the love of our own possessions."

Then there is Mme. Braunschweig, one of France's three new women deputies. "Frenchwomen will soon have the vote," she assures me. "It is not in the Popular Front platform, but it will come, and soon."

I lunch on a terrace and dance at the club on Place Pigalle, all without denting Nellie Bly's schedule. Next I am off through the air to Geneva. Take time out to visit that mess, the League of Nations. At the Carlton I chat with Haile Selassie, the sad little dethroned Ethiopian emperor. He greets me with a sorrowful smile full of gentle irony. He is resigned to his fate but not to the fate of his people, he tells me. For them he will keep on fighting, by diplomatic means, until the last hope is vanished.

Off my world route I zigzag to Berlin. I spend an evening with the Max Schmelings. Anny Ondra, Max's pretty blonde film-star wife, tells me how she met Max by accident when he moved next door to her; how her chauffeur had told her excitedly about the new neighbor, and she had said, "Oh, one of those terrible boxers."

They were married before she had time to meet his mother.

"No man is invincible," Max tells me. "That is why I was not afraid of Joe Louis."

Next day I run down to Weimar, just for the fun of it, to attend the tenth Nazi Party reunion. At the quaint Elephant Inn, where Hitler also is staying, I bump into Dr. Goebbels. He tells me the Nazi movement is stronger than ever. From a front seat in the grandstand next morning I watch the endless goose-stepping of unit upon unit of Nazi legionnaires. It is like a great gorgeous ballet, as perfectly trained—column upon column like dancers.

At the sports stadium I watch Hitler, a few yards away, as, biting off syllables, he sways the great concourse of listeners. What is the magic of this man, so plain in his khaki trench coat?

I side-excursion to Jena; I motor out to Spandau and the palaces at Potsdam. In Berlin it is chilly and rainy, so I air-taxi down into Munich. I go on a short climbing excursion into the Bavarian Alps.

Time to think of that world circle again, and in Lufthansa planes I fly to Vienna, Budapest, Belgrade, Sofia. Salonika—and I change to an Air Greece plane, well piloted, crowded with handsome friendly young Greeks.

Landed in sunshiny Athens, I have dinner with Dr. Charitakis, economic adviser to the Bank of Greece. And Greece's soldierly little new dictator, Premier John Metaxas, entrusts me with his friendly greeting to the Greeks in the United States. . . .

In a great Imperial flying boat I swing over the Mediterranean. A brief refueling stop at Crete, and we dip to anchorage in Alexandria harbor.

Time left to detour and adventure, so I side-trip to Cairo, go to an Arab dance, and discuss the new government with Egyptian officials. Then I whirl over Suez into Palestine.

At Gaza I talk to British tommies, two detachments defending the airdrome; look at five bombs Arabs have hurled during the night into the stockade.

Over Bethlehem, Jerusalem, and the River Jordan, and we circle into golden-minareted Bagdad at teatime.

At Koweit I watch pearl fishers diving in the sparkling Persian Gulf. At Bahrein I brush shoulders with home again in chats with Standard Oil Company men who have built up a town on the island. At Sharjah, independent Arab town on the coast, I pay a ceremonial visit to the Sheik of Sharjah in the desert. . . .

India. Sir Lancelot Graham, Governor of Sind, receives me at Government House in Karachi. Of Gandhi he says, "He is a marvelous little man. Time after time one says to one's self, Silly little man; he has played his last card. But he always comes back again. As long as he is alive I'll not say he's finished."

So I detour a thousand miles from my air circuit to spend a day with Mahatma Gandhi in his "hut" in the village of Segeon. Mahadev Desai, his secretary, meets me at Wardha. Gandhi himself is cordial in his autocratic manner. I lunch with him on sour goat's milk, fresh mango pulp, and a mess that looks like cooked green beans—served in brass bowls on old packing cases.

Paula Lecler chats with Haile Selassie, "the sad little dethroned Ethiopian emperor," at the Carlton in Geneva.

"I am a back number," Mahatma Gandhi (second from left) insists to her. But he doesn't look the part or act it.

Paula Lecler photos

With Chiang Kai-shek, who declares that he is "willing to lose face, any amount of face, if I can save China."

"I live here in this village now," he says, "not only physically but mentally. My thoughts are bounded by these fields. I am a back number." He doesn't look or act it. Still plenty of juice in that bare skinny frame. And this at sixty-seven.

I spend an exciting day in Bombay with peppy Sarojini Naidu, leader of Indian women. She takes me to a meeting of Hindu women. They hang me with fragrant garlands; they see me off for Calcutta in the evening.

Still time? Yes, plenty; and I dip into the night life of Calcutta, to compare it with Broadway and the boulevards of Paris. At Dum-Dum, Calcutta's airport, I board an Air France transport. . . .

The great golden Pagoda at Rangoon, and I ride in my first ricksha, and meet a Burmese prince. . . . Chats with American flying officials in far Bangkok, and with a lonely French hotel proprietor in Vientiane in Indo-China who is desperately seeking a bride from Europe or even America. At Hanoi I interview M. Chantel, Secretary-General of Indo-China. Sixty-five years young, he tells me why Frenchmen beat Britishers as colonizers. With Count d'Amarzit, witty Frenchman, I explore the beautiful city, a miniature Paris in the heart of remote Asia.

I have dinner with Dr. Victor Goloubew, who excavated the ancient cities of Angkor. He will dig for a new one next year, he tells me, a canaled antique Venice, the outlines of which he has determined from the air. . . .

A transport plane of the Chinese Southwest Airlines. Pilot and copilot are Chinese. I share the one cabin with them. The mail and I are the only passengers.

I talk by signs with my pilots, and like them.

All within Nellie's shattering world-record time I make my debut in China. We stop at Lungchow for the night, in the rebelling province of Kwangsi. I am the only foreigner in the town. I explore, surrounded by insurgent Chinese soldiers.

Canton. Chiang Kai-shek is expected: Chiang Kai-shek, who left Canton ten years ago as an obscure young army official and is now returning triumphant, the leader, some say dictator, of new centrally governed China.

But that is three days off. In the meantime I want to see Wuchow. There is war in the air; it is said there are mines in the river. Looking for trouble, I detour up the West River in the leisurely steamer Kong So. I interview the rebel general and tour the flooded streets in a sampan, watching war preparations.

The British gunboat Moth, three big guns all set, is anchored at the city entrance. Commander John Dalison, gracious athletic six-footer, comes by launch to greet me and offer assistance. In the evening he gives a dinner party for me on board the Moth—a party "stag" except for myself, since foreign women have all left the city.

BACK down to Canton in the worst typhoon of years. I find no one has been able to interview Chiang Kai-shek since his arrival from Shanghai. His wife is here, too, brilliant fascinating Mme. Mayling Soong Chiang Kai-shek, his constant companion and partner.

I get interviews with both—a real scoop. Very impressive I find him, the great Chinese generalissimo. "I am willing to lose face," he says, surprisingly for a Chinese, "any amount of face, if I can save China." He is not a dictator, he avows. As to Japan, his policy has been watchful waiting, with much preparation. But now he is out in the open. He will not sign away a single Chinese prerogative.

I have tea with Mme. Chiang Kai-shek. She is Secretary-General of China's Air Force. "Frankly, I see no difference between men and women when it comes to work," she explains. "It is just a job to be done, and a woman just as a man should put her back into it. I have done other things as gladly. I have been on the front with the army—a tremendously hard life; but one lives only so many years, and the thing is to do the best one can for one's country."

Hong Kong, and Vice-President Bixby of Pan American Airways introduces me to sharks' fins at dinner.

This is where Nellie hit the Pacific for home, catching her breath as she hurried. But in a China National Aviation Company Dolphin I make a man-sized air detour to Shanghai. I air-detour to Nanking also, and to Kiukiang. Then to Kuling, China's summer capital. Dr. H. H. Kung, China's Finance Minister, tells me, "We always regard America as our best friend; I think our ideas are somewhat alike." Of Japan's aggression he says, "North China is still China. No matter what happens, it is bound to be Chinese."

Back to Shanghai by air, and I scurry to Kobe, another big detour. . . .

In Japan I fly from Osaka to Tokyo. Old Japan Transport planes, but the pilots are good ones.

Time for a scoop. I interview Hachiro Arita, Japan's urbane Foreign Minister. He tells me Japan wants peace, will do what she can to achieve it.

Yokohama, then homeward-bound—on the sea, not above it, in Canadian Pacific's Empress of Japan. A brief stop at Honolulu. Victoria, and I take to the air again, in a seaplane, and—

O my United States, I re-greet you at Seattle!

THE END

The Food Shortage Is Here

An Eminent Expert Warns Anew of a Startling Problem—Did You Know that the Rest of the World Must Now Help Fill Uncle Sam's Cupboard?

by

Dr. CHARLES W. BURKETT

as told to

EARL REEVES

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 3 SECONDS

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Dr. Charles W. Burkett is a farmer, a professor of agriculture, the director of Kansas State Agricultural Experiment Station, for fifteen years editor of the American Agriculturist, and author of many textbooks on farming, one of which sold more than a million copies.*

IN the pages of Liberty of April 13, 1935, the writer warned of an impending sharp rise in the price of foodstuffs that go into the family market basket. It seemed unlikely then that these forecasts would be believed. The air had been filled for two years with declarations that we had a gigantic surplus, and much of our food supply had been destroyed or was being curtailed.

In the late summer of 1935 this writer again ventured into print with data showing:

That a food shortage existed;

That a large part of our people had been forced on to a third-class diet; and—

That millions of farmers in foreign lands were at work producing foodstuffs for shipment to agricultural America.

I wish to confess error in the forecasts made on these two occasions. On each occasion I *under*estimated the truth.

The reason for again dealing with this subject in the pages of Liberty is one which is vital to every kitchen in America.

By the time this article appears in print the price of steaks and chops—of meats generally—should show some decline. A decline is inevitable.

And since in this heaviest meat-consuming nation it is the habit—or *has been* the habit—to build the day's most substantial meal around a meat serving, lately very expensive, it is probable that a sigh of relief will be heard in millions of kitchens. No doubt the conviction will be that the "peak" has been passed, and that the kitchen-budget problem this winter therefore will be an easier one.

Unfortunately for all of us, *this is not true.*

The cost of many things in that average market basket is going to go up again, because we haven't got enough of them in the United States. The food shortage—about which warning was given in these pages—still persists. Obviously that shortage cannot be made up in midwinter, except by unloading from ships the products of foreign farms.

Meat cuts will be cheaper during the autumn months for a very simple reason. Instead of feeding animals to their normal market weights, farmers are being forced by a shortage of feed—chiefly corn—to ship animals to market before they are ready.

Thus it is "distress selling" at the farms, causing heavier shipments to the markets, which will give us lower-price cuts for our dinner tables temporarily.

This means, further, that although there is already a scarcity, there will be a lower poundage of total meat production during these months because of the butchering of underdeveloped animals.

Not long after those of us who can afford it have had a Christmas dinner of forty-five-cent turkey—or by February at the latest—meat prices must start marching upward again.

What will be the top? I cannot answer that in figures. The top will be determined by "the law of supply and demand." That phrase of the economists, "demand," does not mean the amount of meat you'd like to consume. The demand will be limited—and therefore the top price also—by the amount you can afford to buy at prevailing prices out of your fixed household budget.

As a people we have been meat eaters—the highest per capita consumers of meat products. Inevitably now millions of housewives who heretofore have served meat to their families almost daily will be visiting the butcher but once or twice a week.

Housewives who read this article will know that already they have had to exercise ingenuity in rearranging the family menu in a constant search for health-giving foods which can be provided within the family budget. I dislike very much being the bearer of bad news, but that search must continue this winter.

As this is written, the best large fresh eggs (one substitute for meat) are retailing for fifty-six cents a dozen in the New York area. Dairymen are contending for higher prices, based upon their increased production costs. It appears inevitable that poultry prices must rise, because of the increased cost of feed.

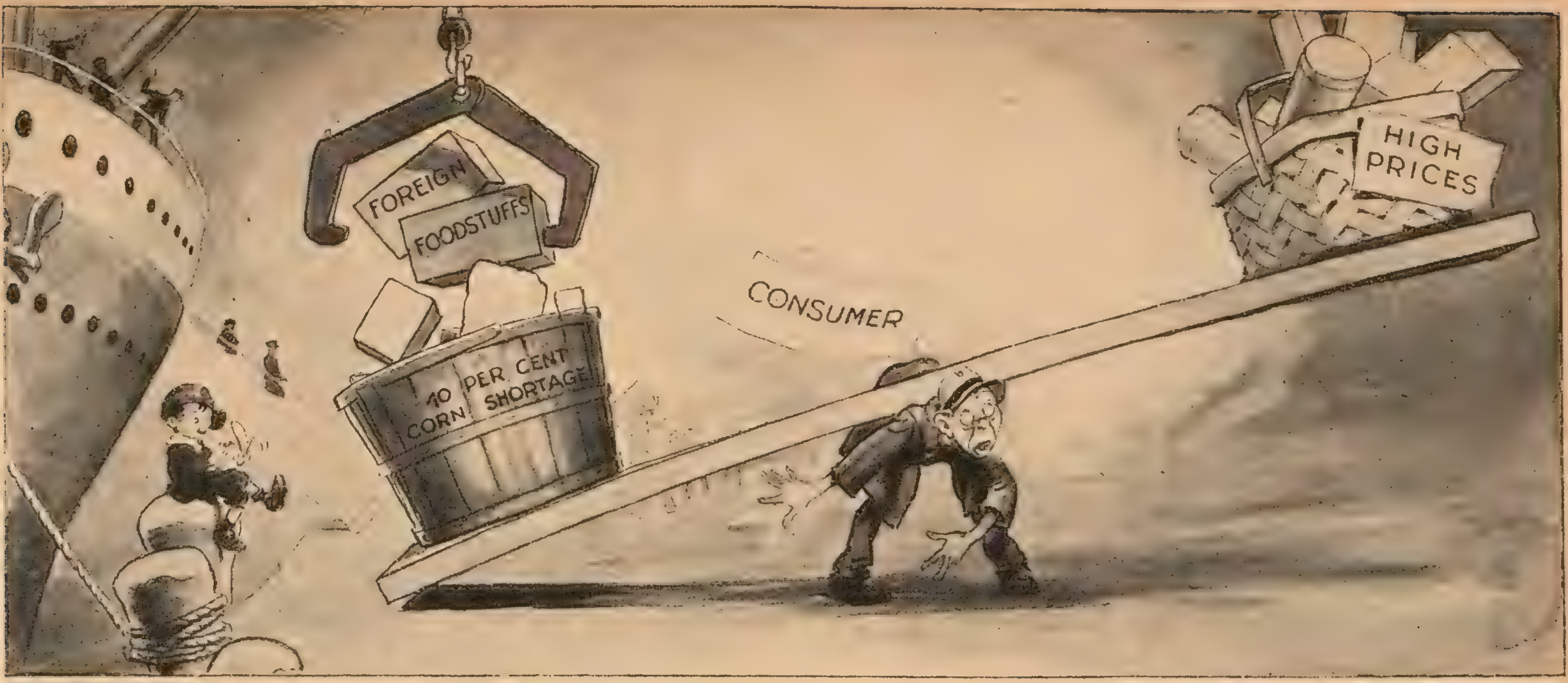
During 1937 this "wheat country" will have to import fifty million bushels of wheat from a world supply which is a little below normal. Nevertheless, here at least I feel that it is safe to be reassuring: there should be no rise in the price of bread.

Unfortunately the conditions here discussed are very largely fixed for a full year ahead of us. Or, as in the case of the beef situation, several years must pass before an adequate supply can be rebuilt, equal to our normal consumption.

For the simplest basic illustration of why this is true I think of my Ohio farm home and what my father taught me there during my boyhood. He said we must always have an extra corncrib, filled.

Last summer there was issued from the Department of Agriculture in Washington an ominous crop report. It was an estimate of the 1936 corn crop—1,485,000,000 bushels, the lowest in fifty-five years!

Let's state here some hard facts about that crop report which will interest you whether you live in city or country.



Why not balance it properly for him by filling the bushel basket with home-grown corn?

Drought, following a governmental policy of curtailed production, gave us that short corn crop at a time when Uncle Sam had no "extra corncrib." Manifestly, therefore, Uncle Sam cannot, out of this year's short crop, fill an extra corncrib to help him through any tough spots in the year ahead.

Uncle Sam has a corn crop roughly equivalent to that of 1880. There were fifty millions of us then; more than two and a half times that many of us now. *And we do eat corn.*

Directly, as corn products, we eat only about a hundred thousand bushels.

But over a ten-year period we consumed annually bacon, ham, and other pork products which had been produced by the feeding of *one billion bushels* of corn. A half billion bushels of corn was fed to cattle, and reached our table as meat and dairy products. Another half billion bushels was variously used, and included some industrial use; but most of this eventually came into the kitchen as some kind of food, including poultry and eggs.

There was a final half billion bushels—or, roughly, a two-and-a-half-billion-bushel total—and it might even be said that indirectly we "ate" or "wore" that part of the corn crop also. It was used as the "fuel" for the "horsepower" which plodded ahead of the plows upon millions of American farms, preparing the ground for, and cultivating, new crops of wheat, corn, cotton, etc.

A simple way of stating the truth and outlining our present food problem is:

Corn is the chief basic raw material of the agricultural industry. Without sufficient corn this industry cannot turn out in sufficient quantities food products we consider necessary to maintain an American standard of living around the dining-room table. We had in 1936 only three fifths as much of agriculture's basic raw material as was needed; or a 40-per-cent shortage.

If we had a 40-per-cent shortage of iron, an industrial-minded people would understand very quickly that such a shortage inevitably must be very demoralizing to industry in what has been called an Age of Steel. I can assure you that a similar shortage in this other basic material is equally demoralizing to agriculture.

A three-fifths corn crop, it will be seen, is a pretty hard nut to crack. The farmers themselves do not know what to do about it. In some parts of the country they are feeding hogs on peanuts, with the result that we are getting what is known in the trade as "soft" pork—which means ham and bacon in which the housewife will notice a difference in texture.

But farmers cannot make many such substitutions. Properly, we have built almost our entire agricultural economy around corn, as the most essential raw material. It can be grown more favorably here than anywhere else in the world. And there is nothing else grown here—certainly not in billion-bushel quantities—which can be a substitute for it.

Hence, since we have a three-fifths corn crop—and now priced around a dollar a bushel, which is too expensive for such a raw material—farmers have had no choice but to rush their livestock to market too soon. They have been forced into an action which will provide a *temporary* dip in meat prices but which will represent a net loss for our people as a whole, including the farmers.

THE basic fact is that there is a food shortage. And in this foremost agricultural nation! It should be clear from the foregoing that that food shortage, carrying with it continued high prices, is *fixed;* because a more plentiful supply of so many of the items that go into the family market basket literally cannot be produced until we have first grown more corn.

We have been "solving" that—in a most unfortunate manner for farmer and city dweller alike—by importing foodstuffs. Some of the figures on that are startling.

Some staggering percentages of increased importation during 1935—the last year upon which complete figures are available—as compared with 1932 are as follows:

Corn, 12,339; oats, 17,083; rye, 11,083,259 per cent.

Cottonseed—cake and meal, into this leading cotton-producing nation!—5,542 per cent.

Butter, 2,054; hogs, 11,724; fresh beef, 978 per cent.

And into this the world's first hog-production country we found it necessary to import almost a billion and a half pounds of lard substitutes. Or, adding other pork products and cattle, beef and veal, a total approaching two and a half billion pounds!

Thus, and on that gigantic scale, we have come to let the outside world help feed our people, while at the same time making efforts at increasing the incomes of our own farm population. Even with much cheaper labor and other costs, foreign nations *cannot* produce the foods which we need as cheaply as we can produce them here and for ourselves.

So long as the need for such heavy importations continues, food prices *must* continue high.

Clearly, therefore, we must plan to *feed ourselves.*

That can be done at less cost to ourselves and at greater profit to farmers.

Here is a problem about which, I am convinced, the American people must put on their thinking caps. And it is a problem, I repeat, which is as close to you as your pocketbook or your stomach. We should demand a sound and intelligent and immediate solution.

THE END

CODE for Susan

by

JAMES EDWARD GRANT

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK SWAIN

I OPENED the door of the Ultra-Pure Drug and Chemical Co. offices, said " Good morning, Miss Martin " to our secretary, and went past her barricade and into my private office. In a filing cabinet marked " Accounts Receivable L to Q " I found a quart of rye and had a touch for purely medicinal purposes. Then I sat back, my eyes shut tight, while a triple-A hangover made coffee-grinding noises in my head.

Miss Martin's footsteps came in. I knew she was bringing the receipts of the morning mail, but I didn't look up. She's a nice girl, but she suffers from a knee-action tongue. And this particular morning I wouldn't have raised my head to look at Cleopatra.

" Just put the money on the desk," I said. " How much was the take—er—the receipts? "

" Six hundred and ninety dollars."

I fumbled around till I found the money and tucked it in my pocket. Then I waved her away.

Her voice said, " Aren't you going to count it, Mr. Corliss? "

Count! I would have needed Einstein's assistance to add one and one. " No," I said. " I'll take your word for it. Just let me be alone, Miss Martin. I ate an olive last night and I'm a bit upset."

" Mr. Corliss," she said firmly, " I must talk to you."

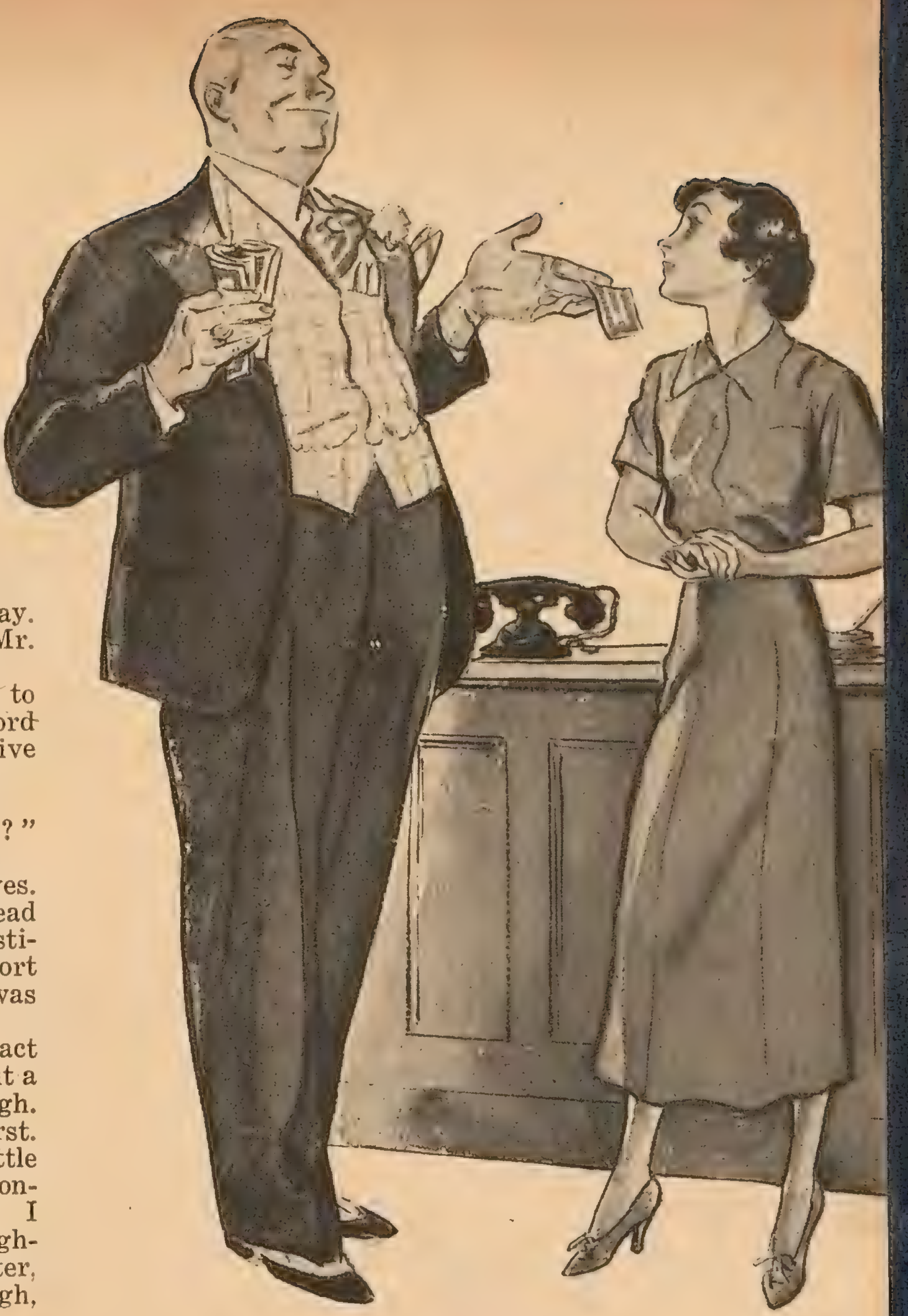
I opened one eye cautiously. " Is it very important? "

" Yes."

Well, there seemed to be no way out. I opened my eyes. The sunlight felt like molten steel. I raised my head very slowly and looked at Miss Susan Martin, our estimable secretary. A pert half-pint brunette, with the sort of face that runs mainly to eyes and lashes; she was pretty—and also pretty dumb.

Not that I am knocking dumbness. As a matter of fact Secret hired her through an agency, and we weeded out a great many before we found one just dumb enough. Never hire a smart person to count your money first.

She had come to business school from some little whistle stop downstate, and she had ethics and a conscience—both small-town, which suited us perfectly. I remember her references included letters from the high-school principal of this whistle stop, the Baptist minister, and a man who signed his name Obadiah MacMurtaugh, deacon. Principal, minister, and Obadiah MacMurtaugh, deacon. That was a parley that had to add up to honesty. So we hired her.



I shuddered at the do-or-die expression on her face and said, " All right, Miss Martin, but speak gently, please."

She laid a folded newspaper on the desk before me. It was open at the Personal section and she put her pencil point on one of the ads. I read it as if I didn't already know what it said.

> I have been cured of baldness by a marvelous prescription and I am so grateful for this boon that I will send the prescription Absolutely Free to any one who writes me requesting it and enclosing a stamped self-addressed envelope.

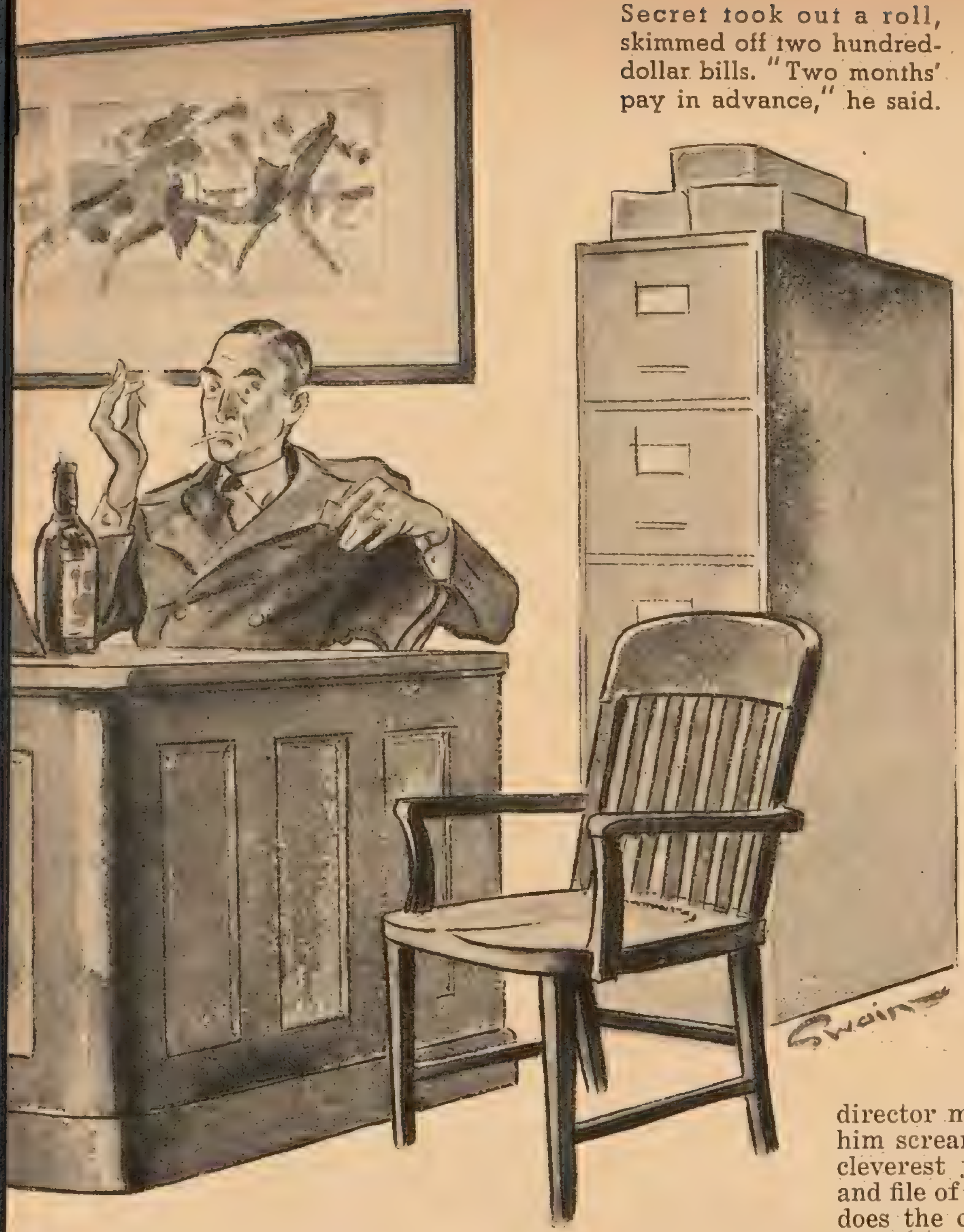
The address given was a post-office box. I looked up.

" And this," she said, putting a letter on the desk.

I pretended to read that too.

> My dear friend:
>
> I am enclosing the prescription that cured my baldness. I also want to give you a word of advice. Some of the ingredients in this ointment are rather difficult to obtain and some druggists attempt to take advantage of this fact by overcharging. Also there is the possibility that they may use substitutes.
>
> I always have mine filled at the Ultra-Pure Drug and

A Blithe Tale of Easy Money, and a



Secret took out a roll, skimmed off two hundred-dollar bills. "Two months' pay in advance," he said.

Chemical Co., Chicago, a large, nationally known drug house of impeccable reputation. They charge two dollars and fifty cents. If your druggist wants more than that, I suggest that you mail your prescription and two dollars and fifty cents to the Ultra-Pure people. Yours in friendliness,

That's the gag, of course. We put some of the fanciest chemicals known to man into that prescription. Naturally, no druggist has them in stock. And when he tells the customer that he will have to send away for the ingredients, the customer immediately decides that it must be great stuff. And when the druggist tells him that it will cost eleven dollars to make up, he grasps his prescription firmly in both hands and walks out. Then he tucks two fifty in an envelope and mails it and the prescription to Ultra-Pure.

"So?" I said.

"So this, Mr. Corliss," she said sorrowfully. "You are the gentleman who puts that ad in the paper. You are also the gentleman who sends the prescription. You and Mr. Jackson own this business. And the famous remedy is nothing more or less than a five-cent tube of petroleum jelly. The whole thing is dishonest."

"Miss Martin!" I said, being able to think of nothing better.

"Dishonest," she repeated firmly. "A racket! I became suspicious when I noticed that you and Mr. Jackson never put the receipts in the bank. You just divide them and put the money right in your pockets. So I investigated. And I discovered that the hundreds of prescriptions that I mail out every day are nothing but petroleum jelly, and the customer could buy the same thing in any drugstore for a nickel. And I don't want it on my conscience, so I'm leaving."

I thought that over. It would be bad if this young lady began talking in the wrong places—the post office, for instance. Uncle Sam is so unreasonable about how you use his mails. "Miss Martin," I urged, "will you do this? Wait and talk to Mr. Jackson. After all, he's the boss."

She agreed and went out, and I sat and suffered the wages of sin. A little before twelve I heard Secret's whispering baritone croon: "Good morning, Susan."

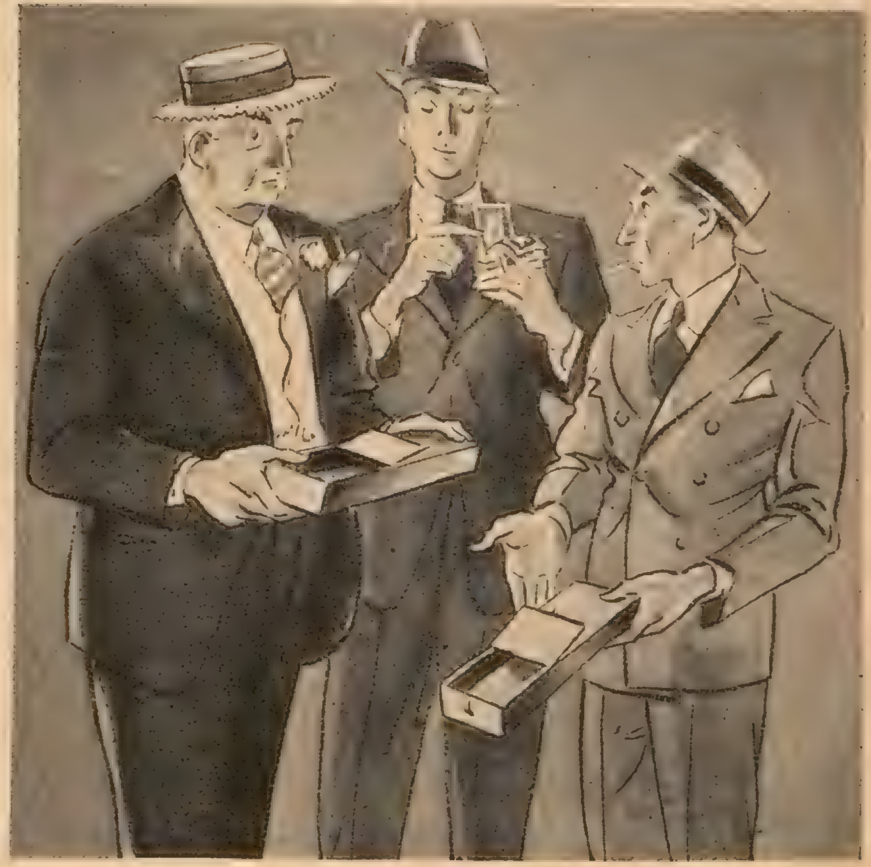
Her voice was prim: "Good morning, Mr. Jackson."

"*Mister Jackson?*" Secret sounded hurt. "You know my name, Sue. Bill. Good old Bill. Say it."

She said obediently, "Bill," and he came into the inner office and glared at my bottle. "On the merry-go-round again?" he wheezed. "You'll never learn."

"Horses and whisky," I said, "that's me. Women and song, that's you. I think I get the best of the bargain." I pointed to the outer office. "Little Miss What's-her-name has discovered this outfit is a chisel. And she's had a rush of ethics or morals or something to what masquerades as her brain. So she's going to quit. And she'll probably sing her song to everybody that will listen. I persuaded her to wait and talk to you."

Secret is as big as the business end of a truck and he has one of those board-of-director manners. Every square-set ponderous inch of him screams that he's Big Business. Actually he's the cleverest just-inside-the-law worker in the whole rank and file of the soft-song artists. We're a good team. He does the conniving and I do the work—if any of that disagreeable commodity forces itself upon us. His nick-



Between us we had twenty-one thousand and some off. He packed it away and we went out and had a drink.

name comes from his voice. It's one of those soft this-is-confidential voices. But if there's something wrong with his vocal cords, the infection hasn't spread to his head. He's smooth.

"You buck passer!" he accused. "Why didn't you talk to her?"

"About what?"

He glared at me. "She's a stupe, isn't she? All right. Sell her a new bill of morals. A new code of ethics. Teach her that this world is a place where everybody has to do the best he can. If that doesn't work—give her a present."

"You handle it," I suggested.

He glared at me and called, "Miss Martin! Oh, Sue! Come in here a minute." His eyes swung back to me and he lowered his voice, "Watch this."

SUE came in and stood, very straight and prim, in front of Secret. Her face said that she disapproved of both of us.

"Mr. Corliss tells me," Secret said, "that you want to leave us. Would a ten-dollar raise change your mind?"

"No," she said sincerely, "it wouldn't. It's a moral problem, Mr. Jackson. I can't feel that it's honest for me to take money that you get by cheating people— No, don't interrupt me, please. It *is* cheating when you sell a man a little tube of grease for two fifty and tell him it contains all sorts of fancy ingredients that will cure him of baldness. My mind's quite made up. I'm leaving."

"Now, now," Secret said tolerantly, "I don't like to hurt your feelings, Sue, but don't you think Eddie and I should know more about what's right and what's wrong than you should? Especially in the business world."

She didn't unbend. "I'm sorry, Mr. Jackson. I can't feel that way."

He moved his hands, palms up. "I still think it's rather a childish notion. Say we are making an extra large profit—there's nothing really dishonest in that. We cheer these people up. They get five dollars' worth of confidence out of our remedy. How many times—"

Her head went from side to side. "It's no use, Mr. Jackson."

Secret got fatherly. "Now, Sue dear. Let's not be annoyed by these childish notions. Nobody in all this wide world will give you something for nothing. You have to snatch everything you get. You've got to be just a little bit smarter than anybody else. These people have nothing to complain of. Why, I've been outsmarted myself—many times—and I just shrug it off. The other fellow was smarter, that's all. Now, be a good girl and think of all the things you can buy with the raise."

"No," she persisted. "I want to leave."

Secret opened a desk drawer and took out one of our tubes of hair slick. "My dear," he urged, "think. What do you see here? You'll say it's a five-cent tube of oil. I'll tell you different. In this tube is the one thing that man absolutely can't get along without. The most priceless thing in the world. Know what it is?"

She said, "No."

"Hope," Secret whispered. "We aren't selling a man a solid commodity here. We're selling an intangible something that gives him courage. Visualize the bald-headed man who is in love with a widow. He hesitates because of his cranial nakedness. So he gets a tube—"

"Mr. Jackson," she said suspiciously, "you're making fun of me."

Secret looked at me out of the corner of his eyes. I nodded. He got up and walked around the desk. "Sue," he said earnestly, putting his hands on her shoulders, "I'm sorry you feel that way and I hate to see you leave us. But as long as that's the way you feel, I'd like you to let us do something to show our appreciation."

"Yes," I said, lending a helping hand, "something in the way of a present."

She looked bewildered, and Secret took out a roll, skimmed off two hundred-dollar bills and put them in her hand. "Two months' pay in advance," he said, "as a little expression of our gratitude. Of course, Sue, there's one thing I want you to remember: it would be very poor sportsmanship for you to tell people about our—uh—little business secrets. It wouldn't be loyal."

She put the money on the desk. "You mean, Mr. Jackson, that you are paying me two hundred dollars to keep quiet about your crookedness."

"Nothing of the sort," Secret denied.

"Five hundred," I said.

"No," said Sue, "I won't take it. But you needn't worry. I won't tell any one—except my fiancé. I always ask his advice on everything. He knows all about business. He has a very responsible position."

"Yes?" I said. "Where?"

She said proudly, "With the Post Office Department."

Secret said, "Oh-oh!" took his cigar out of his mouth and looked at it as if it had suddenly turned sour. "That's nice."

"Swell," I said wryly.

Secret shook himself like a water spaniel and grabbed the situation in both hands. "Sue," he urged, "I want to go over this with you a little more thoroughly." He looked at his watch. "Suppose we run out and have a bite of lunch. Eddie will mind the office, won't you, Eddie? You can have lunch later."

"I'll mind the office," I admitted, pressing my hands against my throbbing brow, "but I won't have lunch later. Or ever."

Her brows knit for a moment, and then she said, "All right. I'll get my hat."

She went out and I gave Secret a dismal look. "Lovely," I groaned. "She'll tell the boy friend over in the post office. He'll give a glad cry and rush over here with an army of gendarmes. Hell, a thousand-dollar-a-day business shot."

He chewed his cigar and scowled. "Not yet," he said firmly. "I'll sell her out of the idea."

I shook my head. "She's one of those people who are unfortunate enough to have scruples. You'll never make her stand still for a gyp."

"No?" he stood up. "Let me tell you this, Eddie. For the kind of money we are making I'd sell the New Deal to the Republican National Committee."

They were gone all afternoon, so I just sat around with my bottle and a racing form and worked on the bookmakers via telephone. Every so often the mailman would bring in a batch of mail and I would take out a couple of hundred dollars and leave the mailing list on Sue's desk. By six o'clock I had taken in, all told, around eight hundred dollars, but I had dropped a little better than that playing a double-up system on favorites.

So I locked up the office, feeling pretty ragged, and went over to the hotel. I heard music coming from Secret's room, so I opened the connecting door and went in. He was standing in front of the mirror, wrestling with a tuxedo tie and singing Gypsy Fiddles. I sat on the bed and felt sorry for myself.

"WELL, Eddie," he grunted, "why the long face?"

"I dropped a grand," I said, "and I'm worried about the girl spilling the beans."

He turned around and looked at me. "Eddie," he said, "I hope you appreciate what I'm doing for you. I'm taking her to a show tonight. This afternoon we went to the Art Institute. I never had such a terrible time in my whole misspent life. Tomorrow we're going to see Clark Gable. I wanted her to go to the races, but she wouldn't hear of that. It's naughty."

"Let's fold," I said, "and run down to Hot Springs."

"Nuh-uh. I'll sell larceny to that doll if I have to spend all my time lugging her around and eating banana splits. I'll convince her that he who takes has. I'll make her forget this clown in the Post Office Department if I have to hypnotize her. But I won't give up this sweet little racket."

"I don't think you'll have much success," I told him.

"Yes, I will," he asserted stoutly. "If worst comes to worst, I'll choke her to death."

"You wouldn't do that."

"Wouldn't I?" he said, coming over and looking me straight in the eye. "The hell I wouldn't! You let me tell you something: Before I'd pass up this grand a day, I'd do more than that. I'd even marry her."

I didn't see much of either of them for a couple of days. Then, one morning, I got down early, and Sue was just getting ready to go to lunch. She was, she said, going to meet Secret at the Louisianne.

"Been seeing a lot of each other," I suggested, fishing for information.

"Yes," she admitted, dimpling. "I didn't know that he was such an interesting man. He's been everywhere, hasn't he? Even Europe. And," she said, still smiling, "he's taught me a lot of things."

"I'll bet," I said, not too cynically.

"I was such a little dunce," she went on, "all full of a lot of silly small-town ideas. I hope you have forgiven me for being so childish that day—I mean when I complained about your business methods."

That's nice, I thought. Secret certainly has her in the bag. "Sure," I said. "Forget it."

Her forehead wrinkled. "He looks much better too, don't you think? I mean since he's quit drinking and running around all night. I've been talking to him about smoking."

I tried to keep from grinning. It seemed like reform worked both ways. "Sure," I said, chuckling to myself. "You ought to make him quit. It stains the teeth so."

"Yes," Sue agreed. "I hope you won't think me forward, Mr. Corliss, but don't you think you're wasting both your time and your money playing on the horses? And—"

"Wait," I said hastily. "You stick to Secret. I'm not worth reforming."

She subsided and went to the washstand to put on her hat. I went into the private office, but she followed me in and stood in front of the desk. Her manner said that she had something on her mind.

"Shoot," I said. "What is it?"

"You know, Mr. Corliss," she said, speaking very hurriedly, as if she wanted to get it over with, "I'd like to ask your advice on something. I'm twenty-one. Do you think a girl should marry a man older than herself?"

"Certainly," I said, pinching myself to keep a straight face. "Absolutely."

She smiled and went out, and I had the first good laugh since Broker's Tip won the Derby.

A few days later I walked into the office and found Secret sitting with his feet on my desk. His face showed alarm which turned to relief when he saw who it was. He fished under the desk, came up with a lighted cigar, and puffed it nervously.

"HOW'S the course of true love?" I asked. "Running smooth?"

He didn't think that was funny and said so. "I thought that was Sue," he said, "and I doused the cigar. I let her have the afternoon off to go shopping, but I thought she came back for something."

"Have a drink," I invited, setting out the bottle.

"It's been a trial," he announced, puffing on the cigar. "Eddie, imagine me trotting around with a doll that thinks Clark Gable is cunning. A girl who thinks that anything enjoyable is a sin—for example, girl shows, champagne, fifty-cent cigars, night clubs, poker. She likes movies, chewing gum, roller-coaster rides, and she labors under the delusion that a three-decker toasted sandwich is something to eat instead of a type of building material. Eddie, I've had a hell of a time."

"You'll live," I soothed him. "The simple life is probably good for you."

He pointed the cigar at me. "But I put it over, Eddie. One by one I changed her mind about all those things. I've even convinced her that ethics are out of date. Her moral code has disintegrated to a point where she actually let me escort her to a night club. And she ate the cherries out of my Manhattans. She's in the bag. Mark up another success for Secret Jackson."

"Good," I cheered. "Then she won't spill the beans."

"Not one bean. I sold her a new code."

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We heard the outer door open, and Secret handed me the cigar. Footsteps came through the office and a young fellow appeared in the doorway. "May I come in?" he asked, ignoring the obvious fact that he was in. "I want to talk to you gentlemen." He pulled up a chair, laid his watch on the desk, and said, "I only want fifteen minutes of your time."

"Sorry, son," I told him. "We can't help you earn your way through college. Neither do we want any photograph coupons. So we're glad to have seen you. Good-by."

He was a long young guy with red hair and broad shoulders. "I'm not selling anything," he barked, swelling out his chest at us, "and you'll listen and like it. I want twenty-five thousand dollars. Now. In cash. Sit still and listen for fifteen minutes and you'll see the light."

"I catch," I said. "You're going to show us how we can learn to be an accountant in six easy lessons in our spare time and earn big money. Mr. Jackson, hand me that bottle to tap him with. He's so big and my hands are so soft."

"Have your fun, you crossroad cutups," growled the overgrown ape. "But don't get me sore. If I walk out on you, you'll have plenty of time to think up wisecracks—in Leavenworth."

I LOOKED at Secret. Secret looked at the tall guy. "Sing us your song, mister," he said, "and make it short and sweet."

"Short and sweet," the guy said. "Here it is: one of my clients is about to file suit against you for fifty thousand dollars, charging that your hair remedy—ha! ha!—ruined his scalp, causing untold anguish, to say nothing of the monetary loss caused by his enforced absence from business. I'm here to settle for half—twenty-five grand—net. Speak up."

"Hand me the bottle," I said.

Secret laughed. "Run along, sonny. We don't want to hurt any children."

"That," said the pink-haired boy, "will cost you five thousand. The price is now thirty thousand. I thought you two were smart. I thought you could see through the hole in the grindstone. You can't. I'll just file the suit."

"Wait a minute," Secret said. "Where is this client of yours? What happened to his scalp? Show him to us and maybe we can make a settlement. We might give him ten dollars."

The kid laughed. "Ten dollars. You heard me when I said thirty thousand. I wasn't fooling. Now, never mind about the client. I'll produce him at the proper time. First I'll file the suit. You know, anybody can sue for anything."

"Blackmail," I growled. "You're a crook."

"Look who's talking," he said. "Do I get the money or not?"

"No, my child, you don't," I instructed him, though I was beginning to feel shaky. "And here's the reason why: our hair remedy is nothing more nor less than petroleum jelly, which we buy in large quantities from one of the biggest pharmaceutical houses in the country. They will produce all sorts of medical testimony to prove that it couldn't hurt any one's scalp. So run along."

"Listen closely," he said. "Don't miss this. You fellows have a swell racket. You're taking in plenty of money. Around a thousand dollars a day. You don't want to lose that, do you?"

Secret and I said no.

"Very well. Let us suppose I bring this lawsuit. I'll lose my case. But you boys will have to disclose your scheme of business—the good old *modus operandi*—and there's plenty of people who will be interested in that. The newspapers will have a good time with you. The post-office people will hear about it, and then what?"

I said swiftly, "We're inside the law."

He brushed that remark aside. "Suppose you are? I'll admit that the postal authorities will never get a criminal conviction against you. But you know as well as I do that they have a certain method for dealing with these legalized rackets. They'll issue a fraud notice and stop your mail. Then it's up to you to go into court and prove you're honest. Meantime you're out of business. Now, which is better—a thirty-thousand-dollar cut to me or a complete fold-up? Gentlemen, speak up."

"I might," I said, "consider—purely from the nuisance angle, of course—a reasonable settlement. Say five hundred dollars."

He rose, put his watch in his pocket, his hat on his head, and started out. Secret dragged him back, plumped him down in a chair, and we went to work on him. We whistled for him and sang for him. We even cried on his shoulder. But he held like a stone wall, and finally we took him over to the Waterfront National and opened our safety-deposit boxes right under his nose. Between us we had twenty-one thousand and some odd. He packed it away in his pockets and we went out and had a drink together.

He seemed like a nice enough fellow after he had our money—although I couldn't help hating the man who clipped me for all that nice green hay.

He insisted on buying all the drinks, saying kiddingly that he knew how it felt to be broke. We shook hands all around when we separated, and I said, "What's your name, young fellow? I'm anxious to know a boy who can nip a couple of old workers like Secret and myself."

"Call me Wilbur," he said, grinning.

"By the way," Secret chimed in, "where's this client of yours?"

"Client?" he said. "Oh, I guess I could have found one some place. But I'd also have had to find a lawyer for him. I'm not one myself. Another little charge, boys? No? Well, averdupois."

Secret and I walked down LaSalle Street to our office. Neither of us did any talking. We were too busy thinking about being gypped by a pink-haired kid who was hardly old enough to vote. When we got to the office, Secret flopped in a chair and lit a cigar. The mailman had come while we were out, and fortunately he had left quite a batch of mail. I took about four hundred dollars out of the letters and divided it with Secret.

"Hell!" he groaned. "As if things weren't bad enough, I have to meet Sue for dinner. And take her to the Chicago. Robert Montgomery is making a personal appearance and she doesn't want to miss that. She wouldn't."

He got up and went to the door and stopped. "Eddie," he said sincerely, "never let it be said that I gave vent to the old sucker squeal. But this thing burns me up. It's not the money; it's the principle of the thing."

I LISTENED while his footsteps went across the outer office. Then they came back. He put his head in the door. "Eddie," he said, and his whispering voice was heavy with anguish, "I'm a damned liar. It's not the principle of the thing; it's the twenty-one thousand bucks."

I sat around a couple of hours and read the racing form. Then I locked the office and went over to Harry Barnes's place on Michigan Avenue. They were just running the sixth race at Lincoln and the loud-speaker was calling Urnosenose out in front by a length at the three quarters. But the pig folded up in the run home and a rank outsider took the money.

"There is no justice," a hoarse voice whispered in my ear.

I turned around and looked at Secret. He was tearing up some tickets. "There goes my last two yards," he said. "Oh, life is real and life is earnest from the cradle to the grave. Let's throw a bender."

"Right," I said. "But wait till I make a little bet. And, say, how come you aren't wining and dining our itinerant secretary?"

"I got a break," he said, "for a change. She had to visit a sick uncle or aunt or something."

I went up and bet a long shot by the name of Devilish in the last race. I planked a hundred on the nose on the theory that a long shot gets it all or nothing. He won by fifteen lengths and paid sixty-six dollars for a two-dollar ticket. The man at the window paid me thirty-one hundred dollars—thirty-to-one limit and my century back—and I went over to where Secret was doing penance and showed him the money.

"We'll cut this down the middle," I said, giving him half. "Now, what should we do? Throw a blowout or abide by the copybook and save it?"

"Hell," he said, "why save it? It's only chips anyway."

What happened after that is pretty hazy. I remember Secret telling some hostesses at the 225 Club that I was Darryl Zanuck and he was Raymond Griffith. That made us pretty popular for a while. Until Joe Spagat, the manager, happened along and tipped the applecart by calling us by name. Then we were poison as far as the girls were concerned, so we went elsewhere. Also I remember sitting on the steps of the Art Institute and arguing Secret out of socking a policeman—any policeman. His theory—and it sounded sensible at the moment—was that once you hit a policeman all your troubles vanished. You immediately had plenty to occupy your mind; thus you forgot your other difficulties.

JAMES EDWARD GRANT

is a crime expert whose specialty is exposing rackets. His firsthand knowledge of wrongdoing has enabled him to gather facts about three hundred separate forms of racketeering. He lives in Chicago, and writes for newspapers and magazines.

ANYWAY we woke up in a Turkish bath on Wabash Avenue and crawled around on the floor until we found our heads and put them back on our shoulders. Then we trotted over to the office. There was a letter on the desk. "Here," I said to Secret. "It's addressed to you. You read it."

"Ohhhh," he groaned, "don't ask me to do that! We're partners, aren't we? I'll read half and you read half—or, better still, just throw it away."

But I tore it open and laid it before him and he read it. When he was finished he shoved it over to me. It was neatly typewritten, which was fortunate, because I didn't feel up to longhand curlicues.

My dear Mr. Jackson—and Mr. Corliss, too:

This is just a hurried note because I have to catch a train to Niagara Falls this evening and I have so much to do—you know, shopping and everything. But I want to thank both of you for the nice way you have treated me. Especially I want to thank Mr. Jackson for taking me so many places. And for educating me. I really have to laugh when I think what a childish little hick I used to be. Mr. Jackson taught me that you have to grab in this world, because nobody will give you anything.

I hope you won't feel bad about Wilbur and I and the twenty-one thousand dollars. I didn't want to do it first. But then Mr. Jackson showed me that a business man never gets angry when he is outsmarted. It's just all in the game.

We really did need that money so terribly—much more than you gentlemen, because it will now go to some good purpose instead of being gambled on the horses or spent on drink. We will use it to get married and maybe have a family on. The minister at the church was so cute. He kissed me and said, "May all your troubles be little ones." Wasn't that clever? And, as I say, we needed that money because there is no future for a mailman and Wilbur's feet always bothered him. And a mailman spends so much time on his feet. But now he has resigned from the Post Office Department.

I know Mr. Jackson is just laughing fit to kill at the way I learned my lesson and grabbed opportunity when it came along.

Well, must close now as Wilbur is hollering for me to hurry. Thank you both again.

Yours in opportunity,

MRS. WILBUR HALL (Susan Martin).

THE END

To the Ladies

by

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

THIS winter all the stylish girls have been wearing silver-fox furs.

The fur dealers get scared almost to death when they think that next year we may want *black* fox instead of silver.

"A woman can change her mind like lightning," says Captain Thierry Jean Mallet, American manager of the world-famous Revillon fur company; but it would take from ten to fifteen years, he says, to breed silver foxes back to black.

Captain Mallet has handed us a valuable tip. If you see any natural black-fox skins, buy them quick! The fur industry has played silver fox so hard as a favorite, and has neglected black fox to such an extent, that the black is now almost extinct. Rarer and more expensive every year. Much more difficult to obtain than silver fox.

Captain Mallet is an interesting man. Born into one of the oldest French banking families, he didn't like desk work. Went to Canada and toiled as a fur trapper. Eventually won his way to the American top of Revillon Frères. Here are some of the strange things he told me about fur animals:

Ermines are bloodthirsty murderous little beasts. . . . Sea otter is as rare as chinchilla, and chinchilla is so rare that Revillon hunters hunted seven years—from 1929 to 1936—for the ninety-eight skins needed to make one splendid coat. . . . Here's a tip:

Keep your furs away from radiators and keep them out of the sun. Heat fades fur.

CAPTAIN THIERRY JEAN MALLET

● Grace Harkness came to see me, and brought her panda with her—that famous baby panda, the one you've read so much about in the newspapers, the only Tibetan panda ever seen in our western world, the only panda that ever snoozed in a basket in my husband's bedroom.

Grace put her panda there because all the windows were open and the heat turned off. Her panda is a fresh-air fiend. So is my husband. But I didn't have to go to Tibet to catch *him*.

The panda's name is Su Lin. Su Lin is a female panda of the giant breed, black and white, curly, very sleepy, at present about the size of an Airedale dog. When she grows up Su Lin will weigh five hundred pounds. I am consoled by the probability that my husband never will grow up. (Do husbands ever grow up?)

● One widower out of five gets married again within eighteen months after his bereavement. One out of every four takes a new wife during the third year of widowerhood. More than sixty per cent of all our American widowers become rehitched within ten years.

I have arranged these approximate figures from a tabulation of statistics compiled by Dr. Charles O. Paullin. Dr. Paullin's research appears to prove that marriage is a habit from which few men can expect to recover, once they have contracted it. It's too bad that I have at hand no comparative data on the remarriage of widows. Perhaps Dr. Paullin will extend his investigation to them. I hope he won't find that *rich* widows are the only ones who win a second chance in the game of matrimony.

● Starkly alarmed is the New England father who told me this true story. He fears it may signify terrible trouble ahead for the young generation. The other day his little girl, aged five, was given a dime. On her way home from kindergarten she bought three cents' worth of candy. Had seven cents left. At bedtime that evening she jingled her seven cents and said, "Oh, dear, why should I go to bed? I ought to be out spending money!"

● So pervading is our fad for streamlined gadgets that I suppose you had better read the new book, Art and the Machine, by Sheldon and Martha Candler Cheney. (Whittlesey House.)

● Fish cakes are different in Scandinavia. Smoked herring and cooked meat go into them together, and they are called *sideboller*. A Swedish friend of mine does them like this:

Lay ½ pound smoked herring in warm water for thirty minutes. Remove skin and bones, and mince very fine. Add 1½ cups meat, cooked and ground, also four potatoes, boiled and mashed, then salt and pepper, a sprinkle of nutmeg, 1½ tablespoons potato flour, and 1 tablespoon sour cream. Shape into round cakes and fry in butter until quite brown. Serve with beet salad and sliced dill pickles. A good winter dish.

● Among feminine legends there are few more wrong than the one which misleads us to believe that artists idolize women who have slender ankles. Almost invariably the greatest masters of art have chosen thick-ankled girls for their models. It is curious to see that the thickest ankles of all are drawn by those artists—like William Blake or Rockwell Kent—who make a special effort to depict figures with spiritual refinement.

Nowadays a good many old-fashioned mothers deplore the ankle breadth developed by their modern athletic daughters. On this point old-fashioned mama is mistaken. Buxom ankles are artistic.

Love Letters

# of a Prizefighter and a Hollywood Extra

Sorrows Spoil a Salad—Wanted: Forty Grand—Our Mr. Socko Encounters a Cutie

Words and Picture

by BERT GREEN

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

Hollywood, Cal.

SOCKO O'BRIEN,
The New York Sports
and Carnage Club,
New York.

Dear Socko:

Gee, whizz, just when I *think* I'm going to win myself a swell spot in the squawkies, everything goes haywire. Give a lissen!

Yesterday, Gordon Baxter, the director, gave me a bell and invited me to join him for cocktails at a screen star's rendevous and was I thrilled? I got so excited, I flew to a beauty parlor and spent three hours in the fireless cooker having my waves made permanent. When I immerged, I *was* something!

Later, when I drew up to the snooty night club and announced my name, the head waiter escorted me to Mr. Baxters table and the way the megger greeted me, you would think he'd won me as a golf prize.

"You look perfectly charming," he cracked, holding me at arms length and gunning me from brow to ankle.

Before I had time to reply, three waitors blew in and began to outdo each other in servicing us. One slipped us a pair of trick cocktails that was strong enough to bust the hinges on Boulder Dam. The second handed me a menu that made The London Times look like a calling card and the third trapsed in with an imperial quart of chilled grape that would floor a traffick cop.

All around us were nothing but georgeously gowned stars and hansome Johns. While we was sipping the tonsil juice, I begun to wonder why this important male had invited *me* out when I knew the pick of the Hollywood glamur girls was his for the making. However, I made up my mind I would play him close to the cushion and see what happened. After all, I was out for a *job*. Knowing Mr. Baxters rep as a night club bommer, I allowed him to do the talking and instead of him dwelling on pictures—as I thought—he proceeded to tell me the histery of his life.

Honestly, I cant understand why most men cant resist the temptation of handing me their unsolisited biography right in the middle of a sallad when *I* have ample troubles of my own. Really, for one solid hour I just sat there like a window display and lissened and when he switched the subject from himself to his storm and strife, I thought I'd scream.

". . . and that aint all," he rambled on. "What do you think she *did to me* the last time I saw her?"

"I cant imagine," I replied, foiling a yawn for the fifty-sixth time.

"She put her arms around my neck, kissed me good-by and *very sweetly* asked me *what I wanted for supper?* When I returned home that night I found the joint *as empty as an inner tube.* Every stick of furniture was gone and so was she. She'd powdered to Reno with a gigilo."

When he cracked that one, I nearly blew up. To change the subject, I was just about to ask my host for a job in his picture when who came storming in breathless, but Mr. Watson and Mr. Twist.

"My dear Mr. Baxter," panted Watson as he flopped himself, "I regret to relate that our illustrous capitalist's, Allowishus De Kay and Ida M. Dizzy, have just been thrown into the bastile."

"*What?*" roared Baxter.

"Yes," continued Watson, "according to the Federal agents, they accumulated their ill gotten wealth by swindling the public with worthless oil stock. This means that *our cinema company* is *bankrupt.*"

"*Bankrupt?*" exclaimed the megger. "How in heck are we going to finish the production?"

"I'll grab another angel," Twist cut in. "I know one with a china peeper who'll sink enough dough in the outfit to put our girl gallopper in the bag."

"Shut up!" roared Baxter. "You found the *last* pair of foneys; thats why we're in this jamb right now."

Well, Socko, you can imagine *my* feelings. Here was I all set to do myself some good and along comes a load of grief like this!

At that moment, a voice from across the room startled me. It was my good looking dancing partner, Jack Dawson. "Why all the gloom?" he asked, as he approached our table.

"Gloom is right," sneered Baxter without giving him a tumble.

Watson grabbed Jack by the duke, pulled him down beside him and slipped him the office as to what had happened. For some fool reason Jack just grinned while Baxter looked as though he'd like to knock his block off.

"How much dough do you think you'd need to finish the opry?" he asked, in a millionaire air.

"Forty grand," Baxter replied, still ignoring him.

"Suppose *I* can raise the dough," he asked, "whats the chances of *Ginger* and *me* playing the *dance leads* in the picture?"

We all looked at each other like a bee had backed up on us.

"*You?*" laughed the megger. "Don't talk nonsense! Where on earth could *you* get forty grand? You're only a soda jerker."

"We'll skip that!" Jack hurled back as serious as a fire in a pin-wheel factory. "The point is, do *we* get the dance *leads* or not if I dig up the dough?"

Seeing the kid meant business, the megger put on the brakes and did a bit of thinking. "Tell me where you're going to get the money?" he insisted.

"That's *my* affair!" smiled the other.

"Okay," said Baxter, eyeing him as though he'd just escaped from a nut hatch. "If you raise the sugar I'll not only give *you* and *Miss Ryan* the dance leads, but I'll promise you a swell cut in the *picture profits.*"

"Its a bet!" Jack replied, crashing the table with his fist. "I'll have the dough on the line within the next twenty-four hours, and if its all the same to you, Ginger and I are going to scram."

A second later, I was being rushed out of the joint while the other three sat there with their traps open.

Whata night!

All the way home in the cab, Socko, I begged and pleaded with my manly escort to give me the low-down on what was kicking around in his scull. Yes, and do you think he'd crack? Not him! Gee, kid, I'm scared stiff. I only hope he doesnt pull a fast one and get himself in the cansky. Anyway, I'll tell you what happens in my next letter.

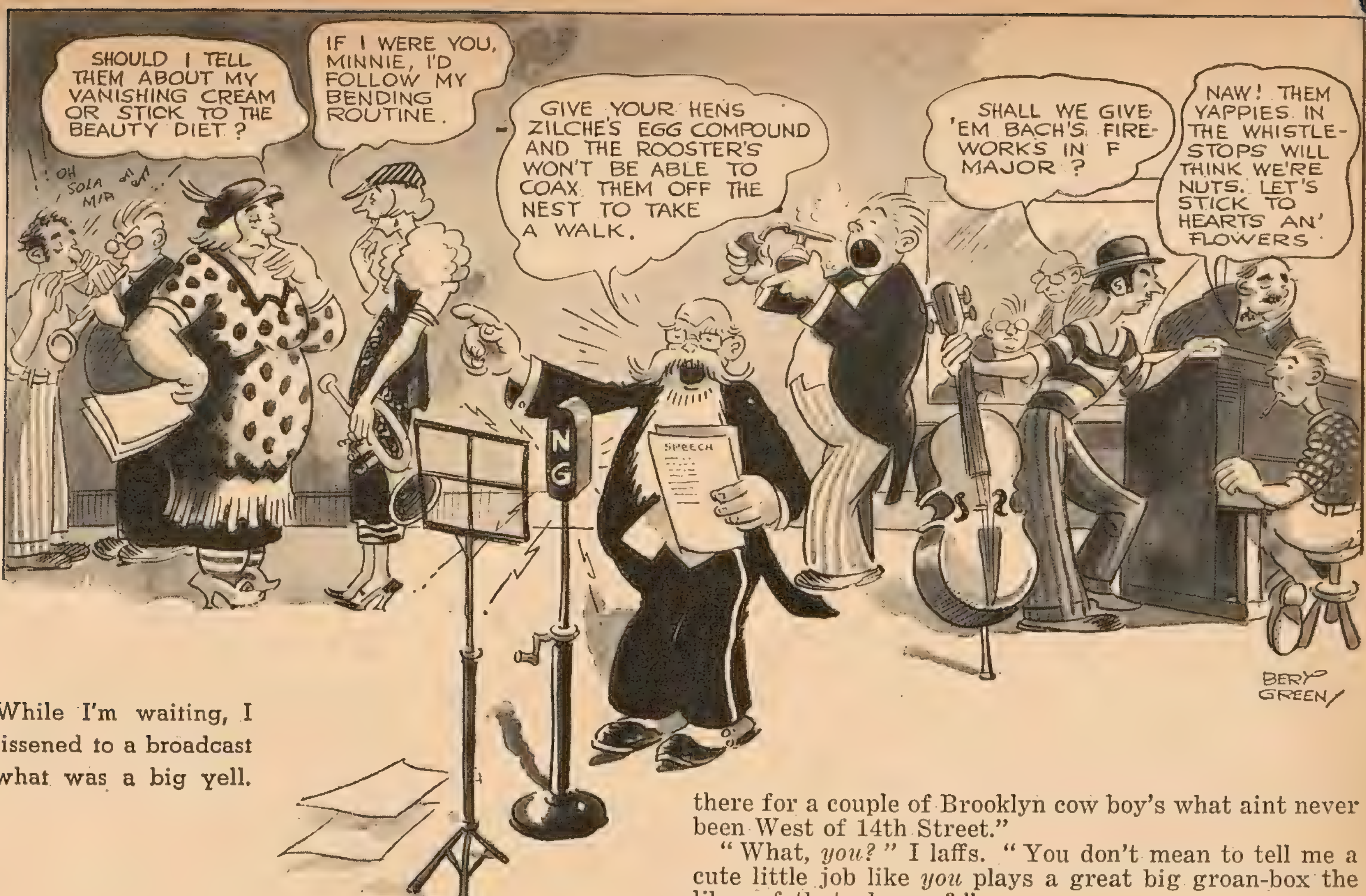
So long, silly.

Your friend, GINGER.

Miss Ginger Ryan,
Vine St., Califilmia.

Dear Ginger:

I just got your letter telling me all about your squawkie


SHOULD I TELL THEM ABOUT MY VANISHING CREAM OR STICK TO THE BEAUTY DIET ?
IF I WERE YOU, MINNIE, I'D FOLLOW MY BENDING ROUTINE.
OH SOLA MIA
GIVE YOUR HENS ZILCHE'S EGG COMPOUND AND THE ROOSTER'S WON'T BE ABLE TO COAX THEM OFF THE NEST TO TAKE A WALK.
SHALL WE GIVE 'EM BACH'S FIRE-WORKS IN F MAJOR ?
NAW! THEM YAPPIES IN THE WHISTLE-STOPS WILL THINK WE'RE NUTS. LET'S STICK TO HEARTS AN' FLOWERS
NG
SPEECH
BERY GREEN

While I'm waiting, I lissened to a broadcast what was a big yell.

company going blooey and did I laf! Hey, what can you expect from a screwey outfit like that? If you take my advice, you'll lay off that hoofer before somebody puts the finger on you and slaps you in the granite rooming house.

To switch the subject, leave me tell you about my going on the air. Jack Downey, my manager, got me on as a gest artist. When I first trapsed in the studio, I says to the red-head behind the desk: "My name is Socko O'Brien, I'm supposed to go on the air for the Fur-Lined Casket Company. How soon do I broadcast?"

She guns a list of names and says: "Fur-Lined won't go on for another hour. The Milkmans Choruster's go on now and you folley them mugs."

With that, she pokes a sheet of gum in her trap and settles back to read the love life of Clark's Gable.

"Hey, wait a minute!" I beefs. "I tossed the quilt before sun-up to make this here 5:30 broadcast and now I gotta wait—"

"Tell it to the boss!" she cuts me off. "He'll be in as soon as he inhales his eggs."

No kidding, Ginger, if nerve was monopoley, that dame would own all the railroads. Anyhow, I trapsed over to a settee and proceeded to rest my form. I no sooner got myself set, than in ankles a cute little trick with a fiddle twiced as big as a day-bed. Oh, was she a honey! No fooling, she sported a stream lined body that would make Fisher and Fleetwood throw in the sponge.

"What time does the Non-Skid Mattress Companys broadcast go on?" she asks the red-head behind the desk.

"Ha'past six," answered the other.

Without replying, the neat little fiddle player barges over to where I'm sitting and parks her curves beside me. The next thing she does is give me a close-up of her shapely gams and proceeds to rouge the cupids bow kisser.

"Pardon me," she asks—making me a present of a gawjiss smile—"have you a match?"

"Sure," I churps, with the goofiest of grins. So I lights her cigarette.

"Are *you* on one of these broadcasts?" I asked, trying to stretch what looked like a short conversation.

"Yes," she says, "I scratch that big dog house over there for a couple of Brooklyn cow boy's what aint never been West of 14th Street."

"What, *you?*" I laffs. "You don't mean to tell me a cute little job like *you* plays a great big groan-box the likes of that, do you?"

Well, one word borreyed another and before long, me and her was as clubby as two fleas.

"Whats your name?" I managed to ask.

"Call me kettle," she giggled. "I'm the life of the range."

Honest Ginger, she's a card.

Just then, in blows a snooty, blue-chinned gent sporting a lemon shirt and a dwarfed muff on his lip.

"Whos that giddy looking disturbance?" I asked.

"He's the announcer," she whispers. "If you ask me, he thinks he's the cows brazzier he's that important."

Without announcing himself, the guy becons for me to folley him into the studio and take a chair. While I'm waiting, I lissened to a broadcast what was a big yell. An old guy got up and told the farmers that if they fed their chickens a mixture of Zilche's Magic Egg Compound they would have to set their chickens in pianna boxes they would lay so many eggs. He told 'em to mix "fourteen pounds of Zilche's dried buttermilk with fifty pounds of concrete and the roosters couldnt coax the hen's off the nest to take a walk."

When my turn came, I nearly passed out from mike fright. Anyway, I told the audience all about my famous fights and instructed 'em how to clout a guy for a knockout. When I mentioned the word *knockout*, the announcer cut in and finished the talk by saying: "And now, ladies and gents, if you are thinking about throwing a nifty funeral, don't forget the Furlined Casket Company has some *knockout* crates at greatly reduced prices."

After that, some goof started the clapping machine and the broadcast was in the bag.

Well, Ginger, when I walked off, who grabbed me by the coat and congratulated me, but the cute little fiddle player, Margie McCoy.

"You're a *knockout!*" she said, cuddling up to my manly arm.

"So are *you*," I told her, patting her on the cheek. "Lets go out and tear the wings off a lobster."

You dont mind, do you Ginger?

Your ever loving pal, SOCKO.

Still more hilarious adventures await Socko and Ginger. You'll find more letters from them in an early issue of Liberty.

HOWARD HUGHES

—Record Breaker

IN TWO PARTS—PART ONE

THE STORY OF AN EXCITING LIFE

by

RUPERT HUGHES

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

NOTHING is stranger to a groundling like me than the fact that there are so many degrees of courage among flyers. To my thinking, any man (or woman) who lifts an airplane to the clouds has bidden farewell to common sense, caution, and the right to call anybody else audacious.

Yet there are aviators, and rash ones too, who call young Howard Hughes a reckless flyer, a foolhardy daredevil.

The truth, however, is that no aviator on earth—or off it—plans more carefully, takes more thought of design and efficiency, or is better informed of everything about a plane. As one of his staff said to me: "Howard knows every bolt in his ship, just what it's for and just what condition it's in, before he takes off.

"I've seen him sit out there in his plane for hours, moving his hands to one of the controls over and over to see just where it should be so that he can find it without looking for it in an emergency. Then he has it changed to fit him, and the change is always a big improvement. When a ship is going three hundred miles an hour or more, it's no time to be taking your eyes off the instruments to grope around for something."

If, at times, Howard takes a chance, forgets everything but the goal and pushes on to success—why, that's the only way success is ever won.

Howard has even found that superstition is of no value in the air.

If I were going to have a superstition I'd choose something less silly than the fear of the number 13. It was on a Friday the 13th of September that Howard Hughes set out to break the world's record for speed in a landplane. And broke it. Again, he attacked and wrecked the transcontinental record on another 13th of the month. Now he is making plans for a still more dazzling flight; but I am sure he will select the date from the look of the weather, not the calendar. His first attempt at the landplane record was made on the 12th. To choose the 13th of any month for his next take-off would indicate a belief in the equally silly countersuperstition that 13 is a lucky number. But I do not believe that the number 13 has anything to do with Howard's success in the air.

In view of the fact that Howard Hughes brought back to America the world's speed record for landplanes and is preparing another feat of even greater moment, and in view of the editor's opinion that he is "the most picturesque young man in the country today," I have been invited to write his life story. This puts me in the two paradoxical positions of being the poor uncle of a rich nephew, and the biographer of one who, instead of being dead, is only half my own age. But what of it?

In a very real sense Howard was heavily handicapped from the day of his birth. Let me explain: The other day, at a meeting of a committee of the Will Rogers Memorial Commission, the question rose as to just what definition could be given to the term "handicapped children," since it had been agreed to devote the Rogers Memorial Fund to their welfare.

Our dear English language is

Howard as copilot gets color for an air thriller. Below: On location for Sky Devils.

Below: Birds? Yes, war birds. Air scene from Howard's most spectacular film, Hell's Angels.

Howard Hughes. Left millions, he might have been just another playboy. Instead he makes air films—and records.

so elastic that I said: "When you come right down to it, who is the most heavily handicapped person in any sport? It is the one who starts at scratch. They concede him all the so-called advantages and so they give all the real advantages to his rivals. And in daily life what could be a more dreadful handicap to any child than being the son of a rich and brilliant man?" Jesse H. Jones, the chairman of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, heartily agreed:

"Take your own nephew, for example. I knew and loved your brother Howard for many years. When he died he left an only son hardly more than eighteen years old. That boy suddenly finds himself in complete control of a great factory and a great fortune built up slowly by a father who was one of the great men of his day. What further handicap could any young man have?"

Starting from scratch and handicapped with all those burdens, young Howard made a name in another field, a field where complete bravery must mix with the quick calm skill of a juggler, where death waits on the least slip of hand or flaw of machinery, where desperate emergencies are part of the routine and only the unexpected can be relied on.

Yet little is really known about this spectacular figure. Howard has dodged personal publicity as far as he could without going to the other extreme of gaining it by violently pretending to avoid it. He tells no one of his plans; he takes off on his great flights without fanfare; lands without warning; and has usually vanished before the cameras can catch up with him. The reporters and photographers are always after him, and yet they have published little of any importance, though he has tried in vain to escape from the gigantic organization of gossip that makes a romance out of his every appearance in the neighborhood of a young woman. He has not theatricized his desire for privacy and he does not pose as a man of mystery; yet his true past is almost as little known as his future.

Genius, they say, usually skips a generation; but Howard's genius is more like his father's than that of any of his ancestors. His grandfathers on his mother's and father's side were both lawyers and both judges; and both families came from Kentucky, going thither from Virginia. The Ganos were of old Huguenot stock. When

Left: Howard and his mother. She was the daughter of Judge Gano, originally from Kentucky, later a noted Texas jurist.

Howard Hughes's father.

Below: William Boyd and Louis Wolheim in Two Arabian Knights, Howard Hughes's first film.

the first to arrive here fled from persecution and massacre in France, they settled at New Rochelle, New York, in the 1680s.

Howard's beautiful mother, Allene, was the daughter of Judge Gano, who was a direct descendant of the Rev. John Gano, the most famous chaplain in the Revolutionary War. The story persists that he converted George Washington to the Baptist faith and secretly baptized him. There are affidavits to support the family tradition.

I don't believe the story for a moment and I have no respect for affidavits; but there is far more historical evidence for the Gano legend than for the utterly unfounded and universally popular fable that George Washington left his comfortable headquarters at Valley Forge, went out to kneel in the snow, and prayed so vociferously that the Quaker Isaac Potts overheard him. There aren't even affidavits for that, and it was utterly unlike George Washington.

But Valley Forge is a long way from Houston, Texas, where young Howard Robard Hughes was born. He was a Christmas gift to his parents, arriving on December 24, 1905.

He was named after his father; consequently, the family name for him was, and still is, " Son."

The world is full of people who make excellent beginnings, write fine first acts, first chapters, make promising sketches, and seize magnificent rats by the tail, only to grow languid and then let go. My appallingly wise friend Dr. Henry Smith Williams says that every track meet offers a symbol of human life. Whether they undertake a hundred-yard dash, a two twenty, four forty, or a mile or a marathon, a certain percentage of the contestants will never show up at the starting line; a certain percentage will get there and quit; a certain percentage will give up at the first quarter; another at the half; most of the remainder will be done for at the three quarters; and, of the three or four who push on to the end, only one or two will prove capable of the last desperate try that breasts the tape. You see this proportion in nearly every walk of life.

Young Howard had, and has, the gift of finishing things, of throwing his whole soul and strength into the last crucial moment. His father had it. His grandfather had it. My father fought one lawsuit up and down the courts for twenty-six years. Then the United States Supreme Court gave a drastic decision against him. But he went right on, tried another line, and won the case anyway.

Young Howard's determination showed itself even in music. As a boy he took up the saxophone and drove his family almost insane with his tootlings; but he would not let it alone till he had mastered it. He took up motion pictures because they fascinated him, and made some of the biggest pictures ever turned out. His interest in aviation and years of flying led him to select for his *magnum opus* an airplane epic which he called Hell's Angels.

THE World Almanac for 1936 did not mention his name, since it carried the aviation records only to August, 1935.

But in September Howard put himself at the head of the whole world for speed in landplanes. He did it twice in succession because he was too fast for the official timing cameras the first time.

From his earliest years he gave promise of high achievement. When he was about eleven or twelve I visited his father at Houston. Wireless telegraphy was a newer miracle then than now, but the boy had rigged up a wireless set in his own bedroom and spent his evenings picking up messages from ships in the Gulf of Mexico.

A little later he was pleading in vain for a motorcycle. His parents would sooner have given him a buzz saw. But he had a bicycle—an ordinary nude bicycle. So he got himself a storage battery, connected it to an automobile self-starter motor which he bought at a junk yard, and attached that to his bicycle. And the damned thing ran.

He was not yet fifteen when he told his father of an idea he had for a shock absorber to be used in automobiles. There was a deal of dissatisfaction with those then in use. My brother told me that the boy had discovered a basic idea of complete novelty and apparently so practical that his father stood ready to develop it for the market.

After graduating from Thacher School he was under the minimum age for admission to the California Institute of Technology; but the dean, Dr. Robert Millikan, permitted him to take special courses without enrolling as a regular student.

My brother was so grateful that he asked Dr. Millikan if there were not something he could do to show his appreciation.

Dr. Millikan answered that the Institute had a fund from which loans were made to promising students who could not afford to pay their way through; but they always paid the money back, since fine jobs were always waiting for them the moment they left.

A larger fund would admit more promising young men to a sure career.

" How much would you want? " said my brother.

AS he was writing the check, Dr. Millikan said:

" How shall we call this gift? The Howard R. Hughes Fund—or—or what? "

Howard answered:

" Unless you promise never to mention my name you don't get the check."

He got the check, and the young men for whom that money opened golden doors have never known who opened them.

The same dislike for publicity that characterized his father characterizes the son.

Perhaps a few words about his father would come in handy here to explain where Howard got his handicaps of money and encouragement, his mechanical skill and courage.

When my brother was born, his father was a young lawyer in the Missouri village of Lancaster. He was caught up in a desperate battle between rival groups of railroad builders, and he risked his life with the same calm fearlessness that later marked both Howards. In time a small railroad called my father to an attorneyship in Keokuk, Iowa, and he moved his family there. In time he became president of the railroad. When it was absorbed by the Burlington system, he returned to his law practice and became a judge.

As a boy my brother Howard was restless and reckless, with a marked genius for mechanical things and a costly zest for taking watches, clocks, engines of every sort apart to see what made them go. He was not so skillful in putting things together again and our home was without a timepiece for many years. He was a wild boy, hopeless in the classroom and regular only in being expelled from every school he was sent to. Still, as our devoted mother indignantly declared: " Howard was never expelled from a school that was worthy of him." He was twenty before he decided to give up his ignorance. He secured tutors, went to Iowa State University, and then to Harvard.

But his mechanical mind drew him away from gentle pursuits.

He tried gold mining, silver mining, Mexico. He was engaged in lead and zinc mining near Joplin, Missouri, when the great oil field at Beaumont, Texas, began to send forth its record-breaking gushers. He dropped lead and hastened south for oil.

He had an uncanny gift for extracting money from my father for his wildest schemes and he was soon a leading oil man going from field to field. One year he had fifty thousand in the bank. The next he owed the bank fifty thousand.

He went from Texas to Oklahoma to Louisiana. In one of his fields he and his partner, Walter Sharp, ran up against a barrier that was wrecking all the operators. There were vast deposits of oil down below, but they lay beneath a roof of flint that snapped off the fishtail bits at a ruinous rate. It took four days to make four inches of progress.

Finally Walter Sharp said:

" Howard, only a miracle can

(Continued on page 28)

★

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A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES
FRANKFORT DISTILLERIES, INC.
ONE QUART

Paul Jones

A GENTLEMAN'S WHISKEY
SINCE 1865

★

(Continued from page 26)

save us. You go on home and put that brain of yours to inventing something to get us through."

So Howard took the train home. And by the time that he reached there he had an idea. As soon as the family greetings were over he called for a breadboard from the kitchen, fastened paper on it, and, sitting at the dining-room table, began to sketch his model. He emerged from the family dining room with an Archimedean cry of "Eureka!" and the picture of a bit that had no less than 166 cutting edges!

He took the first train for Springfield, Massachusetts, where he showed his drawings to a big firm that manufactured models for such inventions. The heads of the firm said:

"It's mighty pretty but it won't work. If it did cut the rock you couldn't keep it oiled a thousand feet or so underground. We like money but we don't want to take yours for such an impossible dream."

"Make it anyway," said Howard.

When at last it was finished they offered to show him why it wouldn't work. They set a big block of granite on a trestle, fixed the bit to a rod, and said:

"When we start the conveyer belt going you'll see that your bit won't bite. It will just go round and round on the surface."

Howard nodded grimly and they started the thing to whirling. Before they could stop the belt, the bit had gone through six feet of granite, dropped to the floor, and was burrowing through the solid concrete as if it were cake.

So Howard hurried south to the oil field and set his bit to work on that flint barrier. It loved flint and went through it at such unheard-of speed that all the other operators screamed for the Hughes conical bit. He couldn't manufacture it fast enough. He rented the bits on royalty. The demand came from all around the globe.

HIS factory grew and grew till it was one of the largest in the South. The bit, in one adaptation or another, took everything in stride, and all the nations clamored for it. It is a very pretty thing to see: something like three cones working together and simply chewing the bewildered rock to shreds.

The Encyclopaedia Britannica in its twelfth edition published a picture of it as the last word in mining. The editors of the Dictionary of American Biography felt that Howard deserved a niche among our immortals.

When the World War broke out in Europe and Howard read about the slow and dreadful work of subterranean mining and countermining, he thought of using his bit for horizontal drilling as well as vertical and adapting it for use in the trenches.

He perfected a most amazing instrument, set it up at his own factory, made it work, and offered it to his country. Great army engineers marveled at it, but our army had no money and was not going to any war. The Chief of Ordnance advised him to offer it to the British. They had a commission appointed to work with him under war conditions and the commission sent home the most wildly enthusiastic pleas for its acceptance. But a colonel in France looked at the blueprints coldly and said, "Pretty, but it wouldn't work in the chalky soil of France."

My brother groaned that chalky soil would be its favorite food; but the colonel's rebuff was final.

Then we entered the war. We Americans are always bragging about how free we are from the red tape and conservatism of the British. In high confidence, Howard submitted his machine to the War Department and waited. And waited. Finally I went to Washington to see what caused the delay.

George Creel was President Wilson's right-hand man. I interested him in Howard's invention and he took me to the general at the head of the engineers. He referred me to Major Blank of illustrious name, who had kept the idea in cold storage for many weeks. He thought a long while, looked up his papers, and came back to say:

"Oh, yes. I know the thing. There are three fatal objections to it. It is a tunneling machine, and therefore of proven worthlessness; second, it would take an enormous number of men to handle it; and finally, the inventor wants too much money for it."

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To this I answered hotly:

"It is in no sense a tunneling machine. A corporal's squad can carry it anywhere, assemble it, operate it, and take it away. As for asking too much money, my brother has spent thirty thousand dollars on it but is offering it to his country for nothing."

"Oh, indeed," said the major, and withdrew, even less interested than before. It was simply impossible to get any desk man excited. But the army engineers were frantic for it.

Major generals in charge of divisions had seen it working on my brother's grounds and offered to buy it out of their own funds. After cruel delays we succeeded in getting an official test.

First let me explain that, according to military textbooks, underground mining in war conditions is so slow and difficult that a yard of progress a day was estimated at about the maximum to be hoped for. To go nine hundred feet would take about three hundred days. The test our army gave my brother was this: Install your machine in a trench, bore to the enemy trench one thousand feet away, deposit explosive under it, blow it up, and withdraw your machinery—all this in forty-eight hours—the machinery to require no more than a corporal's squad for transportation and operation.

In other words, Howard was to do in two days what army engineers would be glad to do in a year. According to some of the greatest engineers in the nation, Howard triumphantly proved the worth of what he called his "trench-sap." Engineers planned to use it in batteries and go through the hostile trenches at a hitherto incredible speed.

Well, it is a long story, but the end was that the higher-ups did not get round to giving it a trial in France. Suddenly the war was over. All my brother got out of it was a charming letter after the war from Secretary Baker thanking him for his patriotic zeal.

THERE was one happy result from my brother's efforts to give his military invention to the government. When we finally succeeded in getting the army to order a test, Captain R. C. Kuldell, then stationed at San Antonio, was designated to conduct the test. He was fired with enthusiasm for the machine, as were all the other army engineers, who saw in it an invention that would revolutionize military mining as completely as the cone bit had revolutionized mining for oil—as much as the rifle revolutionized bow-and-arrow warfare.

Captain Kuldell was a lieutenant colonel when the war ended, and my brother persuaded him to resign from the army and come to the factory as general manager.

All this time, of course, young Howard was only a boy, though he took a precocious interest in all his father's manifold inventions and improvements in various fields. Howard was destined to lose both his mother and father in his youth in a little less than two years. It was while the boy was at the Thacher School, Ojai, California, in March, 1922, that I received one night a heartbroken telegram from my brother, saying that Allene, his wife, had died suddenly. He had telegraphed young Howard at Ojai, telling him merely that his mother was ill and he had better come home. My brother asked me to meet the boy when he came down from Ojai and put him on the first train for Texas.

Young Howard, then just sixteen, arrived in great anxiety and suspense. I hesitated a long while over telling him the bitter truth. My poor brother, I knew, had suffered so much in the death of his beloved and beautiful wife that telling his son the news would be too much to put upon him. So I steeled myself, told young Howard the truth, and tried to uphold him in his first great tragedy.

He was in Houston at the time of his father's death, but I had to break the hearts of my own father and mother with word of their loss. Soon after the funeral young Howard came out to Los Angeles to be with his disconsolate grandparents, and lived at my house. He had just turned eighteen by two weeks.

He found himself in control of a great factory and of a large fortune, part of which he decided to invest in motion pictures.

For his interest in the movies I was partly to blame, though unintentionally. At that time I was also a victim of the same infatuation. I was directing pictures of my own writing, and young Howard spent hours on the set, in the projection room, in listening to story conferences and studying the entire business with insatiable interest.

It is a fascinating life at best, or worst; and soon after his father's death Howard plunged into it. He had come under the spell of the electrically vivacious Marshall Neilan, director of many very successful pictures. He had a promising idea for a picture but no idea where to get the money for it. Howard put up the cash, and the picture, Everybody's Acting, issued in 1926, made money. According to one authority, it paid fifty per cent profit.

This naturally stimulated Howard's interest. Together with John Considine, he set to work on an elaborate melodramatic comedy called Two Arabian Knights. They engaged as their director the forceful and intelligent Lewis Milestone, who was born in Russia, educated in Belgium, and re-educated in the cutting rooms of Hollywood studios, where he worked for several years before John and Howard gave him his first opportunity. For the two knights they engaged Louis Wolheim and William Boyd. The result was an exciting and amusing picture well made and well received.

It lured Howard deeper into the jungle. He took up production on his own with his own organization, which he called the Caddo Company, as a tribute to the Caddo oil fields in Louisiana, which had been very good to his father. More or less to Howard's own surprise, he was gradually dragged into a gigantic production that swept the world as the most spectacular picture of its time.

ACCORDING to the legend, Marshall Neilan had an idea for a picture concerning war aviation, and Howard, shaking off all dependence on others, bought the plot and began to write the scenario himself, with the able assistance of Harry Behn, who had been connected with The Big Parade and other famous pictures.

In the first plans for the picture, Howard is said to have estimated the cost at a modest six hundred thousand. The movies had gone a long way from the dark ages of 1903, when the producers of the first successful story picture, The Great Train Robbery, were laughed at as liars because they pretended to have spent four hundred dollars on it and taken several days in the shooting. It ran eight hundred feet in the finished version and it was

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
THE DISCOVERY OF TOBACCO
PHOOEY ON THIS WEATHER. I'D GIVE UP ANYTHING, EVEN MY PIPE, IF I COULD BE WARM AND CLOTHES-FREE LIKE THOSE SAVAGES COLUMBUS DISCOVERED
SURE — BUT WHY GIVE UP YOUR PIPE?
BECAUSE MY PIPE IS IMPORTANT TO ME — AND THOSE WEST INDIAN NATIVES DIDN'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT TOBACCO
THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE WRONG. THEY WERE SMOKING WHEN COLUMBUS DISCOVERED THEM
THAT OCTOBER MORN IN 1492, COLUMBUS WAS DUE FOR SOME SURPRISES —
ONE OF THE MOST CHERISHED OFFERINGS OF THE NATIVES WAS LEAF-TOBACCO, WELL DRIED AND READY FOR SMOKING
MOST OF THE NATIVES SMOKED BY MERELY INHALING THE FUMES, BUT SOME OF THEM HAD A LONG, HOLLOW TUBE WITH THE FORKED ENDS INSERTED IN THE NOSTRILS
WELL, COLUMBUS MAY HAVE DISCOVERED THIS INDIAN CUSTOM BUT PRINCE ALBERT BRINGS IT TO PERFECTION
YOU BET! IN ALL THE YEARS I'VE BEEN SMOKING P.A. IT HAS YET TO BITE MY TONGUE OR BURN TOO HOT FOR COOL ENJOYMENT
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SMOKE 20 FRAGRANT PIPEFULS OF PRINCE ALBERT. IF YOU DON'T FIND IT THE MELLOWEST, TASTIEST PIPE TOBACCO YOU EVER SMOKED, RETURN THE POCKET TIN WITH THE REST OF THE TOBACCO IN IT TO US AT ANY TIME WITHIN A MONTH FROM THIS DATE, AND WE WILL REFUND FULL PURCHASE PRICE, PLUS POSTAGE.
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LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE
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PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE
PRINCE ALBERT IS MILDER... THE 'BITE' IS REMOVED
TRUST 'CRIMP CUT' P.A. TO GIVE COOLER SMOKING

NO APPETITE— COULDN'T SLEEP!

● Don't tell *me* about old-fashioned laxatives! While I wasted time on them, my constipation got worse. My breath was offensive. Nightmares ruined my sleep. Even the sight of food made me sick. My complexion? Well, let's not go into *that!* Then I did myself a big favor by taking my druggist's tip. "Try FEEN-A-MINT," he said, "it's *different!*"

BUT IT'S DIFFERENT NOW!

● When FEEN-A-MINT frees accumulated wastes, life is brighter at once. Constipation's bilious headaches go. Natural appetite returns. A cleared intestine helps bring back the natural joy of youth, the normal sleep of childhood. Why not put *yourself* in this thrilling picture? FEEN-A-MINT tastes so good, acts so *differently!*

HERE'S WHAT DID IT!

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One of the big differences of delicious, mint-flavored FEEN-A-MINT is in the 3 minutes of chewing. Scientists agree this helps make FEEN-A-MINT so dependable—so satisfactory. Its benefits work g-r-a-d-u-a-l-l-y in the lower bowel—not in the stomach. No griping or nausea. No break in sleep. The *favorite* laxative of 16 million users. Economical, too! Write for free sample to Dept. N-6, FEEN-A-MINT, Newark, New Jersey.

FOR ADULTS AND CHILDREN Feen-a-mint THE CHEWING GUM LAXATIVE NO TASTE BUT THE MINT

BETTER BECAUSE YOU CHEW IT

said that several hundred feet were shot that were not used.

Instead of the four hundred dollars squandered on The Great Train Robbery, whose producers boasted that they made fifty thousand dollars on their investment, Howard's picture, according to a generally accepted estimate, cost four million dollars and took in seven million.

Howard has not been so pleased with the frequently printed statement that he is worth a hundred million dollars. It subjects him to incessant appeals and propositions of every sort.

But willy-nilly Howard's income was subjected to a heavy drain as Hell's Angels opened up constantly wider vistas of power and grandeur.

He had put Lewis Milestone under a long-term contract as a director, but Two Arabian Knights brought Milestone a great reputation and Howard did not wish to divide the credit for Hell's Angels with any one. He borrowed Luther Reed from Paramount studios. But Reed, who had been an aviation editor for the New York Herald and knew the air, had ideas of his own, and friction developed to such a point that one day, after an earnest talk, Reed resigned and Howard announced that he would direct the picture himself.

For his male stars Howard had secured the loan of James Hall and Ben Lyon. They resented the direction of the inexperienced producer and objected to his telling them how to play their scenes. Howard says that "they were justified in that feeling."

He chose for his first scene as a director a sequence to be shot at night in mud and rain. As the actors and cameramen and Howard grew colder and clammier their mood took on the same spirit. The most dramatic scenes were not played for the benefit of the camera.

GRADUALLY the two leading men and the young director came to an understanding. The original leading woman of the picture was lost on the way. The Norwegian beauty Greta Nissen had been engaged. She lasted through the first version of the picture—a silent version that was completed just as the talking picture struck the motion-picture world like a thunderbolt, wrecking countless properties, personalities, and reputations, and toppling even popular idols like John Gilbert into oblivion or worse.

The motion-picture companies had to make an immediate outlay of countless millions of dollars for new studio and theater equipment and experimentation—this on top of a private panic in the business that preceded the cataclysm of 1929 by several years.

But none of the fortunetellers who fatten on movie money foretold this double panic, and Howard had no warning of what lay ahead of him when the first camera was turned October 31, 1927. He had sufficient troubles as it was when he proceeded to make his epic as a silent drama.

By the time Howard had finished all of his picture except the airplane shots, he had spent over three hundred thousand dollars. Now he built a miniature city of London for the Zeppelin to attack. Next he gathered together a fleet of forty planes of all sorts for battles in the air. The cost of this made a pretty total.

Even in the pursuit of beauty there was immense expense. Howard knew that, in some of his celestial scenes, clouds were necessary for drama. The generally cloudless skies of California have their advantages for lovers of fair weather, but they make a monotonous background for planes and destroy the effect of motion, the airships often looking as if they hung from strings.

CLOUDS can also drive the picture man mad. I remember once needing just one exterior scene to finish a picture I was directing. All I wanted was one hour of clear sun. We assembled the company under a sky without a wisp of a veil visible. By the time the cameras were in place a handkerchief covered the sun. It was about to disappear, but it continued about to disappear till we gave up and went to lunch.

Howard wanted clouds. He wanted great masses of them to give the battle drama; for his men were fighting among the cloud gods as did the great hammer god Thor.

But the clouds would not come at his beck and call. They would not form till he gave up. Then they would muster en masse, only to vanish before his lenses. In his planes he could chase them for leagues. His scouts would telephone that there were mountains of cloud over Long Beach. He would dart thither with his planes and his cameras in planes. The clouds would roll away. He left southern California for northern, and there he secured majestic backgrounds.

Times have changed indeed for the drama since the days when one of Shakespeare's armies was half a dozen men who marched round and round, on and off the stage, and fought with swords of lath.

Compare the theater of Shakespeare's day or any day with the modern movie theater and its limitless fields: real mountains and oceans instead of flats of scenery; the sky itself for the sky-cloth; and room enough in the flies for fifty airplanes to fight and fall.

In such a theater Howard produced his Hell's Angels, and finally reached the day when the public was to see it and perhaps the tide of money would turn from ebb and begin to flow in.

But the tide of money was to continue to ebb for Howard Hughes. The talking picture became a reality at the very time Hell's Angels was ready for its public appearance. How the young producer plunged into the gigantic task of giving voice and sound to the silent film as well as his pursuit and capture of air speed records will be told in the next issue of Liberty.

Liberty's SHORT SHORT

SICK GUY

by THEODORE TINSLEY

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

WHEN Eddie Dillon was born he weighed two ounces less than five pounds and was blue in the face long after an ambulance surgeon had slapped breath into him. Mrs. Dillon, against whom a charge of shoplifting was pending, murmured peevishly, " He don't look so healthy." The district nurse thought grimly that this was an understatement. She expected Eddie to die. But he didn't. You couldn't say that he flourished. He just grew.

Mrs. Dillon beat the shoplifting rap and devoted part of her attention to maternity. This consisted mostly in carrying Eddie back and forth between the various free welfare agencies endowed by a humanitarian municipality. Mrs. Dillon and the municipality were old friends. One branch had impulsively shot her criminal husband to death; another had thoughtfully buried him; a third agency paid for her rent and food; a fourth provided her with free milk for her delicate offspring.

In summer a floating hospital churned the salt water of the harbor with Eddie aboard. He was vaccinated and injected against every disease known to childhood. But somehow it didn't seem to help much. Long before he was able to toddle to the free city kindergarten he was a celebrated case. His heart and lungs were perfect; he ate like a wolf; yet one glance at his pasty face and his unhappy rheumy eyes could make the mildest-mannered intern swear with uneasy anger. What in hell was the matter with Eddie Dillon?

At public school his tough little companions discovered in him the seeds of a specialized ability. Eddie could squirm his thin-chested body between the narrow bars of a delicatessen's rear window and emerge with profitable loot. As the gangs changed and grew older Eddie became a leader in bolder operations. His shrewdly innocent glance had a genius for detecting the annoying approach of a policeman. His warning cough was a masterpiece of clarity. He was prospering.

It was about this time that Bill Griffin began to get interested in the strange unhealthiness of Eddie.

Bill was a cop. He had been born a year earlier than Eddie in a near-by neighborhood. He had never been to a free clinic. The city took no special interest in his career until he applied for and passed the police examination. But the examining surgeon grinned as he slapped Bill's posterior in the drafty chamber where the candidates stood stripped.

" You'll do, son."

Bill's duty took him uptown to the respectable neighborhood where Eddie Dillon now enjoyed his poor health. Bill got to know Eddie by the prosaic expedient of arresting him six or seven times. But he couldn't get a conviction. Humanitarian magistrates glared at Bill and uttered tart comments about police persecution. Eddie continued to sniffle and sneeze and to visit free city clinics. They began to treat him for sinus trouble.

But nothing happened. Interns became profane and disheartened. What in hell was the matter with Eddie Dillon? Whenever Eddie ran across his pet hate, Patrolman Bill Griffin, he coughed and cringed with wizened pride.

" What d'yuh really s'pose is wrong with me, pal? " he'd say with a smirk.

He got a great kick out of it. Bill was becoming more and more of a pest. Once he almost trapped Eddie on a job. Eddie figured that one of these days he'd better knock Bill off. Not that he was worried. Just thorough.

HE went to the country that summer—Sullivan County where the air was supposed to be good for his sinus. He came back sicker than ever. But he went to no cheap clinic this time! He'd found out a new slant from a college guy in the inn orchestra. The guy said Eddie looked allergic.* It was a four-dollar word that meant you were susceptible to stuff like hay fever. You got it from flowers like ragweed, the guy said; and sometimes from things like cat's fur, sweet milk, feathers, house dust—the damnedest list Eddie had ever heard of.

It opened a newer and more fascinating world of therapy. He went to the swankiest allergist on Park Avenue and told him to shoot the works. Not a single serum injection raised a bump on Eddie's sallow skin. He was allergic undoubtedly, but not to anything within the range of the baffled doctor's knowledge.

Eddie made it his jeering business to tell Bill Griffin the news. Bill was a plain-clothes detective now.

" Why don'tcha study medicine, pal? Maybe you could cure me." Eddie's tone hardened. " And lay off the gumshoe stuff—or I'll be curing *you*."

Bill flushed with helpless rage as he remembered the two bank holdups that had taken place that summer eight or nine miles from where Eddie had been vacationing. Bill had wired the county police to investigate Eddie's alibi. It was airtight as usual. A week after Eddie's warning, Bill was fired on from ambush and narrowly missed a police funeral.

Eddie was still visiting the Park Avenue allergist regularly. Bill called on the physician, obtained his grudging consent to hide in the office whenever Eddie was present. He discovered a curious thing: Eddie's talk with the doctor always seemed to get round to the subject of radium. Eddie suggested that radium might provide the answer to his mysterious malady. To the allergist this was the amusing ignorance of a layman; but not to the practical Bill Griffin after he'd discovered what radium was worth. He persuaded the doctor to promise Eddie that on his next visit he'd try a radium treatment.

On the night of his appointment with the doctor Eddie went to the Chickadee Social Club and met three semirespectable friends for a game of cards. He was five minutes late and apologized for his tardiness by the clock before he and his friends went noisily into the card room. A half hour later Eddie vanished, not so noisily, through the back door to keep his medical appointment.

Bill Griffin, hidden, saw Eddie slip the doctor's telltale appointment book into his pocket as the doctor turned and knelt to open the safe. It was followed by the swiftest attempt at murder that Bill had ever witnessed. A knife plunged at the doctor's ribs. Eddie snatched at the sealed casket of radium, whirled — and almost dropped the onrushing Bill with a tiny automatic that slid from his sleeve into his left hand. The spurt of blood from Bill's neck and the roar of his police positive occurred simultaneously. He staggered for the telephone.

The ambulance surgeon gasped as he recognized the dead gunman on the floor.

" For gosh sake—Eddie Dillon! The sick guy! "

" I could almost wish he were still alive," the allergist groaned. " He's the only patient I ever had who failed every test."

Bill Griffin, with a bloodstained bandage on his throat, was able to smile faintly.

" Not every test, doc. You forgot one. The guy was allergic, all right. Allergic to lead."

THE END

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*A word, comparatively new in the dictionaries, which has taken its place in currently fashionable patois. As you know—or do you?—allergy is the altered degree of susceptibility caused by a primary inoculation or treatment, as with a germ or foreign substance, and manifested in reaction to a subsequent inoculation or treatment with the same thing. You get the idea—or do you? Now go on with the story.

BEAUTY and the "BEAST"

—A Master Lawyer's Triumph

The Revealing Story of How One Woman Killed and Went Free . . . Is Justice Deaf and Dumb as Well as Blind?

by

D. THOMAS CURTIN

READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

"WOULD you have any prejudice against a woman on trial for murder because she had been unchaste?"

The Y. M. C. A. secretary, hopeful of becoming a juror in the Vera Stretz case, went out on that one.

"He was in a tough spot," a court attendant whispered solemnly in my ear. "If he said 'yes,' he lost his three bucks a day juror's fee. If he said 'no,' he lost his job at the Y."

"Do you believe," Vera's attorney asked the next candidate, "that a woman who has sinned against the moral code has as much right to defend herself as a woman who is chaste?"

So that was to be it—self-defense! But self-defense against what?

The courtroom turned as one man—although it must be said that most of its occupants were women!—to the slender girl with the blue eyes and the square chin, who sat within the rail, her hands locked, her eyes shut, her face lead-white. She wore a Quaker-gray suit, a small blue hat, no make-up.

Gently born, college-educated, world-traveled, Vera Stretz was far removed from the usual simpering leg-crossing heroine of courtroom romance.

But the known facts were terribly against her.

She had killed Fritz Gebhardt. There was no doubt about that. In fact she freely admitted it. Although married, he had been her lover. He had promised to divorce his wife and marry her, but hadn't. He had spent the first night after his return from Europe not with her but with another woman in a Times Square hotel. The following night she had shot him.

The circumstances surrounding the crime indicated a cold-blooded premeditated first-degree murder. The lover had a room on the twenty-first floor of Beekman Towers, one of New York's newer skyscraper apartment houses overlooking the East River. The mistress had a key to that room. It was her custom to climb the stairs from the nineteenth floor, where she was supposed to live, unlock Fritz Gebhardt's door, and spend the night with him.

This night, November 11, 1935, she had apparently again climbed the stairs and unlocked the door, but not in the name of love—in the name of revenge.

Gebhardt was found in a long white nightshirt, tangled up with some of the bedclothes, on the floor beside the bed. There were bloodstains on the sheet. There were four bullet wounds in his body, all inflicted at close range, two in the back. Apparently he had been shot twice while asleep; had turned over, and been shot twice again; then, in his death agony, had rolled off on to the floor.

Vera Stretz, fully dressed, was arrested trying to leave the apartment house. In a small bag which she carried were a pink nightgown spotted with blood and the revolver which had fired the four bullets into the dead man upstairs. Beyond admitting that she had shot the man in Room 2114, she refused to talk until she should have seen a lawyer. After prolonged questioning by the police, she was taken into custody and indicted for murder.

In the weeks that followed, Vera Stretz vied with Bruno Hauptmann for block-type front-page prominence.

The facts that she was a New York University graduate and that he was a Heidelberg graduate, that she had been a "good" girl up to the time of her liaison with him, and that he was a substantial German business man and scholar apparently high in the Nazi councils, intrigued the public no end.

So far as the case itself was concerned, there was no question of guilty or not guilty. Even if she recanted her admission that she killed her lover, the facts were so black against her that no jury would believe her story. But there are two kinds of murder defenses. The first is the ordinary kind, in which the defense attorney tries to show that the accused did not commit the crime. The second is the Vera Stretz kind, where the killer is so clearly caught with the goods that he or she must hire a lawyer able to present his or her excuses so expertly that a broad-minded American jury would swallow it.

The usual resort in such cases is to the good old insanity excuse. In Vera's case this seemed to be the only possible loophole through which she could conceivably wriggle.

At least, it so seemed until a little fellow known around the criminal courts by the single name Terry eased himself into New York City's palatial Women's House of Detention for a talk with Vera Stretz.

Now, Terry is to be admired for himself alone. He is man's nearest approach to perpetual motion. He never walks or runs; he darts. His eyes devour everything in sight and bore into things hidden. He is small and wiry, sharp-nosed and sharper-witted; no choirboy; a graduate of the city streets. To me he is one of the most fascinating characters in the present-day practice of criminal law.

But it was not because of Terry's own capacities that his surprise visit to Vera Stretz took on five-star significance. It was because of his master, *the* master criminal lawyer in the United States today, to whose legal Robinson Crusoe young Terry played Man Friday.

Terry's presence in the Detention House meant that Samuel Leibowitz was interested in the Stretz case.

This *was* news. Leibowitz, who had secured one hundred and fifteen acquittals in one hundred and eighteen murder cases, who had never lost a client to the electric chair—well, if Leibowitz was going to defend Vera, that was different!

The emphasis in the newspaper stories immediately shifted. Vera still got the pictures. After all, she was a woman. But, to the writing boys, the central figure in the Vera Stretz case was no longer Vera herself or the man she had shot. It was Sam Leibowitz.

Mr. Leibowitz said this.

Mr. Leibowitz thought that.

Mr. Leibowitz refused to comment.

It wouldn't be fair to say that Mr. Leibowitz set out

International photo

Pictures, Inc., photos

Beauty, in the person of Vera Stretz, and the "beast," Dr. Gebhardt. Below: The master lawyer, Samuel Leibowitz.

to try the Vera Stretz case in the papers. He knows the law too well thus to sin against the strict provisions of the code. But if reporters seek you out and ask you leading questions, what can you do?

Samuel Leibowitz is a practical man. He had the interests of his client at heart. He could not be blamed for answering those questions in such a way that he got across to the public—including, of course, prospective jurors—arguments that he might not be able to get across in court. In fact, he might conceivably be blamed if he didn't thus answer them.

Anyway, there began to appear in the public prints quite a different version of the Beekman Towers tragedy from that which had featured the first news stories of the event. Instead of a man of culture and refinement, shot in cold blood by a jealous mistress who knew enough about the world not to talk until she had seen her lawyer, Fritz Gebhardt began to take on the semblance of a Don Juan, a foreign roué, who had ensnared one of our local young girls, an innocent in the ways of the world, and then, when he had done with her, had cast her off.

But in all this welter of newspaper discussion not one word had come from the stocky full-faced smiling-eyed attorney about the form Vera's defense would take. In fact, as the case went to trial before Judge Collins—the same Judge Cornelius Collins who had sent the Arsenal Gang to the pen—in Part Five of General Sessions, the press, the public, and, far more importantly, the D. A.'s office still expected the insanity plea.

SO, when Samuel Leibowitz began questioning prospective jurors on an unchaste woman's right of self-defense, he knocked the assembled reporters, sob sisters, spectators, *and prosecutors* for a goal.

" Even though she had submitted to this man before," he continued, elucidating his theory, " once or any number of times, do you believe because of that she was compelled to submit to him any time he wished? "

Unwelcome attentions, eh? That was a good one. Here was a young woman who had poured out her heart in the hottest kind of love letters, quoting passages from Lady Chatterley's Lover that could not be printed in this magazine; who wept with evident sincerity even at the mention of her dead lover's name; who insisted frantically that she still loved him, and only him; who had been in his room, dressed in a pink silk nightgown, at 2.30 A. M. the night he died. And now she was going to say she killed him to protect herself against amorous advances from her adored.

Frankly, I was disappointed in Mr. Leibowitz. But only for a moment. His next question brought us all up mentally standing.

" Do you believe a person has a right to kill to prevent herself from being forced to participate in a felony? "

Sadism!

To kill your lover because he offers you love—natural love—is one thing. To kill him if he suddenly turns beast and threatens to force upon you perverted and unnatural practices—to force you to commit a felony in the eyes of the law—that is quite another thing.

If Leibowitz could prove that—but how could he? Nobody was in the room except Fritz and Vera, and Fritz was dead. It was unthinkable that twelve men would believe her unsupported story blackening the name of the man whose conduct she had herself praised to the skies and whose memory she still tearfully revered.

Granting that the girl's unsupported story would be a hard one for even a sympathetic American jury to accept, what Mr. Leibowitz must do was to build up in the prospective jury's mind a preconception that Gebhardt was the kind of man who would do the things of which he was to be accused. In short, he must build the beast image.

The Nazi-Jew issue fell right into his lap.

From the beginning, the fact that anti-Nazi feeling was running high at the time had not hurt Leibowitz's cause. He did not need to stress the alleged link between Fritz Gebhardt and the Hitler hierarchy in Berlin. The newspaper boys attended to that.

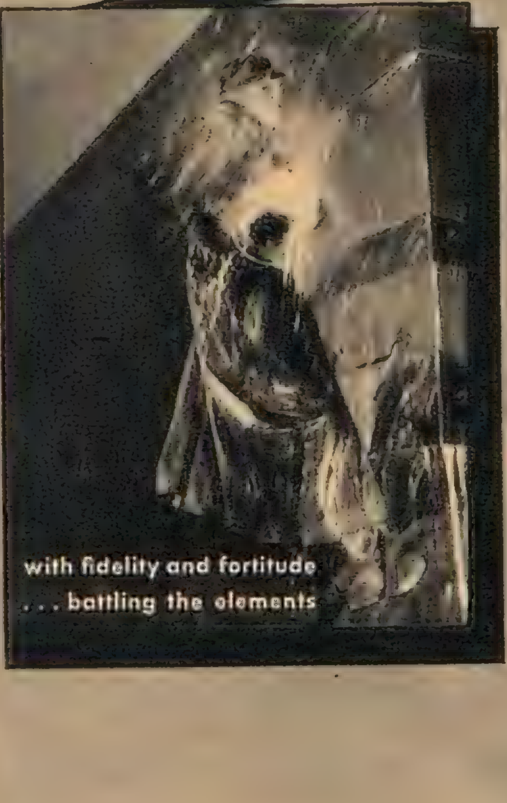
Gebhardt, who was a doctor of science, immediately became " the Herr Doktor." His wife in Germany, " whom he was so cruelly deserting for a life of evil," was, it seems, registered as a non-Aryan. This fact was widely publicized. Vera, although of German

(Continued on page thirty-six)

Fighting winter

. . . . keeping switches clear of snow and ice

. . . rotary plows hurl drifts off the tracks



with fidelity and fortitude . . . battling the elements

DO YOU KNOW

—that the railroads haul a ton of freight a mile for an average revenue of less than a cent?

—that the speed of freight trains has been stepped up 43% in recent years?

—that by increasing the efficiency of operation the railroads have cut fuel costs a half billion dollars in the past ten years?

—that 45 cents of every dollar the railroads take in go for railroad payrolls?

—that the railroads maintain their own "highways"—a quarter of a million miles of "line"?

—that 1,600,000 children are educated every year by the school taxes paid by the railroads?

—that railroad fares throughout the United States have been reduced as much as 44%, and that Pullman accommodations now cost one-third less than before?

—that you are far safer on a railroad train than you are in your own home?

and licking it!

HOMES are warm, families are fed, factories keep running even in the dead of winter, because the American railroads *whatever the weather* see that the freight goes through!

These dependable carriers have a grave responsibility to meet, for countless communities vitally depend for food, fuel, industrial materials and medical attention upon the sure arrival of the trains.

And the way that railroad men buckle into the job — their resourcefulness, their fidelity and fortitude in overcoming every obstacle—constitutes one of the most dramatic peace-time battles of modern times.

Neither cost nor effort is spared. At the first storm warning, the biggest locomotives swing into action behind great rotaries, or steel-winged snow plows, to hurl drifts off the tracks that link every city and hamlet with sources of vital supplies.

Extra track forces are marshaled to keep terminal switches clear of snow and ice.

Repair crews stand ready to throw new bridges across flood-swollen streams.

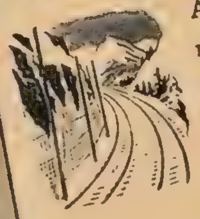
Sometimes the forces of nature temporarily prove too powerful even for the veteran skill and vast preparation of the railroads—but it is a proud boast of railroad men that their transportation is the last to quit and the first to resume in emergencies.

And exceptions are so rare that it is front page news any time conditions get so tough that trains can't win their way through.

Special Freight Services for Special Needs

AMERICAN life depends upon all-year all-weather transportation. When winter comes, special insulated and heated cars are ready for those perishable shipments which might be injured by freezing. Special arrangements are made for protection, feeding and care of live stock. Trains maintain the lifeline of the milk supply. On other passenger trains the Railway Express speeds important shipments safely through. Trains are the reliance, too, of the United States mail.

AUTOMATIC WARNING OF SNOW SLIDES



Along the tracks in mountainous country, the railroads maintain fences linked electrically with roadway signals, so that warning is given approaching trains when slides of snow or ice or rock even threaten to obstruct the tracks. This is one of countless scientific developments contributing to the safety, comfort or reliability of railroad transportation. More than a thousand research engineers, engaged on scores of projects, are constantly employed in American railroad and university laboratories. By their skilled and patient efforts—

PIONEERING STILL GOES ON!

ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN RAILROADS

SAFETY FIRST—
friendliness too!

(Continued from page thirty-three)

blood and professing the same political beliefs as her lover, was cloaked in the protecting mantle of native Americanism.

Fritz Gebhardt was not only a lecher and an egomaniac, Leibowitz would confide to his fellow Americans on the jury, " but he was a phony from the other side of the world, who deserved to be killed for his betrayal of the woman who trusted him.

" You know these men—the Continental manner, the gallant. He can hold a coat or a chair just so. You know, we Americans can't do that sort of thing. But the girls love it—these pseudo-attentions. They cry for it. That's why so many of them marry these foreign noblemen.

" If he tried his Continental stuff on you and me—you know, the soft gallant manner, the phony tone—we would say ' Oh, yeah? Uh-huh.' But a girl like Vera Stretz was a sucker for a man like that."

The racial and religious poison injected into this case by avid newspaper space writers was not of Samuel Leibowitz's distillation. I am sure that he would personally have preferred almost any other method of translating this cultured German scientist into the lecherous woman-devouring animal that the public came to consider him. But as Vera's lawyer he couldn't help knowing that a large portion of the New York public, from which he was choosing his jurors, would be quick to attribute, at the moment, almost *anything* to a man of Fritz Gebhardt's social and political views.

In short, the beast image sprang full-armed from the waves of racial and religious strife. And Leibowitz's next question showed that he fully recognized this fact. " Are you familiar," he asked, " with the philosophy of Nietzsche? "

A surge came over me at the familiar name. Twenty-two years before, together with other writers, I had dragged Nietzsche from his grave to fight for the Allies. He, with his philosophy of the superman, was made to shoulder the blame for inflaming Central Europe into war. He did a good job for the Allies, and later for our own country—after which we returned him to his grave.

ANTHONY ABBOT

Crime Commentator for Liberty, says:

Chief of Police Thatcher Colt, that famous sleuth and philosopher, has always held that the most important person in the courtroom at a murder trial was not the judge or the prosecuting attorney or the counsel for the defense or even the defendant himself—it was John W. Juror.

Mr. Curtin has stated, in this illuminating account of the tactics of a great criminal lawyer in choosing a jury, one of the great truths of modern criminal procedure: cases are won or lost before the trial itself begins.

The distinguished Mr. Samuel Leibowitz was quite within his rights in excluding from the jury which was to decide the fate of his client all except those members of the panel who had already accepted his own view of the case. But, in all fairness, should it be within the right of any lawyer to so influence the course of justice?

Shouldn't some of those strict laws of evidence invoked throughout the trial of an individual accused of crime for the defendant's own protection be extended to cover the examination of prospective jurors for the public's protection? Read this story of Vera Stretz and see what you think!

Anthony Abbot's famous Police Commissioner Thatcher Colt is on the N. B. C. Red Network every Sunday from 2.30 to 3 P. M., E. S. T.

And now here was Sam Leibowitz digging him up again to appear as a witness for Vera Stretz!

" With Fritz Gebhardt," thundered Leibowitz, " it became a question of the superman. It was the keynote of his whole life."

MOST of the jurors had never read Nietzsche. For all I know, Fritz Gebhardt may never have read him. But by adroit questions, which were in reality speeches expounding the whole superman philosophy, Leibowitz left in the jurors' minds the impression that the dead man was not only a profound student of that philosophy but was, until the early morning of November 12, the living incarnation of its most—what shall we say?—un-American tenets:

" When thou goest to a woman, do not forget thy whip."

" Is there no hope that other than Semitic values will once again prevail? "

It was the opinion of many wise observers that Leibowitz had won his case right then and there, in what some people regard as the boresome preliminary of picking the jury. He often does. He not only finds out what he most wants to know about a juror: whether he is the type of man who would stand out for acquittal against eleven of his fellows, and not bog down or help slide through a compromise verdict—Leibowitz not only finds out all that and more, but he implants in each prospective juror's mind the theory of the case which he, Leibowitz, wishes him to accept; and he doesn't agree to his serving unless he is sure that the juror—subconsciously at least *has* accepted it and made it his own.

These twelve [illegible], far above the average intelligence of jurymen, entered that box with a picture of Gebhardt which, whether it was a true picture or not, was the one Leibowitz wanted them to have. It was easy to believe that such a man would so conduct himself that a young woman in a pink nightgown *might* have been justified in shooting to kill.

It was clear, however, from the manner in which lean dour bush-browed Miles O'Brien—one of the big guns in District Attorney Dodge's legal battery—faced the jury in his opening address that the state regarded Leibowitz's case as a puny one. After all, the killing had been done in the man's own room with the girl's own gun. How could even Leibowitz explain that gun away?

This is how:

I don't suppose Sam Leibowitz exercises the same magical control over the weather that he does over juries, but if he does, he couldn't have willed a more suitable day on which to call his accused client to the stand. It was one of those leaden March mornings of lowering skies and steadily falling rain. The gray walls of the Tombs Prison looked like the bastions of the ancient Conciergerie in Paris.

Vera's lead-white face, still devoid of make-up, completed the picture. She might have been staring at a vision of the waiting guillotine, so small, so shrinking, so utterly and helplessly feminine had she suddenly become.

YES, she had bought the gun five years ago. The neighborhood in which her family lived was changing rapidly. She needed it for protection. When she moved to East Fifty-seventh Street to an apartment of her own, she took it with her. One evening, after their return from the Christmas-New Year's cruise on which they met, she and Fritz were sitting in the French window of her home. Fritz said something about it being a dangerous spot for his little girl. Suppose burglars came in the night?

" I have something for them," she answered.

" What? "

She fetched the murder revolver.

" Let me see it! "

He examined it, then slipped it into his pocket. " This is dangerous, too," he said. " And, anyway, you don't need it now. You have me."

A bit illogical, that last one, since at that time they were not spending their nights together—but lovers are often illogical. Besides, every man on that jury, whether he had had any experience of extramarital love affairs or not, could readily understand how the cautious Fritz would be glad to relieve his ladylove of a weapon whose cold muzzle he might find, some fateful night, pressed against his own epidermis.

The point was that Leibowitz, by this simple recital which nobody could contradict, had transferred the lethal gun—the prosecution's strongest single piece of evidence —from *her* to *him*.

She never saw it again, she testified, until the fatal night when she chanced to come upon it in his room.

And how did she happen to be in his room at two thirty in the morning, in her nightgown, if his attentions no longer delighted her? That was easy. They had had dinner together, one of those quiet little parties in which two well-bred people see eye to eye even though their hearts are falling apart. At least, that was her story. Over the coffee he had told her that, after all, he wasn't the marrying kind. Although she loved him, she could see his point. Her own conscience had been troubling her, so she said. Their relations weren't fair to the wife in Germany. They went back to Beekman Place, each to his separate room for, as the storybooks say, aye and aye.

Well, " aye and aye " lasted until about 2 A. M. Then Vera's bedside telephone jingled as of yore. Fritz was having one of his bad nights, stomach pains that were hurting him terribly. He couldn't find his electric heating pad. He was too sick to look for it. Would she come up and help him?

Now, Vera knew all about those stomach pains—how poor Fritz suffered, how dependent he was on the pad, which she had so many times herself applied with loving hands. After all, what was a wife in Germany to a stomach in New York? So little Vera, ministering angel that she was, struggled sleepily into her pumps, threw a swagger coat over her nightie, and again climbed the stairs to what had once been heaven.

Why should this or that staple food cost so much in a big city near the sources of supply? To whom must those who market it pay tribute "or else"? And why isn't "Socks" Lanza, for one, doing his time in Atlanta? Mr. Curtin will answer next week!

The key? Oh, no! Under Leibowitz's adroit questioning, she testified how she had already returned it to Fritz as a symbol of her renunciation. The key, like the gun, had been cleverly transferred from *her* to *him!*

Fritz himself let her in. She described their meeting in detail, even confessing to a slight push which she had given the sick man to get him back to bed. Then she crossed the room to the bureau and opened the top drawer to get the pad.

BUT a miracle had happened. The sick had become well; the weak had become strong. Here was Fritz towering over her, kissing the back of her neck.

"Were his kisses repulsive to you?"

"Not always. They were this time."

She reminded him of their resolve to be good. His answer was to grip both of her arms in viselike hands and throw her on the bed.

Slowly and hesitatingly, led by her counsel and admonished by the judge that she must do so, Vera described in detail what followed. Suffice it to say that Fritz did not for a moment relax his grip on both of her arms, and she retained throughout the protection of her long nightgown and heavy swagger coat.

When it was all over and she was reaching for the slipper which had dropped from her foot in the struggle, the "beast" Fritz Gebhardt, whom she had frequently described as "gallant," rose in the bed and insisted that she participate forthwith in the act of perversion to which Mr. Leibowitz had so significantly referred.

But the little girl was not so helpless as she seemed. She had regained her shoe and her confidence. Also, she remembered what she had seen when she had opened that drawer to look for the pad. You've guessed it—the gun, her gun, the old friend she hadn't seen for nearly two years.

Leibowitz said it was placed there by "an act of God"!

ANYHOW, according to her story, she drew back in revulsion. The beast followed her. She reached into the open drawer, grabbed the gun. He tried to take it from her. In the scuffle the gun went off.

That first shot, gentlemen of the jury, was fired in defense of her honor.

But that didn't make it hurt any less. Gebhardt fell back on the bed—that accounted for the bloodstains on the sheet—but he was soon up and rushing at her like one possessed.

"Damn you, I'll kill you!" he shouted, as he plunged toward her.

The second shot, therefore, was fired in defense of her life.

Why she fired the third and fourth shots, defendant didn't say. She didn't even remember firing them. Everything went black. But, black or white, all four bullets hit the target. And four out of four, two with the eyes shut, is pretty good shooting for an inexperienced girl.

Anyhow, that was her story. Gebhardt was dead. There was nobody alive to deny it. And it *might be true.*

The jury was quite prepared to believe that it *was* true. "This lecher," "this beast," "this faker," "this roustabout," "this egomaniac," "this superman." "This poor soul," "this unfortunate creature," "this poor tortured girl." As they walked out of the jurors' box, these phrases were still ringing in their ears. Three hours later they filed back with a verdict of "Not guilty." There were cheers in the courtroom.

Vera Stretz had wriggled through the loophole of emotional appeal!

THE END

GOOD BOOKS—*by* OLIVER SWIFT

★ ★ ANIMALS OF THE CANADIAN ROCKIES by Dan McCowan. Dodd, Mead & Co.

The very interesting habits of North American mountain animals, from the grizzly to the meadow mouse, told in the easy manner of a guide's talk over a campfire. Will be a delight to those who hunt with a camera.

★ ★ GOLD IS WHERE YOU FIND IT by Clements Ripley. D. Appleton-Century Company.

Romance and adventure in the California of 1878 when miners and fruitgrowers superseded the wheat farmers.

★ ★ THE AFFAIR OF THE MALACCA STICK by Charlton Andrews. Ives Washburn, Inc.

Interesting mystery yarn with plenty of complication. Breezy in style and hard to relinquish until you know the answer.

★ ★ MEN OF DANGER by Lowell Thomas. Frederick A. Stokes Company.

A vivid picture of men whose daily work brings them face to face with death—sandhogs, acrobats, animal trainers, deep-sea divers, and others. A colorful and dramatic history.

PIPE "BUSTS UP" HOME!
JOHAN BULL

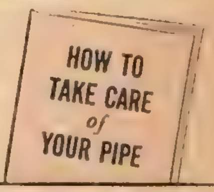
...then he switched to the brand of grand aroma

A GURGLY pipe stuffed with wife-strangling tobacco can wreck a love-nest. So keep your briar clean and tidy, reader; fill it only with Sir Walter Raleigh's fragrant, sweet-smelling mixture. Sir Walter is Burley, all Burley, Kentucky Burley. A supreme combination of leaf, easier on your tongue and the other half's nose. Well-aged, slow-burning, cool. And *quite* a bit milder: we've blended it for the man who wants to save his throat (as well as his sweetheart). Try it.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH
15¢ AND WORTH IT!
SMOKING TOBACCO FOR PIPE AND CIGARETTES
"Sooner or Later—Your Favorite Tobacco"

UNION MADE

FREE booklet tells how to make your old pipe taste better, sweeter; how to break in a new pipe. Write for copy today. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. L-72.


HOW TO TAKE CARE of YOUR PIPE

TUNE IN JACK PEARL (BARON MUENCHAUSEN) NBC BLUE NETWORK, MONDAYS 9:30 P. M., E.S.T.

WITHIN twenty-four hours of her engagement to Roger Loring on the night of her coming-out ball in Washington, D. C., Lady Runcival, her mother, tells Serena that the gentleman in question has been her own lover! Lady Runcival, née Isabella McKeever, is a brilliant hard-boiled divorcee, and cares little about her daughter's feelings.

Appalled, Serena vanishes. When Loring locates her, she is a waitress in Arizona. The girl consents to return to Washington provided he never tries to see her again. No explanation is given him. Back home, Serena announces it is her intention to live alone. Her mother agrees to the plan.

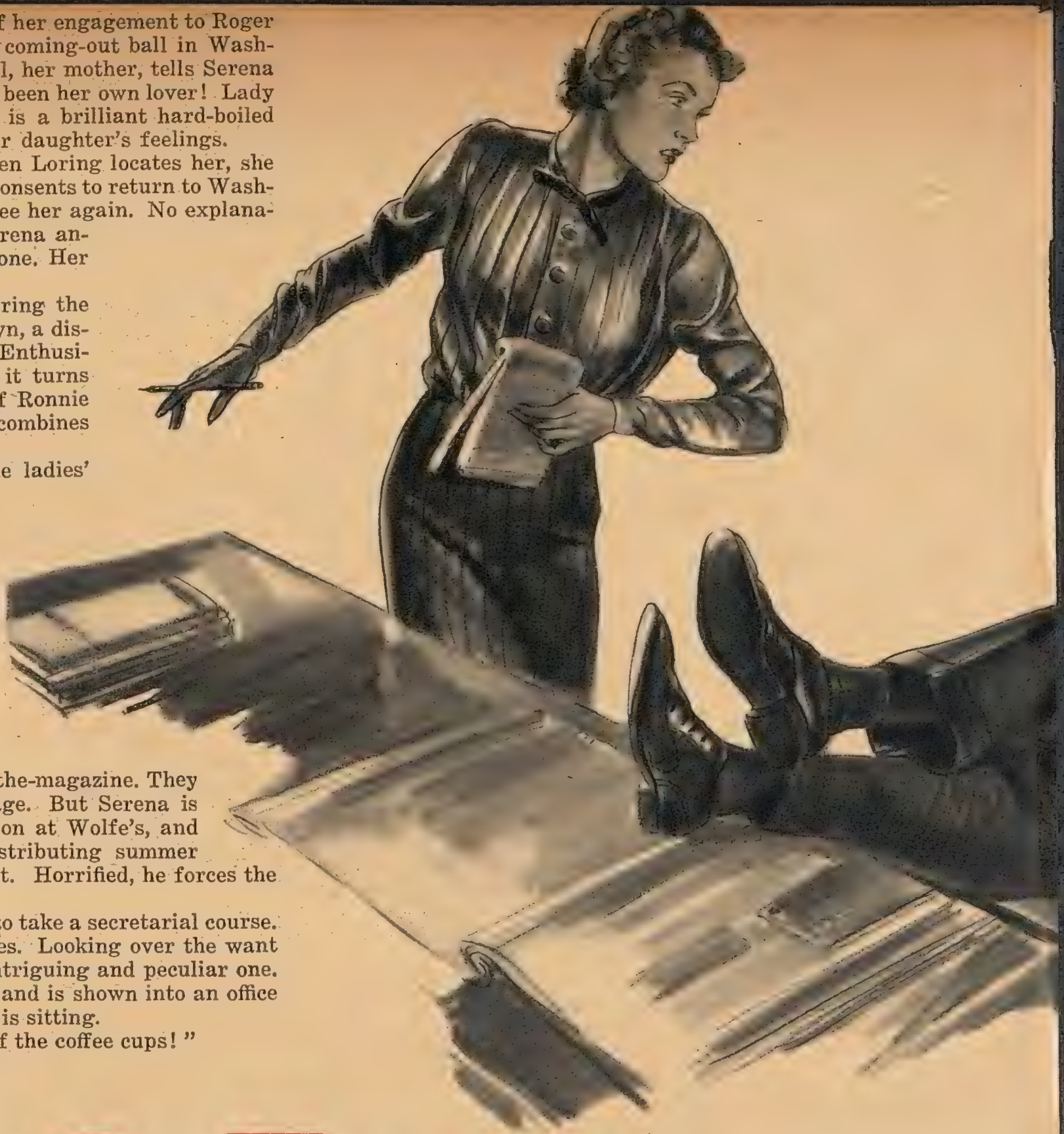
Serena goes to New York, sharing the apartment of "Aunt" Sally Romeyn, a distant relative, in the East Fifties. Enthusiastically she begins a novel, but it turns out a flop in spite of the efforts of Ronnie Seldon, a publisher's reader, who combines making love with business.

Next the girl gets a job at the ladies' stockings counter in Wolfe's department store, but she is fired by the proprietor himself for insulting an insufferable customer. It is ironic comedy, for Mr. Wolfe is a suitor of her mother's.

From stockings salesgirl she goes to waiting on table again, this time at the Cabins, Incorporated. Among her regular patrons is a queer dick whom she calls the man-with-the-magazine. They exchange amusing bits of persiflage. But Serena is laid off. Once more she is taken on at Wolfe's, and Roger Loring finds her there distributing summer vacation circulars in a bathing suit. Horrified, he forces the angry girl to go home.

Aunt Sally lends Serena money to take a secretarial course. Shortly afterward the old lady dies. Looking over the want ads, Serena's eye encounters an intriguing and peculiar one. She applies to the firm mentioned and is shown into an office where the man-with-the-magazine is sitting.

"Ah," he says, "the madonna of the coffee cups!"



WISE VIRGIN

by WALTON GREEN

ILLUSTRATION BY EDGAR McGRAW

PART NINE—THE "VILLAIN" PURSUES

THE man-with-the-magazine drew a sack of tobacco from his pocket and rolled himself a cigarette. He seemed to be waiting for Serena to say something. Serena felt a queer gulp of excitement. She began to laugh—her low contralto laugh.

"Would you care for another cup of coffee?" she said finally in her best lunchroom manner. And then, as the true situation seeped through her first astonishment:

"Do you mean to say you put that advertisement in the papers just for me?"

She thought this a doubtful beginning when applying for work. But Mr. James nodded.

"Something of the sort," he admitted dryly.

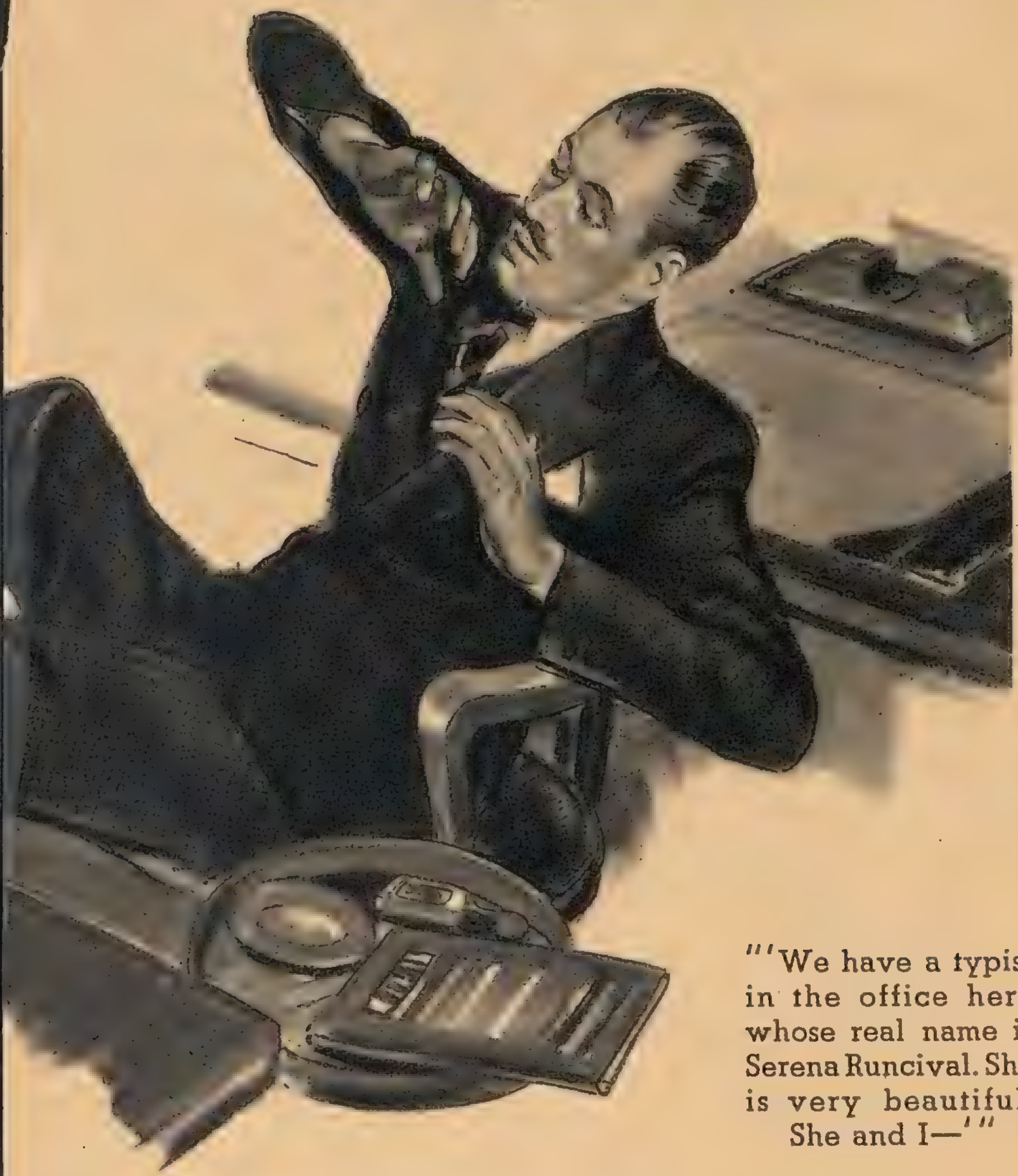
"But how did you know—I mean, what made you think I was anything more than a waitress?"

"Are you?" he asked indolently. "Well, if you must know, I asked them at the Cabins what had become of you. I go there frequently, as you may remember. One of the waitresses told me you were studying stenography. After that," he waved his hand airily, "it was easy."

"Oh," said Serena doubtfully. And then, "But the horsemanship? How did you—"

When Love Is Lost, Can a New Romance Rise from the Ashes of Heartbreak? Now, in a Vivid Novel, a Girl Seeks the Answer

READING TIME ● 28 MINUTES 18 SECONDS



"'We have a typist in the office here whose real name is Serena Runcival. She is very beautiful. She and I—'"

"Equally obvious. A waitress who fastens the front of her uniform with a platinum pin of a fox's head on crossed hunting crops, and who calls out 'Tallyho!' and 'Gone away!' when a busboy crashes a trayful of dishes, has not—ah—perhaps always been a waitress, shall we say?"

"Oh!" exclaimed Serena, still doubtfully. "But why did you especially want me?"

"I don't know that I do. That remains to be seen. I do want a stenographer. You can't be a worse stenographer than you were a waitress, can you? Also, it amuses me. And by the way, Miss—ah—Miss Raymond"—he was glancing at the slip she had written on—"it occurs to me that if you are applying for a job, I ought to be asking the questions and not you, don't you think?"

Serena was silent.

"Can you type?"

"Twenty-eight to thirty-three a minute. But I'm getting faster all the time."

"Umm. Take dictation?"

"Pretty shaky," admitted Serena. "It all depends on who dictates to me."

"It generally does—with a woman," observed James dryly. "How about writing letters on your own? Are you familiar with business forms—all that?"

"No," said Serena. "Not at all."

"Excellent! If you had been, I should have thrown you out on your—ah—very lovely ear." He meditated awhile and squinted at her through the haze of his cigarette smoke.

"Very well, Miss Raymond," he said finally in an amused tone. "I'll take you on two weeks' trial, at twenty-five a week—which is ten more than you are worth now, and ten less than you will be worth if I let you stay."

"Thank you," said Serena, somewhat crushed.

"Not at all. And remember, please, the essence of this job is—ah—the newspaper-rack principle."

"I'm afraid I don't understand," said Serena blankly.

"Using your head. Using your head."

"Oh."

"Precisely. And now, if you will excuse me, I am, as you see, very busy—reading a magazine. In other words, get the hell out."

He swung his long legs to the table top and lifted the magazine. Serena saw that it was the Yale Quarterly. She laughed.

"When shall I come?"

"Tomorrow. Nine o'clock. Open the office. Dust off the office boy. Do any damn thing you please. Only don't bother me unless I want to be bothered. I frequently get here by eleven myself."

SERENA went to her school and told them she was leaving. Then she returned to the flat. On her way she stopped at the nearest A. & P. on Second Avenue and carried home eggs and oranges for breakfast. Mary was leaving that night. Serena meant to do her own work and scrimp every penny of her dwindling two hundred dollars. With this new job, it ought to be easy, especially as she would have no rent to pay for a couple of months probably. Aunt Sally's executor, a fusty old gentleman named Merrivane, had informed her that the rent was paid to the end of the term, in January, but that Serena was welcome to stay on until he could sublet, as of course he was obliged to do; unless, of course, Miss Runcival would take over the lease herself.

Miss Runcival would not. Miss Runcival forebore to add that her present prospects looked more like the traditional hall bedroom than a smartly expensive if dilapidated flat on a fashionable river site. Mr. Merrivane had further informed her that after Aunt Sal's bills and funeral expenses were paid there would be literally nothing left but the furniture. Aunt Sal had lived blithely from job to job. They were well paid jobs, to be sure, but she never took a new one until the money from the last one had been exhausted.

Serena felt very much alone at first. The worst times were the evenings, without Aunt Sal to dine with and chatter with. Serena either had to eat dinner at some cheap restaurant, or else go home and warm up something over the electric hot plate—what she called "can-opener suppers." It was dreary. But she soon got accustomed to it. She went to bed early and read herself to sleep. She scarcely went out at all. She had refused so many invitations while she was working, that hostesses were crossing her off their lists. Also she was definitely on the second-year shelf by now, and society was focusing its annual asininities on the new crop of virgin offerings.

She had been with Wadsworth and James about three weeks. It was easy work, once Serena had got over her first scare, and with long hours of practically nothing to do. It was a queer law office—Serena, in her inexperience, did not realize how very queer; a law office such as one would seldom find nowadays short of Boston or Philadelphia. There were scarcely any visitors or visible clients. Old Mr. Wadsworth and young Mr. James were lawyers, but they rarely saw a court, unless there was a will to probate. They were estate managers rather than active attorneys, with half a dozen or so immensely wealthy estates to handle: estates whose holdings were principally in real estate. Very easy, tremendously remunerative: coupon cutting, rent collecting, and with an occasional grudging repair job to be authorized.

Old Mr. Wadsworth loved cutting coupons, and the office boy had a form letter for rent delinquents. If the form letter failed of results after a reasonable time, the unpleasant finalities were turned over to one of the scavenger collecting agencies. Wadsworth farmed out the dirty work but reaped the proceeds.

So far as Serena could make out, Mr. Pliny James did

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little or no work. He read a great deal and smoked a great deal. He came late and left early. He was very changeable. Sometimes he was moody to the point of surliness; sometimes he was chatty to the point of urbanity. Always he was sardonic, with a drawling insolence that robbed even his most courteous language of any true politeness. Sometimes he was profane and almost brutal. Then he would apologize like a small boy, and go and do it again five minutes later.

Mr. Wadsworth was a much older man—old enough to be his partner's father, Serena would have said. A very gentle man, who dictated so slowly and distinctly that Serena felt as if she were back in school again, taking down the measured cadences of the instructors. He never scolded her, never corrected her letters as Pliny James did. He was very vague and could never remember her name. Serena felt that if she were there ten years, and then suddenly left, Mr. Wadsworth would not notice that she was gone. Mr. Wadsworth was courteous and impersonal. Mr. James was rude—and tremendously personal—even in his most casual utterances.

The third day she was there, Mr. Wadsworth rang for her and asked her to send the boy around the corner to the Dunderhead Club to fetch him some luncheon: he did not wish to go out, and he had telephoned his order. Tell the boy to ask the doorman for the boxes.

" The boy's out for his own luncheon," said Serena. " I'll run over, if you like, Mr. Wadsworth."

The old gentleman looked surprised but made no comment. When Serena had gone he strolled into his partner's room.

" Nice girl, that Miss Rawlins," he remarked. " Went over to the club to fetch my luncheon."

" Raymond it is—not Rawlins. Yes, she used to be a waitress, you see."

" Really? Now I shouldn't have thought her quite that—er—type. What did you say her name was? "

" Raymond," repeated Pliny James impatiently. " That is, it's Raymond here. Real name's Serena Runcival. Bella McKeever's daughter."

" BELLA McKEEVER? You mean the Washington Bella McKeever? "

" Precisely."

" Why, why—how very extraordinary! Dear me, dear me! I should scarcely have thought it—with her mother's great wealth and everything. But you never can tell."

" You cannot," agreed Mr. James tersely.

Mr. Wadsworth meditated in silence. After awhile he regarded his younger partner abstractedly. Presently a look—not untinged with suspicion—came into his shrewd gray eyes.

" Pliny, you're not up to some of your old deviltries, are you, my boy? "

Pliny James glanced up.

" Look here, Waddy," he said most pleasantly, " will you please be so good as to get to hell out of here! "

" Certainly, my dear chap—certainly."

He walked slowly out, shaking his head. James went back to his book, chewing the inside of his lips.

A couple of days later James rang his buzzer twice, which was the signal for the boy. The boy had gone down to the Hall of Records on an errand for Mr. Wadsworth, Serena explained.

" Huh? Well, will you please run over to the Dunderhead and get some lunch boxes. I've telephoned."

SERENA flushed. She sensed that he was challenging her.

" Certainly, Mr. James," she said coldly.

He looked up at her tone.

" Well, you needn't be so uppish about it," he growled in his spoiled-boy voice. " Didn't the advertisement specifically say 'with experience as a waitress'? "

Serena retreated — defeated. At the Dunderhead the doorman recognized her this time, and smiled gallantly, as to an equal. Serena—in terror lest she run into some man she knew—snatched the boxes and fairly ran.

When she got back Pliny had cleared off the middle of the huge library table. She helped him unpack the boxes. There was cold breast of chicken, pâté sandwiches, avocado salad, two bottles of Bass's ale and a pint of Rhine wine. Two of everything, even down to the paper napkins.

" Pull up your chair. The Bass is for me; the Rhine wine's for you."

Serena frowned. For three weeks she had been schooling herself to maintain the distance of her job. But the smell of the pâté drifted to her nostrils; she adored pâté. She sat down.

James fetched two tumblers and a corkscrew. He opened the Rhine wine. Serena saw the label.

" Liebfraumilch is my favorite Rhine wine," she remarked abruptly. " It goes wonderfully with pâté."

" Learn to like the combination at Cabins, Incorporated, did you? " he asked blandly.

Serena flushed again.

James drank his ale and watched her quizzically.

" The boy won't be back from downtown for two hours," he remarked. " And old Waddy's gone for the day. Isn't this better than Cabins? "

" Uh-huh," said Serena, between irritation and a mouth too full of pâté.

" Please don't talk with your mouth full, Miss Raymond. And, by the way, you haven't scolded me once since you've been here for chewing my lips."

" That's different. And please stop pulling my leg. I don't think it's sporting now—when I'm working here."

" Nonsense. You wouldn't have taken the job if you really objected. And one thing more: Don't try to put me in the position—even in your own mind—of forcing this—er—tête-à-tête luncheon on you. Don't pull the poor-little-working-girl stuff. You're eating and drinking here with me because you want to—not because I'm the boss."

"That is true," said Serena with her fairness. "But it's foolish, all the same, to start doing this."

"To start? Do you honor me by suggesting that this is but the beginning of a series of these delightful little interludes in our drab toil together?"

"Damn!" laughed Serena. "You know what I mean."

He became suddenly gloomy.

"Of course I know what you mean. And you're quite right. Office flirtations are bad for the office and bad for the people. That, I suppose, is why I'm doing it. I frequently do things I disapprove of. But you started it. You—"

"I?" demanded Serena in genuine astonishment.

"When you brought your own newspaper rack especially for me, you know. Course you started it. So I thought I'd catch you up on it—and pick you up on it—so to speak."

Serena looked at him a long time.

"You're a very queer person," she said finally. "Do you always say just what you think?"

"Certainly not," he rejoined in an offended tone. "But I often say what I want people to think I think. Is that too involved for you?"

"No," said Serena. She felt his extraordinary exciting quality.

"You, my dear Miss Raymond, are really direct. I am merely direct in my—er—indirection."

"Amounts to about the same thing," remarked Serena. "I'm going away now. I'm indirect enough to want to get out before the boy comes back."

"Good," agreed James. "And don't bother me again until tomorrow. And remember—you're warned."

"Against what?" asked Serena, though she quite well knew.

"Me," said James, rolling himself a cigarette.

FOR the next three or four days he scarcely spoke to her. At first Serena was relieved. Then she was irritated. She had meant to be courteously aloof, by way of notice to him that the pâté-and-Rhine-wine business was an isolated episode, not to be repeated, and not to set the tone of their contacts. The trouble with being aloof was that he out-aloofed her. There was no use adopting an attitude toward some one who was apparently indifferent to any attitude but his own. Serena was not accustomed to having men dictate the emotional pace to her. It antagonized her; and of course, and even more, it attracted her.

Serena was growing up. But she still had a long way to come. She was honest—uncommonly so for a woman—and she was as prone to self-examination as she was to analyze the re-

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actions of those about her. Her grave maturity—so startling at times to her elders—was chiefly a product of the mind, based on observation and reflection; not the final maturity that springs only from experience. Serena's knowledge was far beyond her wisdom. Edison bought mining stock. Einstein is a fool in a sailboat.

If any one had told Serena that she was being tremendously impelled toward Pliny James because of the helot impulse of even the most imperious-natured females for a still more dominating male, she would have reflected gravely and sardonically upon it, and would probably have agreed. If any one had pointed out to her that no daughter of Eve ever fails to find good in a man if he himself professes to find none, she would have thought it over, and perhaps have agreed. And if any one had warned her that no woman, from the first virgin to the last nymph, is ever really affronted when a man belittles her capacity for virtue—provided he speaks with the brutality and candor which women love—she would probably have agreed again. But Serena had no one to point out these things to her.

So she dropped her pose of aloofness and became again her vaguely ruminative and direct self.

About a week later Pliny James rang for her just before lunchtime. Mr. Wadsworth had already left the office.

"We agreed, I believe," said Pliny without preamble, "that office intimacies are dangerous things."

"Yes," said Serena.

"Very well. Let's go out and have luncheon at Broccoli's."

"No," said Serena flatly. "I don't like Broccoli's." Then she laughed slowly. "But if you'll telephone to the club — I'm still an experienced waitress."

They had luncheon as before. Before she started over to the club for the boxes, Serena astonished herself by sending the office boy down to the probate court for an order they were awaiting, though the clerk had told her on the telephone that it would not be ready until three o'clock.

"WHERE'S the boy?" demanded Pliny toward the end of luncheon.

"I sent him downtown for that order of maintenance."

James made no comment. But the half-quizzical, half-insolent suggestion of a smile—the quick cynical contraction of his lower lids that so infuriated Serena—crept about the corners of his eyes.

"Well, after you've cleared away the lunch stuff, and hidden the bottles, as I presume you do—will you be good enough to bring me in the folder on Five eighty-seven East Fifty-third Street? It's in the B File, under 'Rawlins Estate.'"

Serena gasped. It was the address of her aunt's flat. She came near blurting it out. But Pliny was wiping the ale off his mustache and starting to roll a cigarette. The Rawlins estate, she knew, owned literally hundreds of old houses and tenements scattered all over the city. It was a remote chance that Pliny James would know the identity of any given tenant in any given building. Serena went out and located the folder. When she brought it in, he was smoking and looking out of the window. His long, lean legs were swung up on top of the big table. Serena resented his legs. She considered it rude—even to a stenographer.

JAMES glanced through the last few letters in the folder and began to chew his lips, a sure sign that he was about to dictate.

"Take this: 'Dear Mr. Merrivane' —panic gripped Serena at the name of Aunt Sal's executor, but she kept her eyes on her notebook—'Dear Mr. Merrivane,' he dictated. 'We've dug up a tenant who is ready to take over the unexpired portion of Miss Sarah Romeyn's lease—taking possession November first. We're happy to be able to relieve you of the burden of two months' rent, as I appreciate how thankless is the task of winding up that kind of an estate.' (Paragraph, Miss Raymond.) 'Of course, as you said the other day, it's tough on you to have to throw out the beautiful niece, but we landlords have to be hard-boiled, and so do you executors.' (Paragraph, Miss Raymond.) 'What do you say to lunching with me at the club one day next week? As ever, faithfully yours.' That's all, Miss Raymond. You'll find the old geezer's address in the folder. Leave one carbon on Mr. Wadsworth's desk."

Serena looked covertly at Pliny James. He was relighting his cigarette and reaching for a magazine. Evidently he considered that writing one letter was a fair day's work.

Serena went out and typed the letter. She had to do it over twice, because her unsteady hands struck the wrong keys. When she finally took him in a fair copy, he was still reading. He looked the letter over and reached for his desk pen.

"Your typing is improving," he conceded. "I think I'll add a postscript to this letter."

"I'll get my notebook," said Serena.

"I've told you a dozen times never to come into my office without your book," he scolded.

"Not even for luncheon?" demanded Serena, losing her temper. She went out. That was in bad taste, she decided. She returned with her book.

"Sorry I was rude," he said petulantly. "All right, take the postscript: 'Did I understand you to say that the beautiful niece's name was Serena Runcival? It is a curious coincidence, but we have a typist in the office here whose real name is also Serena Runcival. She is very beautiful, but with a beastly temper. She and I—"

Serena threw her notebook full in his face. He swung his legs to the floor, picked up the book, and handed it back to her with mocking courtesy. He was laughing unfeignedly, obviously pleased with himself—and with her.

Serena wanted to cry.

“How long have you been making a fool of me,” she managed finally, “and goading me into behaving like a fishwife?” She was really ashamed of herself.

“That's the waitress in you coming out,” he said with infuriating gentleness. “I think I like it. You look magnificent, and horribly alluring. I'm glad you've got a good coarse streak of animal in you, Serena.”

“When did you find out who I was?” asked Serena more steadily but still breathing hard.

“Second time I saw you at Cabins, Incorporated.”

“So all that business about my fox-head pin and my saying ‘Gone away’ and everything, was just bunk, was it?”

“Exactly,” he grinned.

“Who told you the real story?”

“Ah!” he said with mock portentousness. “I have my agents everywhere.”

“Who told you?” she persisted.

“Well, if you must know, the chain of gossip was something like this: your late lamented and esteemed aunt, gossiping with her old friend Mrs. Merrivane about the crazy things modern girls do. Mrs. Merrivane to old Merrivane; old Merrivane to old Wadsworth; old Wadsworth to me. After that it wasn't very difficult to pick you out from among the other waitresses at Cabins, Incorporated. I'd been dropping in there for some time—long before you came. Is it all quite clear to you now?”

“Quite,” said Serena stonily. “But would you please tell me why you made all the mystery—with the advertisement and everything? And letting me come to work here under an assumed name?”

“If the princess chooses to travel incognito—who am I to violate her disguise?” he asked ironically.

“Don't be an ass,” snapped Serena. “Tell me why you wanted to make me ridiculous.”

“I DIDN'T want to make you ridiculous,” he said, suddenly dropping his banter. “Just for a change, I'll tell you the truth. I reasoned that if I spilled the beans and offered you a job as Serena Runcival, you'd smell a rat and refuse to come.”

“But why did you want me to come?” She was sorry the instant she had said it.

“To make love to you,” he said calmly. “How do you like that?”

“I don't know,” said Serena tonelessly. “You haven't tried yet.”

“I've been making love to you every minute you've been here for the past month—without laying a finger on you. And you know it.”

“I suppose I do.”

Serena spoke very slowly and without animation, for she was deeply stirred. At this moment she was neither repelled nor attracted to Pliny James. She felt tremendously excited, but it was not a sexual excite-

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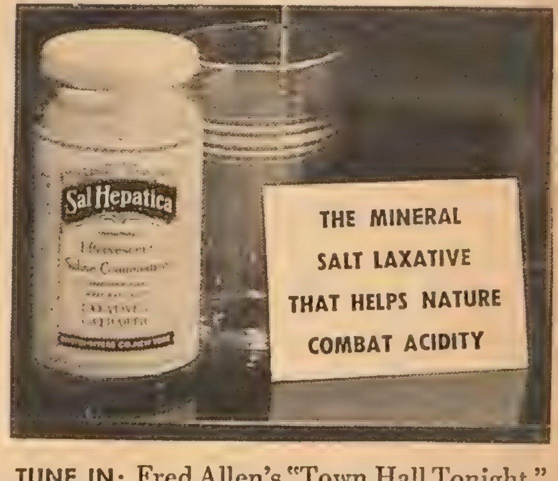

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ment: it was only the overture to sex. She felt strangely at her ease with him. It was unnecessary—futile, even—to pretend to anything.

"Well?" she asked simply. It was a tacit invitation to him to proceed. He was rolling himself a cigarette.

"Today is Tuesday," he began in his most matter-of-fact voice. He had a trick of making the most outrageous things sound inoffensive by his matter-of-factness. "Today is Tuesday. On Saturday, Wadsworth and I are both planning to be away. We shall close the office for the day. I am driving down to Easthampton to see an old lady. That errand will take me about ten minutes. After that, I propose to drive on toward Montauk and take along a picnic luncheon. You will have from now until Friday to think it over carefully."

"I will come," said Serena unhurriedly.

"'And the villain still pursued her,'" he quoted mockingly. "Very well. I'll pick you up at your flat at nine o'clock sharp. We should be back in town before dark."

He swung his legs off the table and started to the door.

"I'm leaving now. When the boy gets back, lock up if you like, and take the rest of the afternoon off."

"Listen a minute, please," Serena called to him over her shoulder. "Why did you tell me now? Why didn't you go on letting me be Miss Raymond?"

"Too much of a strain," grinned James. "Besides, it wouldn't be cricket—any longer."

After he had gone Serena sat a long time. She was in a queer numbed state of mind. She wished she could either dislike him or like him a lot more. She was trying to be utterly straight with herself. She thought of Roger—and he seemed very good and very strong and very far away. She looked forward to Saturday with curiosity rather than with excitement. Certainly, so far, it was James's mental unexpectedness that drew her so strongly; not his fine sprawling body. She wished it were; wished that his physical attractiveness would affect her more profoundly. He seemed, somehow, to be keeping that in reserve, disdaining the crass weapons of the average predatory male.

THIS flattered her vanity in one sense. In another it insulted her imperiousness. For she knew, absolutely and irrevocably, that whatever was done would be done by her. He was watching her—as an epicure watches a luscious ripening fruit upon the garden wall, waiting for the full-bloom moment. But pluck her he would not: she must fall into his hand of her own ripened weight.

. . . . . .

They were driving back from Montauk late Saturday afternoon. Serena sat listlessly, silently for the most part. They had picnicked in the sand dunes near Montauk, and Pliny had made love to her. She had permitted herself to be pawed over—a little. She supposed that she ought to feel besmirched. But she didn't. Nor did she resent it, for she had gone with Pliny for that purpose. What she did resent was her own want of responsiveness, her inability to meet his practiced but controlled ardor with any answering fire. If his kisses had not left her cold, neither had they made her hot with desire to let him explore beyond the kiss. And she had wanted so desperately to lose herself—to forget herself and her slow misery—in the heat of his kisses. Beyond this she had not speculated. She had wanted to be made to want—as an anodyne to her still-gnawing want of another man.

IT was not Pliny's fault. She liked him tremendously. He was awfully decent somehow, even in his amorous passages; and very understanding, despite the brutality of his talk. The queer thing was, reflected Serena, that he certainly evoked in her a mental sex response, but it stopped short of the physical. Or did the physical kill the other? Did his touch lack the seductive magic of his words?

Well, it had been a flop. A gorgeous day and a hilarious picnic had been tarnished by a sordid experiment in necking. Serena didn't mince words. It had been plain vulgar necking. And she hadn't enjoyed it. And she had spoiled it for him. He was such fun to talk to. So easy to talk to. She felt, as she used to feel with Skinner, that she could say anything that came into her head and that she would not be misunderstood. At this point her ruminations broke into words.

"Maybe it's my glands," she murmured half to herself.

"What's that?" He had not clearly heard her.

"You know—what you read about. Undersexed. Maybe I haven't the right mixture of vitamins or hormones or whatever it is," she said drearily. "Perhaps I'm incapable of decent normal—feeling."

Pliny looked at her without surprise.

"No, Serena." He smiled gently. He had been very gentle all the way home. "No, my dear—you're not incapable of passion. With those eyebrows? And those eyes? Great God!" he exploded suddenly, and subsided as quickly. "No, Serena. If the fire gives no heat, it's because your Uncle Pliny isn't the guy to light it. I've played with this kind of fire too often not to know."

"You're very nice," said Serena inconsequentially.

They were approaching the Queensboro Bridge. In the traffic jam on the Long Island side a newsboy jumped on the running board. Pliny fished in his pocket and produced a coin.

"Get an evening paper," he said to Serena. "Read me the headlines while we're going over the bridge."

Serena turned the pages, idly skimming the headlines in a preoccupied singsong that showed how little interest the news held for her today. She was thinking of herself and Pliny.

But Pliny was evidently trying to lift her out of her morbid mood and talk her back to the commonplace. It was tactful of him and generous. She felt very intimate with him and safe. That was the trouble—she hadn't wanted to feel so damned safe. Serena sighed and went on intoning:

" 'Mayor Berates Tammany Chieftains—Threatens Police Shake-Up.' "

" Skip it," commanded Pliny for the fifth time.

" Well, what do you want? How's this?

" 'Brain Truster Trothed to Cabinet Officer's Daughter. Chairman of Currency Commission Roger Loring Rumored Engaged to Secretary Ballard's Daughter.' "

Serena's voice went off on a queer high note and stopped abruptly. The print swirled before her eyes. Pliny James, sensing something, glanced quickly at her.

" What's the trouble? Somebody you know? "

Serena sat very still without answering. Above all, she must keep her mind on the license plate of the car in front of them. If she lost hold of that license plate, things would go black again. But Pliny had asked her something. What was it? Oh, yes, now she remembered.

" I used to know him," she said quietly. She folded the newspaper and tucked it carefully in the seat between her and Pliny.

They left the bridge and drove a few blocks south.

" ALMOST home," announced Pliny. " Here's your street. Well, Serena," he laughed sardonically, " thus ends the last chapter of our little office romance, eh? "

" No," answered Serena in a low hard voice, and in that instant there flashed through her mind the man with the waxed mustache and the drunken woman on the couch, and Ronnie Seldon in the cab; and above all she thought of Nan Roberts. And suddenly the stark crude force of sex stripped itself to her imagination—and she felt that she must taste—and suffer, if need be—that others might suffer in her pain. " No, Pliny," she repeated slowly, " it will be continued in our next installment."

Pliny James turned and looked at her.

" Just what do you mean, please? "

" I mean that I want you to drive on to the club and get another picnic supper. And I want you to bring champagne for me, and not Rhine wine. I mean that we will go back to my flat—and that you can make all the love to me you want to. I want you to, Pliny—I want another chance."

Does Serena know what she is doing? Is she willing to lose the esteem of Pliny and sacrifice her own self-respect? To what end? These and other questions fuse into white heat in the next issue of Liberty and produce a climax that will stir you to your depths.

HOW the *doctor chooses* from hundreds of laxatives

MOST of us remember, with gratitude, some crisis in our lives when the doctor's vigilance and skill proved priceless beyond words.

But many of us forget that the doctor is equally on guard in *minor* matters of health. Consider a little thing like a laxative, for example. It may be news to you that the doctor has a definite set of standards which a laxative must meet before he will approve it.

Check the eight specifications listed below. How many of them will your *own* laxative meet?

THE DOCTOR'S TEST OF A LAXATIVE:

It should be dependable.
It should be mild and gentle.
It should be thorough.
Its merit should be proved by the test of time.
It should *not* form a habit.
It should *not* over-act.
It should *not* cause stomach pains.
It should *not* nauseate, or upset digestion.

EX-LAX MEETS ALL THESE REQUIREMENTS

Ex-Lax checks on *every single one* of the points listed above. Meets the doctor's demands of a laxative fairly and fully. So it's no surprise to find that many doctors use Ex-Lax in their own homes, for their own families. In fact, Ex-Lax has made so many millions of friends, among all kinds of people, that it is the most widely used laxative in the whole wide world.

A REAL PLEASURE TO TAKE

Convince yourself of the facts. Try Ex-Lax the next time you need a laxative. You'll find that Ex-Lax *is* mild . . . that it *is* thorough. You'll discover that it does *not* bring on stomach pains or nausea. On the contrary, the easy comfortable action of Ex-Lax will leave you with a pleasant sense of freshness and well-being. Children, particularly, are benefited. For the standards set up by the doctor are *doubly important* to a child.

Another agreeable thing . . . if you have been taking bitter, nauseating cathartics, Ex-Lax will be a pleasant surprise. For it tastes just like delicious chocolate. All drug stores have Ex-Lax in 10c and 25c sizes. If you prefer to try Ex-Lax at our expense, mail the coupon below.

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Untold Tales of the SECRET SERVICE

A Series of Revelations—Herewith, the Inside Story of a Counterfeiting Don Juan and the King of "Queer" Engravers

by HOWARD R. MARSH

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

MR. MARSH'S Untold Tales of the Treasury Department's six law-enforcement units have thus far included the nailing of Al Capone for income-tax evasion; the hunting down of "Little Augie" del Gracio—which led to the rounding up of the vicious "Drug Barons of Europe"; and, in Liberty last week, a whole galaxy of achievements against moonshiners, alky cookers, and alky smugglers. Frank Wilson of Intelligence Unit made the quiet discovery that undid "Scarface Al"; a Narcotics Bureau agent (who must be nameless) shadowed Little Augie from New York to Istanbul; and Alcohol Tax Enforcement Unit, other units co-operating, is the antagonist of John Barleycorn.

PART FOUR: UNCLE SAM TAKES THE 'COUNT'

VERY deceptive! Very deceptive indeed!"

That was the verdict of all the experts in the Secret Service. And "very deceptive" is the highest tribute that Secret Service can pay to a counterfeiter's output.

The "queer" that had been showing up in five-dollar denominations all over the Middle West was good. Hell, it was perfect! What was eating Chief Moran and his men was that they didn't know who was making it.

Usually they did. Counterfeit experts become connoisseurs. "It is like sculpture or painting," one of them explained. "Every artist puts some of himself into his work. A connoisseur of paintings has no trouble selecting and identifying the work of the masters. The same thing is true of counterfeit money. Every great artist in the counterfeiting line is distinctive in his output. We can always spot his product."

For example, "queer" of a particular variety was recently found in New York—twenty-dollar counterfeit notes, beautifully engraved. At Secret Service headquarters in Washington, one of the older experts suddenly grinned his triumph:

"This is the handiwork of those two birds we sent to Atlanta ten years ago. I've forgotten their names, but it is surely their work."

The two "birds" to whom he referred had been released from Atlanta three years before. One of them had disappeared completely. The other was located in New York City. On investigation, he was found to be engaged in a thoroughly legitimate business. Just the same, Secret Service decided to watch that man.

William Watts, "number one counterfeiter of all time."

"Count" Victor Lustig as he looked under question fire.

After months the break came. One day the man received a large package by mail. In some manner the wrapper "became" torn—unofficially, of course—disclosing a pair of overalls. The overalls "became" unwrapped, and inside them were hundreds of dollars of "phony."

"What held us up so long in this case," explained a Secret Service executive, "was the fact that the money was not made in New York, although we had every reason to believe it was. That made all our usual checks of chemicals, paper, and such just so much wasted effort. Do you know what those scoundrels were doing? One of them, hidden in a logging camp in the Pacific Northwest, was making the money; the other was passing it in New York. Not a cent of it was passed where it originated."

"Once a counterfeiter, always a counterfeiter," is one of Secret Service's fundamental beliefs.

It has classic examples to prove its theory. Take the case of Robert W. Adams, who ranks first among all counterfeiters as a lady's man, and probably second only to the "hero" of this tale as a mint. Adams never passed one of his own "phonies." Women did it for him. Women helped him to rise. Women caused his downfall.

Arrested for the first time on April 12, 1930, in New York City, with $7,000 in "queer," a press, a camera, and two beautiful sets of plates for making twenty-dollar notes, he was sent to Atlanta for four years. A woman interceded for him. She "wanted to be near him," and waged a ceaseless campaign until he was transferred to the prison camp at Fort Wadsworth, Staten Island. He remained there only a few days, then escaped as a laborer.

"Adams's work, sure as all hell!" announced a Secret Service expert a year later, when telltale ten-dollar notes began to appear in Chicago.

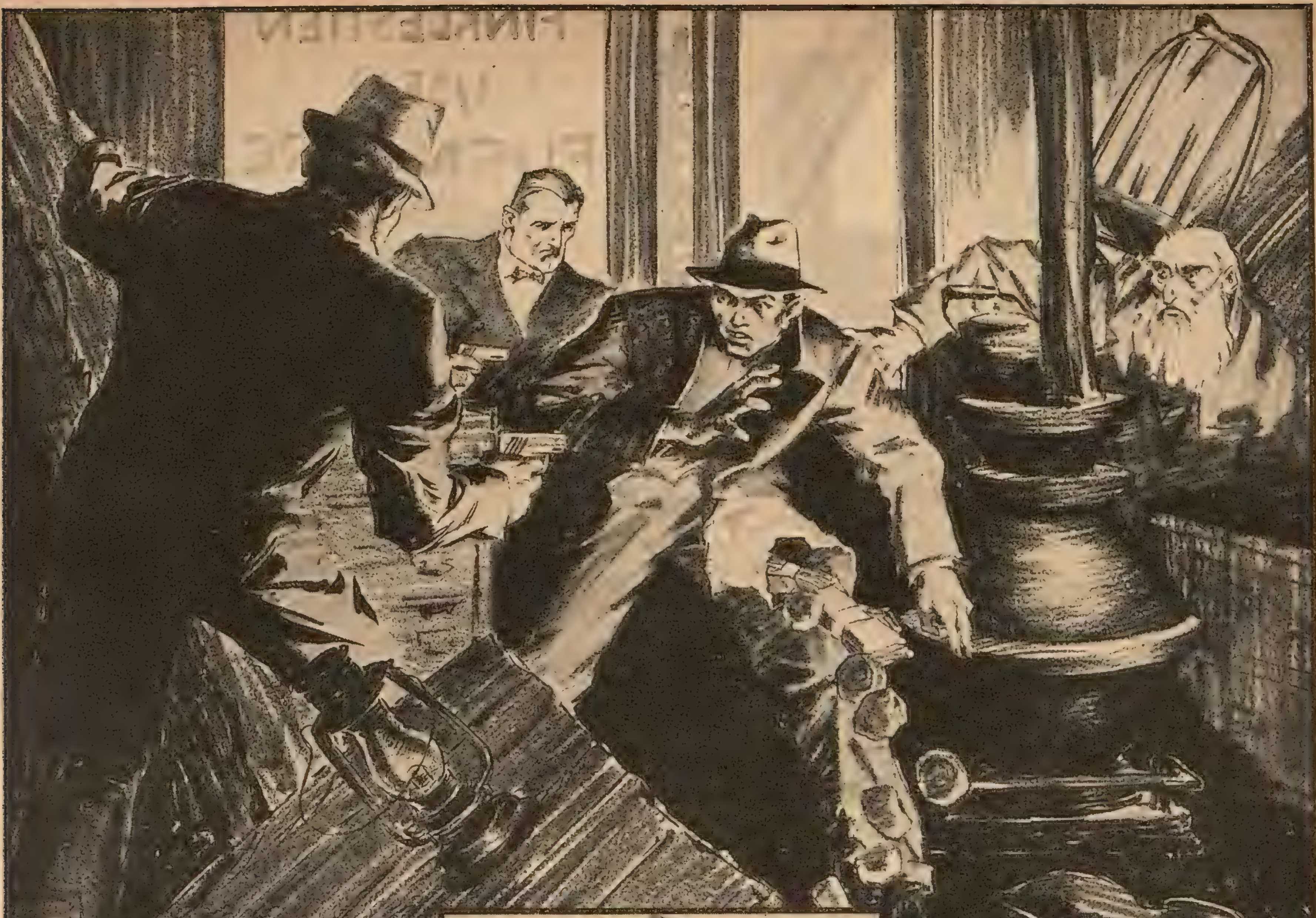
A woman was placing the money; several women were helping.

"Yes," agreed his partner; "it's Adams and his women."

Two months later they dug Adams and one of "his women" out of a Chicago flat. With him he had $1,575 in good money. "Take it," he said to the Secret Service operative, "and let me go. Tomorrow I'll give you another $3,500, five grand in all."

This to an operative who didn't earn that much in a couple of years!

The Secret Service man was severer than usual as he marched Robert W.



"Stick 'em up!" He dropped the bag. A dozen buns rolled out.

At left: No bird in this gilded cage—but see the plates it hid!

Adams away with five pieces of luggage which contained ten copperplates, a camera, a printing press, inks of many colors, special paper, more than fifty negatives used in counterfeiting notes on five different Federal Reserve banks — wonderful negatives — fifty completed notes and one hundred and fifty notes in process.

With such evidence against him, Adams decided to plead guilty. On October 31 he and another famous counterfeiter, John M. Stadig, were taken to the Federal Building for a final hearing. Both men were handcuffed.

ON the return to the Cook County Jail a very mysterious "accident" occurred to the van in which the two prisoners were riding with their guards. A crash. A crowd. Some one hurt. During the melee Adams and Stadig, strangely free of their handcuffs, disappeared.

Beautiful notes with Adams's trade-mark on them next appeared in Detroit. Passed by women again—many women. Secret Service trailed Adams, once more charged his flat—and his women. Adams slipped out, careened and skidded his automobile down icy streets. He was lucky; his car didn't wreck itself. He escaped once more.

Doggedly the Secret Service went to work again. Stadig, caught in San Francisco, told how he and Adams had picked their handcuffs with hairpins before the "accident" to the van. Hairpins furnished by women, of course. And perhaps the accident was also furnished by women.

On May 22, 1935, the law caught up with Adams at Wauwatosa, Wisconsin. His last desperate attempt to escape was foiled by a revolver. In his hideout were found two hundred and sixty-seven counterfeit ten-dollar bills on three different Federal Reserve banks in St. Louis, San Francisco, and Cleveland.

"Those," said Adams, "are all that are left of eleven hundred I made in Detroit."

On May 29 he was sentenced to ten years in the Federal Prison at Atlanta. His latest woman was sent to the Woman's Reformatory in West Virginia. Both are safely behind the bars. However, Secret Service will always keep its eye on Adams.

"Once a counterfeiter, always a counterfeiter!"

But the new "very deceptive" five-dollar bills that were flooding the Middle West, although obviously the work of an expert, did not bear the thumbmark of any of the recognized old masters. However, the fact that this most recent crop of "queer" was in small denominations did not necessarily indicate an amateur. Because larger bills are subject to more scrutiny, experienced counterfeiters are inclined to concentrate upon twenty-dollar ones or smaller. About the only exception to this rule was Dr. Valentine G. Burtan, who thought he was clever enough to make and pass hundred-dollar bills—

thought so until he received a fifteen-year sentence for being so clever.

The first of Burtan's hundred-dollar notes—marked "very good" by Secret Service—arrived in shipments from deceived correspondent banks in Germany. The next were cashed in Havana, at the casino, the hotels, the race track. Then the doctor made the mistake of trying to operate in Chicago, where his goose was promptly cooked by Secret Service.

No, the maker of the excellent five-dollar notes was following strictly in the footsteps of the masters in confining his artistic efforts to denominations that were readily passable.

Could it be that one of the old leopards had changed his spots?

Secret Service hardly thought so. Handwriting, whether in ransom notes or on steel plates, is not easily disguised. Obviously, the only thing to do was to wait and watch—especially watch.

That Secret Service watches efficiently is to our everlasting advantage—for the day it ceases to be efficient is apt to be the day when the stores and markets of the United States cease doing business.

Economic chaos begins the moment merchants, bankers, citizens generally lose confidence in the genuineness of their money. That has been proved time and again in Mexico, in Europe, in South America. If a time ever comes in our country when a flood of "queer" money rises high, when bank notes and currency become even doubtful as to real or false value, that time will be a bad one for one hundred and thirty million people.

There would seem to be no danger of this catastrophe occurring through any "fall-down" on the part of Secret Service. Its organization is one of the simplest and at the same time one of the most efficient of all the government policing units.

In each of thirty-seven districts and seven subdistricts an experienced operative is in charge. He is the contact man for the public and other law-enforcement agencies. He is known. But working with him and under his direction are undercover operatives. They are the real "secret" service.

THE laws of evidence may occasionally make it necessary for these undercover men to appear in a public court to give testimony. If so, they are moved immediately. Thus they are shifted across the battlefield of crime, moved from outpost to trenches, before their enemies have opportunity to identify and locate them.

Mere numbers they are, but numbers with brains and guns.

Nevertheless, the danger of a fatal dilution of money from *some* cause is constant and real. When 3,657 persons are arrested on charges involving counterfeiting in one fiscal year, you can't laugh it off. When number one counterfeiter and his gang can make more than three million dollars in bad money, you can't laugh it off. When four hundred and ten passers of counterfeit bills are arrested in a single gang, you can't laugh that off, either.

Secret Service was not unaware of the responsibility resting on its shoulders. It realized that it was facing its supreme test. Compared with this mysterious unknown, Adams and all the rest had been two-spots. So Chief Moran and his men redoubled their efforts.

Every time one of these false notes appeared, they made a notation on a map: "X marks the spot." Chicago was clearly indicated as the source of much of the bogus money. Undercover operatives moved there. They checked drugstores, chemical houses, paper concerns, and dozens of other sources. It was slow work.

Suddenly they got a break.

On the afternoon of November 26, 1932, a cruising police car was making the rounds of that part of the Lake Shore front which includes the southern extremity of Automobile Row and the northern extremity of the city's Black Belt. At the corner of Michigan Avenue and Twenty-ninth Street the officers noticed a parked car in which three young men were hunched over some hidden object in their laps. The car was ordinary enough. So were its occupants. But the cops thought it wouldn't do any harm to give them the once-over.

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REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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As the Twenty-ninth Street light went red the police car drew alongside. But before the bluecoats had a chance to ask, " Whatcher doin', buddy? " the men in the car, alarmed by their sudden appearance, chucked what looked very much like a roll of bills into the gutter.

The cops held the three men and rescued their roll. Turned over to the Secret Service, it proved to consist of one hundred five-dollar notes of the " very deceptive " variety.

This arrest on the edge of Chicago's Black Belt was the beginning of the trail which crossed and recrossed state lines—Texas, New Orleans, Pennsylvania—meandered into tenements and mansions, joined Seventy-fourth Street and Broadway, New York City, with Decatur, Illinois.

It led to the source of more than $3,000,000 of counterfeit and the arrest of four hundred and ten people for passing it. It led to the conviction of two hundred and seventy-seven of the four hundred and ten, and the putting of them behind the bars, where they are today. It led, most important of all, to the conviction of William Watts, number one counterfeiter of all time, and his " front," Victor Lustig, alias the Count.

The three men in the car were far removed from William Watts and Victor Lustig. One of them was clerk in the circuit court of a small near-by town, another was his brother-in-law, the third was an ex-counterfeiter.

Two operatives of Secret Service—who, as always, must be nameless—went to jail with these three men, camped in their cells, stayed until they talked. Twelve hours later they left the jail and went to a secondhand furniture store on State Street.

It was a ramshackle establishment in a poor section of town, a shop filled with broken furniture. A single colored man worked there, and worked hard, cleaning and mending rugs. One Finklestein was the proprietor.

At first Mr. Finklestein couldn't seem to understand what the Secret Service men were talking about. But after a while, when his callers became insistent, light came within him.

" Pretend you haven't arrested me," he begged. " Just go with me out to Mrs. Finklestein's place. Don't let her know. Just act like friends."

The three " friends " drove to Crown Point, Indiana. The operatives had their guns ready when Finklestein led them into a large dance hall where two hundred people milled. It looked like a " plant " to the agents, and they prepared for trouble.

But that part of it was all right. This really was Mrs. Finklestein's place.

That good woman liked her husband's new friends, particularly when they helped Finkie tend the soda counter. In fact, they quite insisted on helping Finkie, whatever he did.

They couldn't enter the conjugal chamber and help him sleep after the dance hall had closed, but they stayed awake outside the door. When he wandered in the night, they wandered with him.

In the morning, when the three went back to Chicago, the operatives had $14,500 of the " very deceptive " notes in their possession. The other $500 of that batch was the roll the frightened circuit court clerk and his two mates had been playing with.

Another $15,000 mysteriously appeared in Mr. Finklestein's hands after he had taken the operatives into the washroom of his Chicago store and turned off the lights.

" Just seemed to pull it from the wall," reported one of the Secret Service boys.

Now came the fantastic part. Finkie insisted he had no idea where this $30,000 in " phony " money had come from. The Secret Service boys have most persuasive ways at times—the three motorists had found that out!—but they could persuade nothing out of Finklestein except that a mysterious stranger called periodically with a paper bag full of the " queer." He always phoned just before his arrival, then appeared and disappeared like a ghost.

" A mystery man," Finkie kept repeating. " A mystery man! "

The two operatives sat down beside the trail to wait.

HEY, TOM-HOW'D I GET IN THIS BATHTUB ?
YOU CAME HOME FROM THAT PARTY. SAID YOU HAD TO HAVE A SWIM —
I'M SINKING - MY HEAD'S LIKE CAST IRON
MAYBE THIS WILL COOL MY FEVERED BROW
DOWNSTAIRS.
SUPERINTENDENT— THERE'S A BIG LEAK IN THE APARTMENT ABOVE —
OKAY, LADY, I'LL GO UP
SURE I'M CRAZY- CRAZY WITH THIS HEADACHE -
FOR THE LUVVA MIKE-YOU DON'T NEED WATER-YOU NEED BROMO-SELTZER!
SOON..
I FEEL LIKE A SAILOR SAVED FROM SHIPWRECK!
BROMO-SELTZER ALWAYS STOPS HEADACHES FASTER-SOOTHES STOMACH AND NERVES, TOO!
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This time they were hidden in the old rugs and behind the broken furniture of the store. For twelve days nothing happened. Finklestein grew nervous, almost hysterical.

"When he comes," he begged, "be sure and don't shoot me! Wait till I'm out of range!"

Finally the telephone rang. The "man of mystery" was on the other end of the wire.

"Bringing another thirty thousand, if everything's O. K.," he said.

The operatives moved nearer the front of the store. Next door was a restaurant catering to poor trade. About dusk, a man with a paper bag entered it and from a vantage point stood watching Finklestein's store. Satisfied at last, he came over to meet Finklestein, planning to sell $30,000 at a reasonable discount. Instead, he plopped into the hands of the two Secret Service men.

"Stick 'em up!" was the order as two guns prodded him.

He dropped the paper bag. A dozen buns rolled out. Under them were the bogus bills—$30,000.

It took the operatives two days to persuade Bill Davis, their newest captive, to lead them farther on their way. He was a printer, just an ordinary man living in an ordinary house guarded by two unusually fierce dogs. But he knew a few names—a saloonkeeper, a divekeeper, a couple of pasty-faced runners.

From these worthies the trail led on to others. It sometimes doubled back on itself. Sometimes it was lost. Once, when the Secret Service boys had temporarily missed the scent, a rumrunner in New Orleans put them back on it with $9,000 in bogus money he had accepted for a load of liquor.

By this time the "very deceptive" bills were known in the Service as "Watts money"—the output of a certain shadowy William Watts whose identity was otherwise unknown.

Meanwhile, just on general principles, dapper, debonair, foreign-looking Victor Lustig, alias the Count, was placed under surveillance.

THIS picturesque adventurer was known as a "con man" specializing in machines which "made money." He would insert one ten-dollar bill in one of his machines and take out two of them for the benefit of gullible investors. At first all the money he used was good.

He next progressed to showing how easy it was to duplicate good money in his machine. Getting hold of some counterfeit, he put in one good bill at one end of the machine and took out several counterfeits at the other. Thus far he had made absolutely no effort to pass the money. The third step came when he became actually mixed up with counterfeiters.

Secret Service had been watching Lustig for a long time, but did not have enough on him to secure a conviction. Now, however, several circumstances pointed to his being implicated in the "Watts money" conspiracy. Chief Moran's operators waited for the right moment for the grab. They thought it had come one night in May, 1935. At the corner of Seventy-fourth Street and Broadway a messenger delivered two bags to Lustig. This was the time. They pounced.

Then came the anticlimax. The bags contained only clothing—several snappy little numbers in the "Count's" extensive wardrobe. Every bill on Lustig—or Robert V. Miller, as he called himself at the time—was a good bill.

But gloom was followed by elation. In Lustig's possession was a key to a B.-M. T. lockbox in the Times Square station. That box was found to contain $52,000 in "Watts money" and plates for five-, ten-, and twenty-dollar issues.

Lustig proved to be, as Secret Service had long suspected, the chief distributor of the new "queer."

IN spite of the Service's efforts to stop them, newspapers played up the seizure and told of Lustig's lurid past as a "con man." But the Secret Service chiefs were far from happy. To them Lustig was only the front man of the gang. They had not found Watts. Until they grabbed him, "Watts money" was a continuing menace.

But their cup of bitterness was overflowing when Victor Lustig escaped from jail.

He had been visited in the Federal House of Detention in New York City by one "Dapper Dan" Collins, client and pal of the great criminal lawyer, William J. Fallon, and one Mae (Billie) Scheible, youthful disorderly house madam who had been Lustig's girl friend in the old Pittsburgh days. Soon thereafter a rope of braided bed linen was found hanging from sawed bars. Lustig, pretending to be the window washer of his own cell, had escaped once more.

Secret Service was more determined than ever now. It had learned more about Watts: how he had progressed from a druggist in Fullerton, Nebraska, to become the best counterfeit platemaker in the country—a progress, by the way, which emphasizes a point about counterfeiting that is not generally known.

Currency isn't the only government paper which is subject to forgery and fraud. Government bonds are in constant danger of attack. Take the recent soldiers' bonus bonds. What a catastrophe it would have been if the most minute care by Secret Service had not protected this all-important issue of government securities from the wiles of the counterfeiters!

"And the liquor stamps, too," reminded one of Chief Moran's aides. "Plenty of bozos try to make them."

William Watts started his career of crime as one of these "bozos." Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that he started it when he began to make illegal liquor to sell in his modest drugstore in Fullerton. Being a smart fellow, he realized that whereas he could get a dollar or two a pint for homemade hooch without government stamps on the bottle, he could get three and sometimes five dollars a pint—remember those days?—if his product bore the bottled-in-bond government guaranty.

Being also a handy man with his pen, Watts began counterfeiting those government stamps for home consumption. At first he put them only on his own stuff. Then he began selling them to fellow druggists. He soon found he could make more money selling stamps than selling hooch. Presently he was in Chicago taking a course in photoengraving in preparation for his new profession.

It was at this point that the "very deceptive" five-dollar bills began to appear.

Secret Service knew all this. At least, it did before it was through its investigation. It even had a fairly accurate picture of the man himself—shrewd, quizzical eyes, high forehead, distinguished bearing, handsomer even than the "Count."

There was nothing surprising to Secret Service in Watts being a man of education and manner. Many of the criminals with whom this branch of the Treasury Department's law-enforcement organization deals are geniuses in their way. This is particularly true of the best counterfeiters of bank notes. Almost without exception they are intelligent and highly trained men. Counterfeiters of coinage, on the other hand, are apt to be crude workmen—small-fry criminals. In short, there are social distinctions even among the "queer."

EVENTS were moving fast now. There was a Secret Service raid on a flat in Union City, New Jersey. Footsteps on the stairs, a crashing door—and William Watts was caught in the middle of his "mint."

Other Secret Service operatives waited in Pittsburgh; waited, then pounced. With the co-operation of Mr. Hoover's tireless G-men, Victor Lustig was snared again. Caught and convicted this time. Sent to Lewisburg, then to Leavenworth, and finally "out on the Rock"—feared Alcatraz.

Lustig's sentence was twenty years. Watts turned state's evidence and got ten. Two hundred and seventy-five other conspirators were jailed for terms of varying lengths. Three million dollars in counterfeit money was captured and destroyed.

All of which was the result of picking a roll of bills out of a Chicago gutter and spending an evening jerking soda up in "Mrs. Finklestein's place"!

A speedboat full of bootleg Scotch runs in by night to a Florida beach. Rumrunners start unloading her. Then—flares in the sky, and a lone Customs Patrol man comes charging upon the gang, and to his death. And then Secret Service. . . . But to get the full voltage of this great Untold Tale of it, read Howard Marsh next week!

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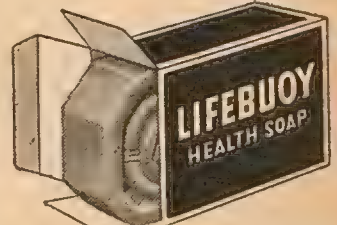
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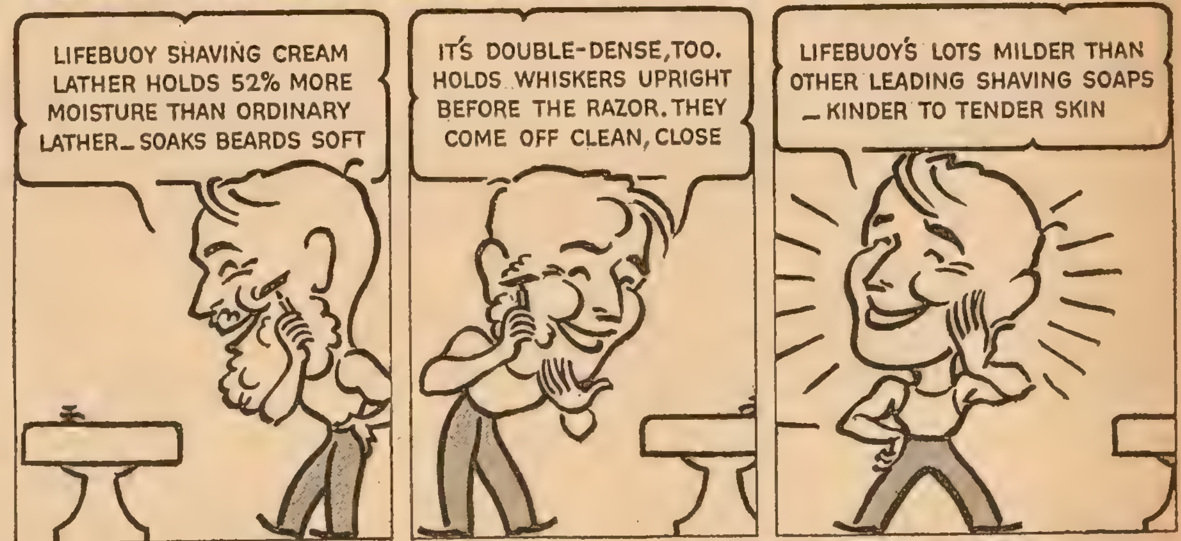
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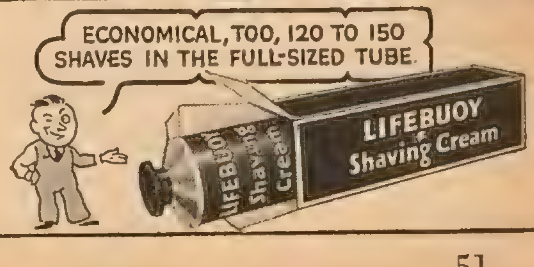
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GOOD OLD JACK

A Hollywood Masquerade

READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

FROM the top of Hollywood, Jack Halcombe slides to the bottom. Using his rich dad's dough, he's been producing ambitious films that flopped financially. When his old man goes broke and checks start bouncing, Jack's creditors see red. He decides on a farewell gesture, sends out invitations to a big evening binge at his home. Among the guests is a movie star: beautiful Gloria Brown. She's sweet to Jack because she hopes for a part in his next picture.

They stroll together out into the darkness of his garden. He kisses her, then tells her he's sunk. Promptly she slaps his face and leaves him. He mopes in the garden; is surprised to find Wynne Leroy, an extra girl, there. He pours his troubles into her ears. She urges him to do a skip. When they hear cops' booming voices, they run together out of the garden, climb fences, and end by hiding in a doghouse with Fifi, Gloria's Great Dane. Baffled policemen give up.

Wynne takes Jack home to the tiny apartment she lives in with Frances Martin, another extra. Next morning they learn he can speak Spanish. That fits in with a Big Idea they've hit on. He's to stop being John Halcombe and start being another guy: Don José Castille. To transform himself he must stay in their place till he's grown a beard. As Don José they think he can wangle himself a part in some film.

He has a screen test and gets by. Ironically, Tom Hartz, a cameraman whom he'd once fired, is the one who takes shots of him. Tom recognizes him but says no one else will.

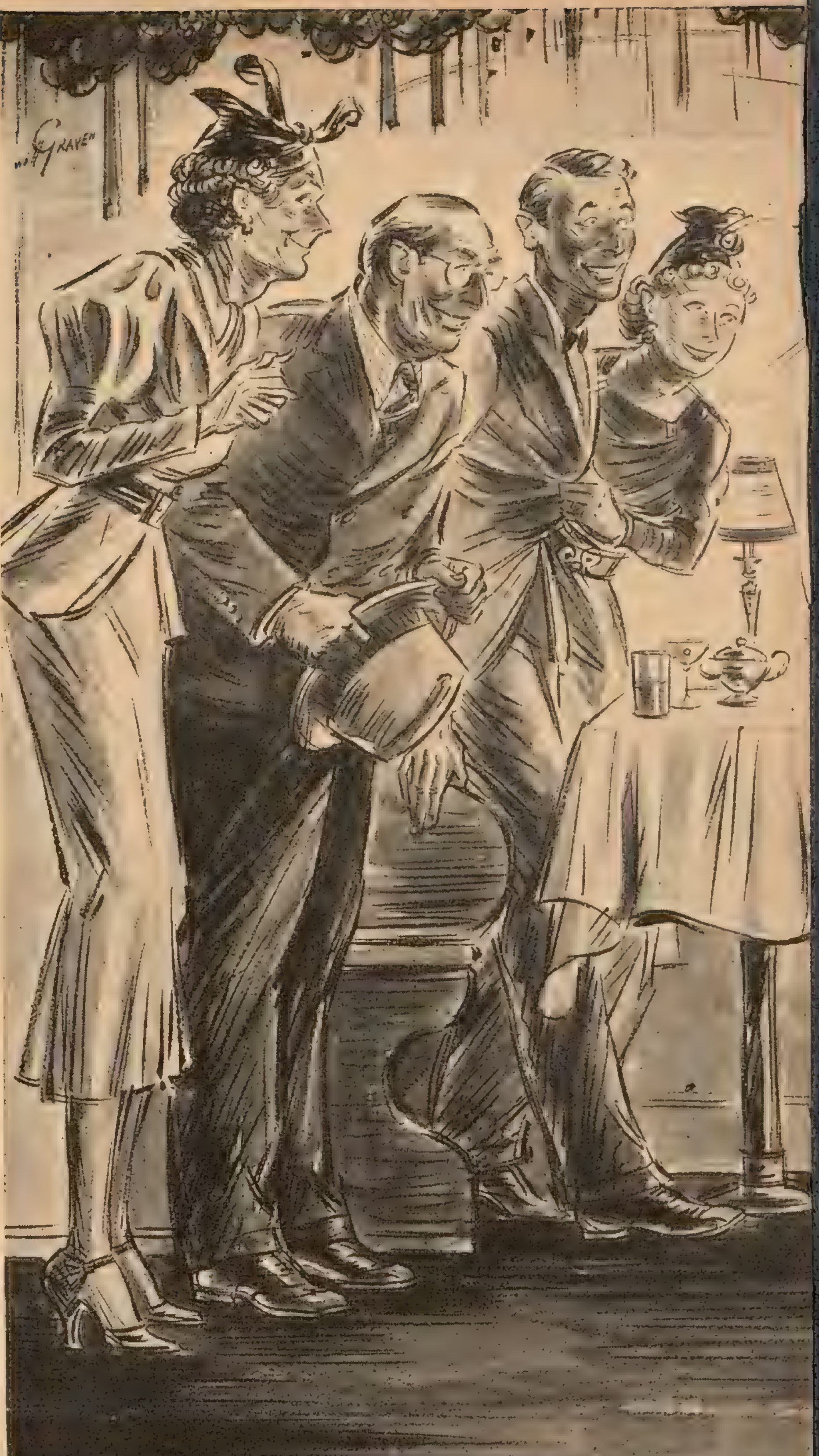
Hartz, Jack, Wynne, and Frances go to a hot spot—the Troc—to celebrate Jack's making the grade. Jack's heart thumps when Gloria Brown sweeps in. " Looky," he whispers to Hartz. " Later on, introduce me to Gloria. Yes? "

PART FOUR—FRYING PAN VS. FIRE

HARTZ stared at Jack. " Introduce *you* to *Gloria Brown?* Don't make me laugh! "

" She didn't recognize me. It'd be fun to see what would happen."

" I know what would happen," said Hartz. " Your two wives would get after you. But if you say so I'll do it."



Jimmy, the headwaiter, the minute he saw Gloria, promptly

" I say so," said Halcombe. He leaned close to Hartz. The music was playing again, so he could talk and be reasonably sure he wouldn't be overheard. Also the sentimental confidentialness that goes with champagne and music was getting him down. " You know, I was terribly in love with her—once."

" I and everybody in Hollywood know that."

" I wanted her to marry me."

" I didn't know that."

" She was damn sweet to me till she found out I was broke."

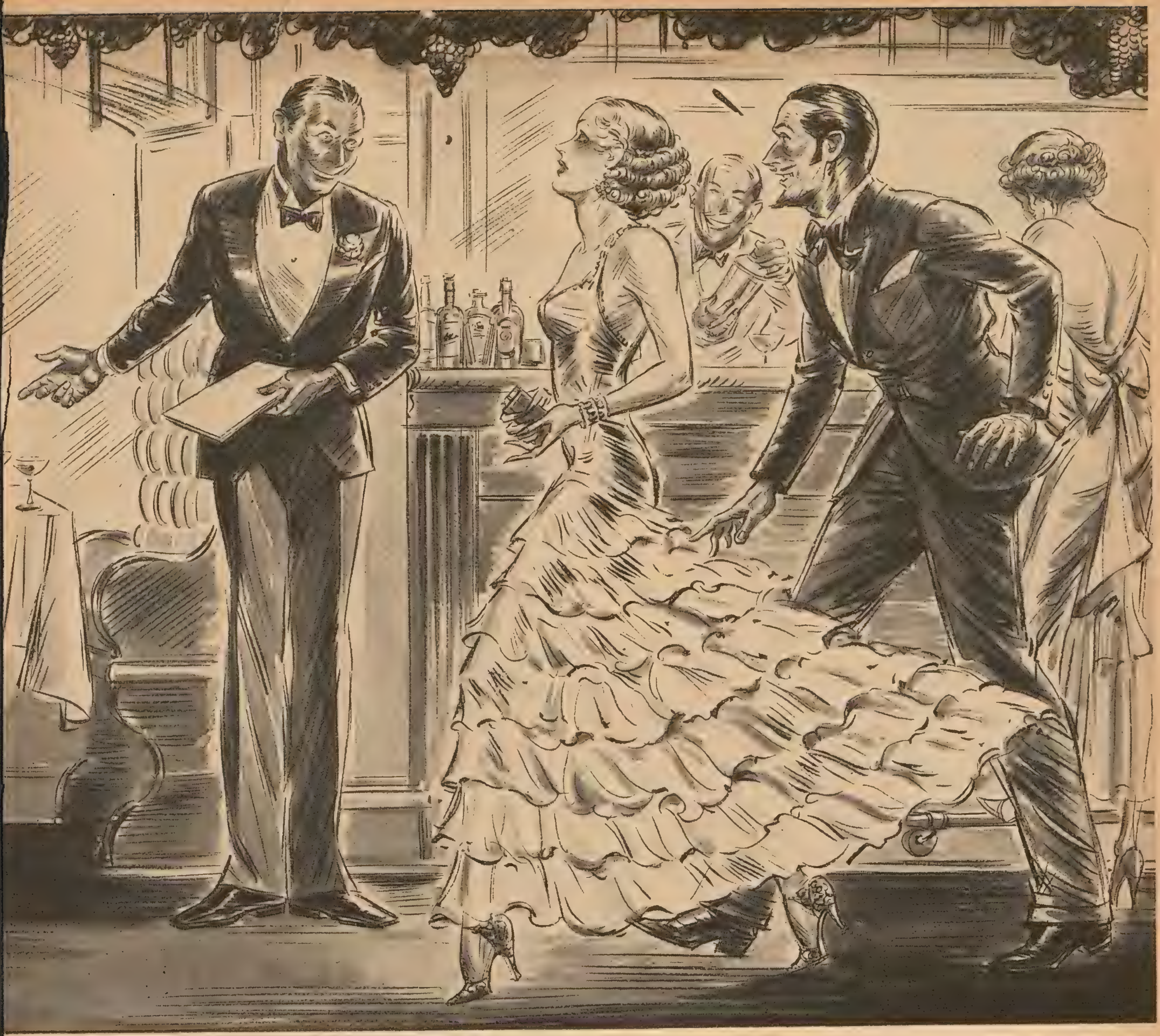
" Why not? " said Hartz. He laughed. " I was myself."

" May I have this dance? " said Frances Martin to Halcombe.

They got up and danced. Frances lost no time.

" In case you don't know it," she said, " or have been such a schlemiel you just haven't happened to notice it, you're hurting Wynne's feelings."

" About what? " Halcombe was mystified. Then he remembered. " Oh, you mean about my having had a couple of drinks with Tom before you all arrived. That's all perfectly all right now. She doesn't mind."



ejected a group of goggle-eyed tourists from the end booth.

From a Glimpse of Heaven with the Girl of His Dreams to the Depths of a Comic Doom—Pity the Hapless Hero of This Mile-a-Minute Comedy!

by ERIC HATCH

ILLUSTRATION BY WILL GRAVEN

"No," said Frances. "I mean about your getting into a white-hot lather of dither the minute Gloria Brown grandstanded into this dump."

"But don't you see," said Halcombe, thinking women were very obtuse and unreasonable about things, "I used to be in love with her, and I haven't seen her since—since things happened to me."

"Yes," said Frances; "I see, and I don't like it."

They danced on, shuffling, bumping against people, looking at people. Halcombe felt confused. The day, after all, had been very exciting. The weeks leading up to it had been very strange, what with trying to change himself into some one he wasn't. For a few seconds he couldn't orient himself at all. Here he was in the Troc, unknown and unspoken to, where a little while ago the captains and the *maître d'hôtel* had bowed and scraped no end to him. There was Gloria Brown, whom he'd kissed and whom he'd wanted to marry, literally not recognizing him. Here were two girls whose home he shared, whom he'd never met until a few weeks ago. He got the floating-somewhere-in-space feeling; the heaving-sidewalks feeling; the feeling that men who have sold short just before the market goes up get. It made him a little dizzy.

"Frances," he said, "let's sit down. I don't—don't seem to be able to figure out who I am."

Frances pulled away from his necessarily intimate clutch.

"You," she said, "and don't you forget it, are Don José Castille."

"I think I'm still a little short of in love with Gloria said Halcombe. "For heaven's sake, don't tell Wynne

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They stopped dancing a little quicker than Halcombe expected.

When Frances and Jack got back to the table, it was perfectly apparent to Hartz that she was burned up about something. He thought he knew what. He was nasty enough to enjoy tremendously watching Halcombe put his foot in it again just when he was beginning to get himself a little bit straightened out. From his brief association with Halcombe, he had already gathered that he was the sort of man who could absolutely be counted on to bolix things up if there was the slightest chance for him to. On the other hand, he didn't blame Halcombe for wanting to be introduced to Gloria in his new character and see what would happen. He thought he knew what would happen, for cameramen know many, many things about the lovely ladies of the silver screen. He asked Wynne to dance.

"You're sore at me," Jack said to Frances.

"No," said Frances, "I'm not sore; I just think you're a rat."

"Women," said Jack, "never understand. I'm not a rat."

"For my money you're two rats," said Frances. "I'll be back." She got up and made her way between the tables to the entrance hall and thence to the ladies' room. She wanted to get over being sore, if she could, before Wynne came back to the table.

Halcombe sat and looked across the room, as best he could through the dancers, at Gloria. To his great astonishment, he saw that she was looking at him. He grabbed an end of his mustache and twirled it. He hoped the gesture would make him look debonair, and was sort of sorry he hadn't added the habit of wearing a monocle to his new personality. He saw Gloria turn to Karpen and Torrowitz, and realized that they were looking at him. It made him feel crawly, so he looked away. Pretty soon Wynne and Tom came back.

"JACK!" Wynne was panting with excitement. "Karpen yelled at Tom, when we went by his table, and asked who you were and if you were an actor! Tom said you were a Spanish legit but that you'd never acted over here before. He wants to be introduced to you!"

Halcombe, for a second, forgot he was a couple of other fellows. The last bottle of champagne was getting in its dirty work. "That's silly," he said. "Fella's known me for a year."

"I know, but he doesn't know you're good old Jack!" She grabbed his arm and shook it as though by shaking it she could shove some of her own excitement into him and make him realize the importance of what she was saying. "He thinks you're the perfect type for something or other—I couldn't make out what. Oh, Jack, if you really could get a *good* part!" Her eyes were bright with excitement; then they faded. "And if only you could act!"

"I can act swell,'" said Jack. "You saw—just today you saw."

"I know I saw," said Wynne. "That's the trouble. Where's Frances? Oh, I'll go join her, and then Tom can take you over and introduce you to Karpen."

She left. Halcombe watched her go and was puzzled. If what Frances had said about his hurting Wynne's feelings because he was excited about seeing Gloria again were true, he couldn't make out why Wynne seemed so anxious for him to be taken over to her table. He should have known, having lived in the same apartment with her, that although in physical stature Wynne Leroy was very small she was in other ways very large. He couldn't possibly know that she felt responsible for him and for making something of him to such an extent that, for the moment, her interest in making something of him as a man far exceeded her interest in him as a man.

HARTZ sighed. "I hate to do it," he said, "but I suppose I've got to. Come on!"

The music had stopped. The two of them walked across the dance floor. When they got to the Brown table, Gloria flashed a million-dollar smile.

"Foreigners," thought Hartz, "are cat's-meat for Gloria—if titled." Aloud he said, "Miss Brown, Mr. Don José Castille."

"*Pssst,*" said Halcombe. "Not Mr. Don. Just plain Don."

Tom introduced him properly to the other two. Naturally, they invited him to sit down and have a drink. He realized that Gloria was looking at him intently; but there was no recognition in the looking, merely curiosity and interest. He shook hands with her and managed not to say, "Hello, Gloria," but it was a near thing. He said in beautiful Spanish, "Exquisite señorita, I am more than charmed to meet you," and kissed her hand. Gloria ate it up. A moment later the music started again and he asked her to dance. She was enchanted at the idea.

They went out on to the floor and he took her in his arms. In spite of the fact that he knew she didn't then know him, he got a strange kick out of taking her in his arms again. When she'd slapped him the night of his party he'd never thought he would again. He threw such discretion as he possessed—which certainly wasn't much—to the winds. "Gloria! I am so glad to see you again!"

Like Frances, she hurriedly pulled out of the necessarily intimate clutch. Also she stopped dancing. She stared at him, her lovely mouth half open in amazement. She stood like that, facing him, for a second or so. Then she said, "Let's go down to the bar."

With that she left the dance floor. He followed her into the hall and down the stairs to the big room with the stalls and tables and bar and oyster bar. It was crowded; but Jimmy, the headwaiter, the minute he saw Gloria, promptly ejected a group of goggle-eyed tourists from the end booth and installed her there. The tourists didn't mind at all. They could go back to Kansas now and say they'd shared a table with Gloria Brown.

As soon as they were ensconced and she had ordered champagne cocktails, Gloria said, "You're really Jack Halcombe, aren't you?"

"Of course I am, Gloria." For a second, good old Jack suffered an acute twinge of conscience as he remembered Frances saying, "You're Don José Castille, and don't you forget it." The twinge passed. Gloria's hand was resting over his. Gloria was looking into his eyes, her own meltingly warm and lovely.

"You've hurt me something awful," she said—"not letting me hear from you."

"But I did call you and you hung up."

"I was sick that day, and you'd hurt me by not telling me you were in trouble until it was all over. What are you dressed up queer for?"

"The police want me. Wynne and Frances said I couldn't leave our apartment until I looked like somebody else."

Here Gloria swept his feet from under him.

"The police don't want you," she said. "I got feeling bad after I hung up on you, so I thought maybe I ought to do something to make up for it. I gave my lawyer some cash and he squared you with them. Who are Wynne and Frances, for gawd's sake?"

Jack didn't answer. He was too overcome with the realization that the weeks of hiding and whisker nursing had been a sleeveless errand, futile. He didn't have to be Don José any more. He could be himself. Or could he? He'd sent out a whole swarm of bad checks. Some had traveled. A homing one might wreck him. Presently he realized Gloria was repeating her question. "I said, just who are this Wynne and Frances you seem to have an apartment with?"

"Oh," said Jack, coming back into focus. "Just a couple of girls. They took me in after the smash, and fed me and things, and 've got me a job."

GLORIA'S eyes hardened. "Wynne who and Frances who?"

"They're just extra girls," said Jack. "Gosh, they're swell girls!"

"Oh," was what Gloria said. So a couple of twists think they can get a guy away from *me*, eh! was what Gloria thought.

She had actually put up some money trying to square Jack with the police, partly from noble motives, more to ease her own conscience for having acted cheaply the night of his party, and even more because the idea of having Halcombe, the producer who'd told her she couldn't act, indebted to her for his freedom appealed to her felineness. She wanted to make him crawl at her feet. It occurred to her now that this might not be such a pipe to achieve if a couple of pretty floosies had got him into their nest. "What are their names?"

"Wynne Leroy and Frances Martin."

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KLEENEX

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"The ones at the table with you and Tom Hartz?"

He nodded. "Tom's giving us a party to celebrate my job. We're having fun."

Gloria looked at him. She registered affectionate reproach and said, "I could have got you a good job if you'd come to *me*."

This was very puzzling to Don José. He couldn't for the life of him see why Gloria should reproach him for not coming to her for help when she'd even refused to talk to him when he had gone to her for help. He tossed off his cocktail and scratched his head, and hoped Wynne and Frances hadn't noticed he and Gloria had sneaked downstairs together. (They had. Conversation at Tom Hartz's table had stopped; refrigeration had set in.)

Gloria went on: "I could help you even now. What's this job you're so grateful to those girls for getting you?"

He told her. She made a mental reservation that for the next morning's shooting of the major Western the part of the young Spanish grandee would have to be changed in the script to that of a young Spanish grandee with one wow of a hang-over. Don José was getting the weavy look. But that fitted in with her ideas perfectly. The more helpless he became, the easier it would be for her to get a toe hold on the business of making him grovel. Gloria Brown was not one of the most scrupulous women in Hollywood and she knew her onions better than a Southport farmer. When he'd finished telling her about the test she said, "Do you know why Karpen and Torrowitz wanted to meet you?"

"They didn't say, and as soon as I started dancing with you I forgot all about them."

Under the table his hand was pressed. Puppy love oozed out of his eyes.

"THEY didn't know who you were, of course. They wanted to consider you for a big character part in my next picture. They say you look just like the guy."

"What guy?"

"General Zaccho. The guy that used to run some dump of a country and then got shot out of it into exile. A sort of a guy like Viva Villa. You know."

Jack knew. The name of the general meant nothing to him, but the name of the picture did. He took a deep breath. "That would be some part!" he said.

"You bet your teeth it would!" said Gloria. "You kidnap me and hold me for ransom."

"Good God!" said Jack. "Does it matter if I can act or not? Because I don't know how to act, you know."

"It doesn't matter a hoot in hell. If you photograph O. K. and I O. K. you they sign you."

Through the haze that sometimes permeates the Trocadero bar—an individual haze not visible to all who go there—Jack Halcombe saw a gleaming light: the light of fame. His day's work at the studio had given him a profound respect for the actors who had worked themselves up in the world. For the first time in his life, a tiny flame of genuine ambition kindled in his brain.

"Of course Karpen could fix it with the people who shot your test. They can get any ham for that part."

Gloria saw the awakening of ambition in him. She'd felt the same way herself when she'd been offered her first part.

"To play—a big part—opposite—you!"

His eyes were more goggled now than those of the tourists who'd been thrown out so they could have the booth had been. Gloria was delighted. She felt she had the two floosies lashed to the mast. Then suddenly he turned to her and said, "But I'd have to ask Wynne and Frances first. You see, they got me this other job and—"

Gloria cut in. "I see!" she said. "Let's get back to the gang."

WITH a sweeping majesty only picture stars and Queen Victoria could ever achieve, she pushed the table away and headed for the stairway. Don José reached in his pocket automatically to pay the check. So far as money was concerned, the pocket was a Mother Hubbard's cupboard. For an instant he quailed in embarrassed fright. Then the false feeling of power that is apt to come over one at that hour of the night, or morning, asserted itself. He snapped his fingers at Jimmy.

"Put this on Mr. Hartz and my check upstairs," he said, and swept after Gloria. But when he got to the doorway of the main restaurant he saw Gloria had gone for nose powderings. He stood in the doorway, waiting, and wondered why the room looked so deserted, and if he could have been talking with Gloria for too long a time, and if Wynne would be sore at him and hurt, and if Frances would be sore at him and say things.

He looked around for them and couldn't see them. He was sure he knew the table they'd all been sitting at, yet it and the three or four tables near it were all deserted. He looked toward the other side of the room to Gloria's table, and to his astonishment saw Tom Hartz sitting there. He couldn't understand it. Hartz and Karpen and Torrowitz were obviously deep in a technical discussion of some sort. He could tell that because there was table pounding going on and much moving about of hands illustrating camera angles and so forth. Gloria came out of the ladies' room and, being much quicker-sighted than he, realized what had happened and took his arm. Together they walked across the dance floor to her table. He pulled out a chair for her.

Tom Hartz watched their arrival. He didn't even bother to rise. He had been taking pictures of beautiful ladies for too many years to dream of rising just because one of them happened to approach a table he was sitting at. He looked at Jack. "Good old Don José," he said, "your señoritas have walked out on you. They don't like you." He turned to Gloria. "You done him dirty, Brown."

"*Me?*" said Gloria. "What have *I* done?"

"Done him out of a bed, I should guess," said Hartz. "You see, his wives didn't like your stealing him."

"Oh my God," said Jack.

Gloria patted his hand. "Don't you mind, Jack. You can stay in my guesthouse tonight, and tomorrow we'll fix it up about the part."

Halcombe got to his feet. "You're an angel," he said, "but I must go. Come, Tom."

Gloria laughed. "When they throw you out, come on over," she said. "I'll be expecting you."

Good old Jack wasn't thrown out for the single reason that he wasn't let in. He pleaded from the sidewalk. His pleading didn't even bring him an answer. He threw pebbles at the windows. An empty cream-bottle broke at his feet—and he slept that night in the pretty white guesthouse at Gloria Brown's.

Don José Halcombe awoke the next morning on a couch of pain. It was only technically morning, because it was five minutes to noon; but the couch-of-pain part of it was real. He felt like Gulliver, helpless in the hands of the Lilliputians. Little men were taking the bottom part of his stomach and, holding firmly to it, were jumping to the top of it.

He felt fierce. He was sure he was dying.

Presently he sat up. Nothing awful happened, so he opened his eyes. This gave him a shock, because he'd expected to wake up in Wynne's living room, and clearly the place he was in bore not the slightest resemblance to Wynne's living room. He noticed a white hand telephone on a little table beside the bed, and, picking it up, dialed the operator. When she answered, he said, "Would you mind telling me where I'm telephoning from?"

The operator broke all rules and laughed. "Sorry," she said. "I can't. You're calling from a private number; and we're not allowed to give out private numbers."

Jack began to get desperate. He said, "But I know the number. I can see it. It's Crestview one three nine five eight. Please tell me where I am."

"No," said the operator.

"But I feel like I'm dying and I don't know where I am!"

"We're all dying," said the operator, "only some of us are dying faster than others. Hang up the receiver for a moment."

JACK did. In a few seconds the phone rang and the operator's voice said, "Will Miss Brown accept a call from—"

As Miss Brown's butler answered she broke the connection. Jack stared at the instrument with horror. He was touched by the hello girl's kindness and shocked by the information she'd given him. He felt that if Wynne and Frances ever found out about this they'd never speak to him again.

He settled himself down to suffer and to battle one of the finest attacks of drunkard's remorse the gold coast has ever known. He suffered until a frightened cry reached him. He sat up again, realizing the cry came from another bedroom in the tiny house.

"Take him away! Don't!" He recognized the crier now as Tom Hartz. "Please! Go 'way! I don't see you! No, dammit, you're not here!"

Halcombe had read about people with delirium tremens crying out like that. He'd read, too, that they needed help when they had it. He raced toward the rumpus, sure that Tom Hartz had delirium tremens. He didn't. When Jack found the other guest room, he saw that Hartz only had Fifi, who at the moment was straddling him as he lay abed and throwing a lifetime of unrequited affection into the slobbery kisses she was bestowing on him. Hartz was lying tensely motionless, accepting what seemed to him the inevitable retribution that had come to him. Jack forgot his hang-over and began to laugh. He knew all about what it was like to be kissed by Fifi.

"You do see him, Tom," he said. "That's Fifi."

"Take it away."

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Red
LINER

"'Binnacle light's gone out sir!' called the quartermaster at the wheel! I snapped out of my reverie in a hurry," writes L. W. Callis, now chief officer of the S. S. Evelyn of Baltimore, Md. "The running lights were on the same circuit... *we were running dark*...with two passenger vessels close aboard and coming at us fast! No time to get up oil lights! What to do?

"If I held my course the liner would hit us. If I went to port, I'd hit her and if I went to starboard, I'd be across the bows of the overtaking coastal steamer.

"There was only one chance. I ran to the chart room, grabbed two 'Eveready' flashlights, gave one to the quartermaster, so he could see the compass, and told him to hold his course. Then I ran to the port running light, raised the lantern, shoved the second lighted flashlight inside, and dropped the lantern in place.

"Instantly the red prisms shot their warning glow to the liner and she veered off just in time to clear our stern.

"That red light looked better to me than any pay envelope. There's no telling how many lives that flashlight saved. I'm mighty proud of thinking quickly enough to meet that emergency, and mighty glad too that our flashlights were filled with DATED 'Eveready' batteries, that were *fresh* when they came from the ship chandlers.
(*Signed*) L W Callis"

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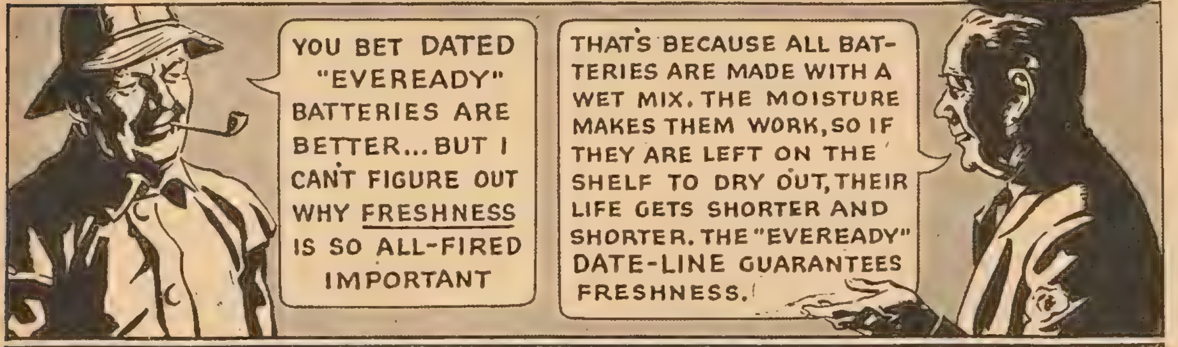
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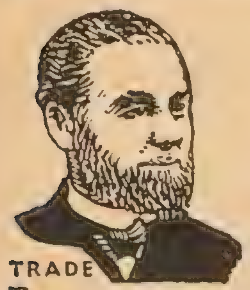
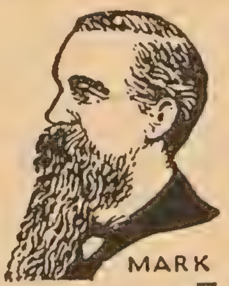


REDUCE



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This is the vitamin that raises the resistance of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat to cold and cough infections.

"Fifi," said Jack firmly, "down! Down, sir!"

The great dog rolled one eye at him and lay down. Hartz wriggled out from under her. She gave him a hurt look.

"Get off that bed!" said Jack. "Shame on you!"

Fifi got off the bed. Jack turned to Hartz, who by now was sitting up, holding his head. "Tom, what are we doing here? How d'we happen to be here?"

"Was hoping you'd know," said Hartz. "I don't even know where we are."

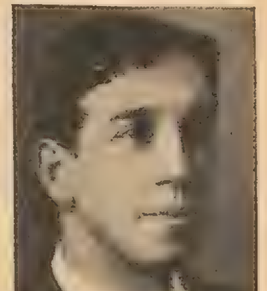
"Gloria Brown's."

"It all comes back to me," said Hartz. "What time is it?" He looked at his wrist watch, said again, "What time is it?" and held it out for Jack to see. Jack saw, and was horrified. They were due at the studio at nine. That job meant a lot to him, particularly as he didn't remember anything about the job Gloria'd said she had for him. Neither did Hartz. In frantic haste they dressed and climbed into Hartz's little car. In equally frantic haste they kicked Fifi off the running board.

And then—Gloria drifted casually around the corner of the guesthouse.

It was bad luck for Jack and Hartz—worse luck than they could have foreseen—that Gloria appeared just at that moment. You'll see them get a startling surprise in next week's hilarious installment. Be on hand for it!

TWENTY QUESTIONS



1—Shown in the early photo to the right is the composer of Narcissus, a world hit when its writer was thirteen. A later composition concerned a string. He schooled at Pittsburgh and Berlin, and was a member of Yale's faculty. Who was he?

2—When, in the Bible, did Hebrews wear "kilts"?

3—What is not a pig and did not come from Guinea?

4—Who starred in the 1911 hits: The Pink Lady, The Spring Maid, The Red Rose?

5—What is the source of musk?

6—If the Yangtze is "China's joy" and the Hwang Ho is "China's sorrow," what are they?

7—Which queen said, "Let them eat cake!"?

8—How many of the thirteen original states did Landon carry in '36?

9—How does the trade term male and female terrapins?

10—Why did kings of Siam make gifts to couriers of white elephants?

11—In England, what is a blue book?

12—By what name was Cincinnatus Heine Miller better known?

13—What is the world's tiniest republic?

14—If 515 Americans had annual incomes of over a million dollars in 1929, how many had similar incomes in 1935?

15—Who wrote the novel Quo Vadis?

16—Are there 18, 122, 1,473, or 7,083 Philippine Islands?

17—What two ways is snuff used?

18—Who is the oldest United States senator?

19—If in Los Angeles "It's the climate!" what is it in Mexico City?

20—Who was the March King?

(Answers will be found on page 61)

1852-1937—An Old Play Brings New Triumphs

La Garbo and the Rising Mr. Taylor Win High Acclaim as the Lovers of "Camille"— Night Riders Prowl in a Tense and Powerful Melodrama, and a Super-Skater Comes to the Screen

by

BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ ★ CAMILLE

THE PLAYERS: Greta Garbo, Robert Taylor, Lionel Barrymore, Elizabeth Allan, Jessie Ralph, Henry Daniell, Lenore Ulric, Laura Hope Crews, Rex O'Malley, Russell Hardie, E. E. Clive, Douglas Walton, Marion Ballou, Joan Brodel, June Wilkins, Fritz Leiber, Jr., Elsie Esmonds. Screen play by Zoë Akins, Frances Marion, and James Hilton, from the play and novel by Alexandre Dumas *fils.* Directed by George Cukor. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

GRETA GARBO'S Lady of the Camellias is the most interesting performance of Marguerite Gautier your Beverly Hills has ever caught, from Bernhardt and Duse to Jane Cowl and Eva Le Gallienne. Garbo *is* Marguerite Gautier, whose great love for the young Armand Duval is the one fine thing in a brief selfish hothouse career.

Robert Taylor will surprise you. His Armand is the best thing he has done for the Hollywood cameras, possessing surprising authority and charm for one of so little experience. However, Director George Cukor's handling of the tragedy is too studied, too carefully paced.

Alexandre Dumas, son of the celebrated novelist, wrote La Dame aux Camélias in 1848 to extricate himself from debt, and dramatized his book in 1852. Dumas *fils* had a moral message to give, too—that violations of the social code demand their payment in full. Marguerite Gautier is a courtesan, a frail beauty from the country who comes to Paris and takes the easiest way to silks and jewels. Not until she falls in love with the comparatively poor Armand Duval does she pause. There are three idyllic months in the country away from Paris. Then, when Marguerite realizes that she is ruining the young man's career, she draws back from the one love of her life. The sacrifice isn't exactly hard, for Marguerite returns to her wealthy patron. But author Dumas saw to it that she paid in full—a lingering death from tuberculosis.

Garbo's portrait of Marguerite is complete. She captures every shade of vain selfishness, fervent love, self-sacrifice—limns it all with the slow inroads of the disease destined to halt her wayward career.

Lionel Barrymore makes his moment as Armand's distraught father stand out; Henry Daniell is effective as Marguerite's generous patron; Lenore Ulric romps through the role of the naughty and envious rival, Olympe.

Robert Taylor and Greta Garbo in a scene from Camille.

Camille lags a bit, even drags—but Garbo and Taylor are there, at their best. And are their love scenes torrid!

VITAL STATISTICS: Camille's first American performance, December 9, 1853, marqueed as Camille; or, The Fate of a Coquette! Later Laura Keene played it as a dream from which Camille wakened after last act; it was played among freaks at Barnum's Museum; Frank Drew of The Drews burlesqued it under odd title of Handy Handy. . . . Nobody has ever been able to figure out who gets the money Taylor flings in Garbo's face, then leaves it lie—in that famous second-act curtain line. . . . Garbo has eighteen changes in this; though not as clotheshorsy as Lombard, influences fashions much more. Though healthy and tanned during filming, she's lost weight ever since. Went for practical jokes in this, such as riding around in light perambulators, signing those hateful autograph books with inkless pens when Bob Taylor presented forty autograph seekers as a gag! Sings and dances for first screen time. Now gets $250,000 a film crack, but still lives in rented houses operated on $100-a-week budget. Moves from time to time to avoid curiosity pests. Even M-G-M stars can't crash her set when she's working. Does 449 speeches in Camille, a fourth more'n she's ever done! That accent is part Swedish, part English, with a dash of French to make Camille realistic! She always tries to please her directors; never does nip-ups before them. She hates vulgarity; likes to tell a good story; is sensitive to mannerisms of those about her and will unconsciously pick up an idiosyncrasy in no time. Has a plain studio dressing room, no $40,000 bungalow. Is very punctual; her arrival on set is signal to work immediately —with no long waits between. Always knows her lines perfectly. Was followed around on sets by the Garbo Cooler, a giant contraption which contained 2,000 pounds of ice and blew frigid air over her to keep her from fainting in those heavy costumes under those hot studio lights. . . . Bob Taylor says a college education won't necessarily get you girls like Barbara Stanwyck or help you advance in movies once you get in them, but it helps give you experience. . . . John Bryan is grandson of the William Jennings Bryan. Plays poet de Musset; wants to play his grandpop some day if he can get used to grape juice and fundamentalism. . . . George Cukor is a terrific stickler for research accuracy; gets on with the biggest dames in pictures; is unmarried; insisted that those camellias be fresh every shot! . . . Lenore Ulric's been away from the screen since 1933; was Belasco's best find.

★ ★ ★ ★ BLACK LEGION

THE PLAYERS: Humphrey Bogart, Erin O'Brien-Moore, Nick Foran, Ann Sheridan, Robert Barrat, Helen Flint, Joseph Sawyer, Clifford Soubier, Samuel Hinds, Addison Richards, Eddie Acuff, Henry Brandon. Story by Robert Lord. Screen play by Aben Finkel and William Wister Haines. Directed by Archie Mayo. Produced by Warner Brothers.

AMERICA'S weakness for riding at night—in mask and robe—is the subject of this tense melodrama of a factory town. This dealing of anonymous justice is pilloried with strong dramatic effect, thanks particularly to a fine performance by that badman of Petrified Forest, Humphrey Bogart.

The Warners have seized upon the recent clan activities in the Middle West for their subject. Here you see a restless ambitious worker of limited intelligence caught in the web of the Black Legion and unable to emerge. Frank Taylor, along with thousands like himself, is exploited by shrewd organizers, out for money and power. Worse yet, the Legion is used by its minor members as a weapon for petty jealousies and cheap hatreds.

Here you see whole families destroyed by the masked Legion—and the film minces no words, cuts no corners to salve the sentimental. It offers no sop for those who want only sweetness and light. As a picture of a certain fantastic phase of our native life it rivals that mob-hating little epic, Fury, of last year.

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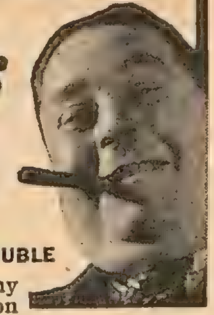

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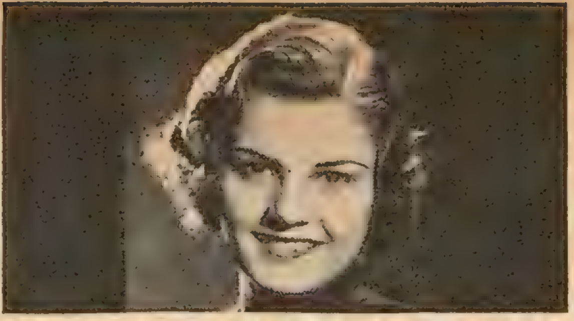

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WORTH LOOKING FOR

High praise goes to Humphrey Bogart as the sullen factory worker who is crushed in the machine of bigotry and hatred. Here is a finely detailed performance, flaring hysterically up to a remarkable scene in the inevitable court of justice. Erin O'Brien-Moore is excellent as his wife. And there is a magnificent bit of a clear-thinking, understanding judge by Samuel Hinds.

VITAL STATISTICS: Because he can sing, ride like he was part of the hoss, Nick Foran is officially a Western hero; yet he spends most of his time in midshipman, socialite, ex-football player, now auto-doctor parts. Doesn't mind not being valet to the noblest of beasts, feeling he can learn more from a Bogart than from a quadruplet, or whatever they're called. Has bright red hair, went to Princeton; smokes a pipe made from an old apple-tree knot picked up by his grampaw on Bull Run battlefield. . . . Ann Sheridan is utterly fearless; can almost lift a calf; is an expert shot, Texas rider; never saw the ocean till she came to Hollywood; is 5 feet 5½, weighs 127, can lick her weight in wildcats through a blackberry thicket. Just married, can bake pies which don't break the feet if and when dropped upon. . . . Hump Bogart likes movies because they teach but do not preach, Hollywood life's easier than stage life, the dough's bigger, the background's less harassed, time means less out West, actors are babied, coddled, petted, pampered, prettied, soothed, and never spoken to harshly. Never tears up and down sets striking with imaginary swords to get mood to play officers; never tears his hair to get set for tear-jerking scene—just sits in a comfy chair, relaxes, and gets into Correct Mental Attitude. . . . Megger Archie Mayo has lost fifty-five pounds in a year, almost dying during his first week of dieting of self-torture. Cut down from two tons of food per day to a mere one. Is known for his wit but rarely quoted. . . . Helen Flint in her career as an actress has broken up happy homes in twenty-seven Broadway plays—but she likes nothing more than to be left alone to putter in her rose garden. She hates off-color yarns, profanity; likes novels with a religious flavor. Doesn't know how she came to be cast for baddies. Says she does it all by overfrizzing her hair, overexaggerating her make-up, being a bit flamboyant.

★ ★ ★ ONE IN A MILLION

THE PLAYERS: Sonja Henie, Adolphe Menjou, Jean Hersholt, Ned Sparks, Don Ameche, the Ritz Brothers, Arline Judge, Borrah Minnevitch, Dixie Dunbar, Leah Ray, Shirley Deane, Montagu Love, Albert Conti, Julius Tannen. Story and screen play by Leonard Praskins and Mark Kelly. Directed by Sidney Lanfield. Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox.

AN ornate musical spectacle on ice, especially built to star the Norwegian girl who won three Olympic figure-skating championships and ten world championships.

Hollywood has constructed an effective enough fable to surround Sonja Henie, something or other about a pretty Swiss girl discovered by a young American newspaperman and helped on her way to win the Olympics. Also in the Alps at the moment is an American theatrical manager and his almost stranded troupe. So, after the ice queen triumphs in the Olympics, she comes to America with the revived troupe as a dazzling skating star.

There are intricate and prettily staged ice ballets throughout the proceedings. Once on skates, Miss Henie is lyric. She is the poetry of motion itself. *Sans* skates, Miss Henie is considerably less lyric.

Adolphe Menjou, Jean Hersholt, and Don Ameche are prominently present—none at his best, we regret to report—while the Ritz Brothers work hard, and frequently effectively, as hungry members of the Menjou troupe.

VITAL STATISTICS: Sonja Henie (Sowin Ya Hay Knee, folks!) pirouetted into this world during a fierce April 8, 1913, storm in Oslo, where

they have eight months winter and four months dang cold weather a year. Dad was a fur merchant. Also a bike champ in his day but no figure cutter. Grammaw was Irish. Sonja was an expert she-er at five; at seven wept at Christmas time because she'd got a doll instead of a pair of cherished skates. Sonja did not skate naturally. She took her falls, but learned to flop scientifically relaxed. Her advice to you skatamateurs is to fall that way yourself, and promises it won't hurt when you hit the ice—much! Practiced on the sly, afraid her parents would complain, and came home with first ice-skating prize—a pearl-handled letter opener—at nine. Weighing but seventy-five pounds, she took adult women's championship that same year by unanimous vote of judges. At eleven was world's champion, adopting white as her skating costume color, using it ever since, being something of a show-woman. Has now gone professional, picking up $150,000 in four appearances at Madison Square Garden, 90,000 looking her over. Has won more championships than any other single athlete in world's history. Weighs 110; is stocky-cute built; skates out the eighty classical Olympic figures when she works out on skates. . . . First studio-built ice-skating rink was 150 by 80 feet, constructed so's it could be moved from stage to stage; went through five distinct changes, from a small Swiss lake to the Madsquagarden, then back to Swiss lake for close-ups. Cost: plenty.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Winterset, The Texas Rangers, Romeo and Juliet, Nine Days a Queen.

★★★½—After the Thin Man, Banjo on My Knee, Gold Diggers of 1937, The Plainsman, Born to Dance, Lloyds of London, Love on the Run, Three Men on a Horse, The Charge of the Light Brigade, Libeled Lady, The Big Broadcast of 1937, La Kermesse Héroïque, Dodsworth, Valiant Is the Word for Carrie, Swing Time, Girls' Dormitory, Sing, Baby, Sing, San Francisco.

★★★—That Girl from Paris, Beloved Enemy, Great Guy, Sing Me a Love Song, Champagne Waltz, The Garden of Allah, Pete Smith Shorts, The President's Mystery, The Gay Desperado, Ramona, The Devil Is a Sissy, How to Vote, Court of Human Relations, Draegerman Courage, Lady Be Careful, Stage Struck, To Mary—With Love, My Man Godfrey, The Bride Walks Out.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 58

1—Ethelbert Nevin (1862-1901), composer of The Rosary.

2—When Hanun forced them to, 1 Chronicles 19:4—"Wherefore Hanun took David's servants, and shaved them, and cut off their garments in the midst hard by their buttocks, and sent them away."

3—The guinea pig.

4—Hazel Dawn, Christie McDonald, Valeska Suratt.

5—The musk sac under the abdomen of the male musk deer. The dried glandular substance is chiefly used as a perfume base.

6—China's most important rivers.

7—Marie Antoinette (1755-93).

8—None (Vermont was admitted to the Union in 1791, Maine in 1820).

9—Bulls and cows.

10—In order to impoverish them—hence the term referring to a present that makes more trouble or is more expensive than it's worth.

11—A paper or report issued by Parliament, or an act of Parliament, so called because usually bound in blue covers.

12—Joaquin Miller, the Poet of the Sierras (1841-1913).

13—San Marino, located near the Adriatic coast and surrounded by Italian territory. Thirty-eight square miles in area, its population is about 13,000.

14—Thirty-three, according to tax returns.

15—Henryk Sienkiewicz (1846-1916).

16—There are 7,083 islands in the group.

17—Sniffing and dipping.

18—Senator Carter Glass of Virginia, former Secretary of the Treasury, who is seventy-nine years of age.

19—"It's the altitude!"

20— John Philip Sousa.

draw me!

TRY for AN ART SCHOLARSHIP

Copy this girl and send us your drawing — perhaps you'll win a COMPLETE FEDERAL COURSE FREE! This contest is for amateurs, so if you like to draw do not hesitate to enter.

Prizes for Five Best Drawings — FIVE COMPLETE ART COURSES FREE, including drawing outfits. (Value of each course, $190.00.)

FREE! Each contestant whose drawing shows sufficient merit will receive a grading and advice as to whether he or she has in our estimation, artistic talent worth developing.

Nowadays design and color play an important part in the sale of almost everything. Therefore the artist, who designs merchandise or illustrates advertising has become a real factor in modern industry. Machines can never displace him. Many Federal students, both men and girls who are now commercial designers or illustrators capable of earning from $1000 to $5000 yearly have been trained by the Federal Course. Here's a splendid opportunity to test your talent. Read the rules and send your drawing to the address below.

RULES

This contest open only to amateurs, 16 years old or more. Professional commercial artists and Federal students are not eligible.

1. Make drawing of girl 6 inches high, on paper 7½ inches high. Draw only the girl, not the lettering.

2. Use only pencil or pen.

3. No drawings will be returned.

4. Print your name, address, age and occupation on back of drawing.

5. All drawings must be received by February 25th, 1937. Prizes will be awarded for drawings best in proportion and neatness by Federal Schools Faculty.

FEDERAL SCHOOLS, INC.

Dept. 2627, Federal Schools Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

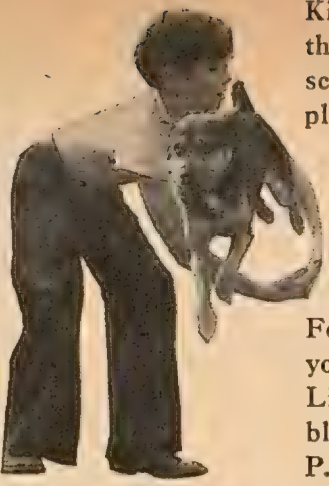
Throat soothing

ingredients of Vicks VapoRub in convenient candy form

VICKS medicated COUGH DROP

IF YOU CAN DO TRICKS WITH A MOVIE CAMERA

HERE IS YOUR CHANCE TO WIN FAME AND FORTUNE IN THE MOVIES!



Kiwi, who makes his screen debut in WANTED—A MASTER, the first amateur film ever reproduced on the professional screen, will show you how easy it is to win a real movie contract plus $1,000 in cash prizes in the

LIBERTY-PETE SMITH AMATEUR MOVIE CONTEST

Four weeks remain to prepare your entry. See this film now at your local theater and obtain full details from back issues of Liberty, or send three cents in stamps for rules and official entry blank, addressing AMATEUR MOVIE EDITOR, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

$1,500 IN BIG CASH PRIZES! MAN HUNT

BEGIN AN ENTRY NOW

YOUR CHANCE IS EXCELLENT

DO NOT DELAY

THIS is the fourth week of this contest but you still can enter and win. You can start by finding this week's hidden name and then send for the earlier installments and bring your entry up to date. Read the rules and then get busy. Your problem is simple. A group of fifteen movie players is given you. One of them is named in the places in Ontario and Minnesota grouped below. If the player's first name is in Ontario you will find his or her last name in Minnesota. Or the situation may be reversed. First and last names are in separate groups, no matter which comes first. With a clue like this to work on you should prove your skill as a name detective. When you have this week's name, save it, pending the completion of the man hunt, when you will have a complete list of ten names. Now, if you need reprints of the first three puzzles, send five cents in stamps to the contest address in the rules. When this material arrives you can complete your entry to date. The fifth hidden name will appear next week.

ONTARIO

Severn, Jones, Malachi, McIntosh, Richan, Cochrane, Oba, Knowlton, Quorn, Wako, Raleigh, Bonheur, English, Timmins, Matheson, Savanne, Rossport, Jackfish, Middleton, Melgund, King, Trudeau, Amyot, Franz, Otter, Peterbell, Windigo, Seine, Barwick, Beaudette, Abiwin, Attwood, Charlton, Ruel, Ramsay, Ridout, Agawa, Frater, Batchawana, Metagama, Bushnell, Kipawa, Mulock, Sellwood, Achigan, Sault Ste. Marie, Clements, Bonfield, Sudbury, Capreol, Penbroke, Conden, Whitney, Mowat, Massey, Scotia, Renfrew, Carp, Flower, Cornwall, Bancroft, Haliburton, Bright, Helmur, Millbridge, Hingston, Brockville, Peterboro, Lindsay, Hartley, Eganville, Arnprior, Belleville, Sutton, Midland, Meaford, Huntsville, Alliston, Aurora, Palmerston, Fergus, Kitchener, Goderich, Galt, Wick, Woodstock, Stratford, London, Hamilton, Toronto, Welland, Muir, Tweed, Webbwood, Turbine, Naughton, Loring, Arnstein, Powassan, Dacre, Holly, Fitzroy, Woodlawn, Blackburn, Alfred, Prescott, Curran, Pickerel, Ira, Crysler, Embrun, Maxville, Martintown, Lanchester, Inkerman, Stormont, Osgood, Morewood, Appleton, Lanark, Calabogie, Denbigh, Maynooth, Conn, Wallace, Minden, Howland, Gravenhurst, Balla, Birch, Elmvale, Orillia, Udney, Brechin, Kinmount, Detlor, Bessemer, Flinton, Perth, Lombardy, Toledo, Frankville, Maitland, Delta, Athens, Lyndhurst, Selby, Morton, Augusta, Rowena, Russell, Elgin, Newboro, Godfrey, Verona, Moorefield, Overton, Plainfield, Norham, Keene, Barrie, Milbrook, Cavan, Irondale, Lowell, Lisle, Thornton, Lefroy, Everett, Rosemont, Clarksburg, Atkin, Markdale, Berkeley, Hanover, Holstein, Bethany, Crosby, Tara, Belmore, Gorrie, Clifford, Fraxa, Bondhead, Essa, Vine, Stroud, Sunder, Orland, Harwood, Selby, Kingston, Trenton, Castleton, Tyrone, Laurel, Hampton, Ringwood, Markham, Bolton, Inglewood, Langford, Erin, Alma, Moneymore, Clinton, Bayfield, Allan, Acton, Milton, Blyth, Auburn, Julian, Meyer, Brampton, Clarksons, Malvern, Pickering, Irena, Latta, Bruce, Roberts, Lakeport, Zurich, Hensall, Exeter, Dalton, Gurney, Shaw, Sonya, Kirby, Dashwood, Mitchell, Bronte, Watford, Harold, Dutton, Malone, Clarine, Ingersoll, Brant, Jarvis, Hubert, White, Simcoe, Orwell, Appin, Esher, Lucan, Ethel, Embro, Crediton, Forest, Myrtle, Walkers, Baxter, Iona, Highgate, Florence, Rodney, Shelden, Ford, Pelton, Humphrey, Beatrice, Harrow, Jordan, Grimsby, Burlington, Malvern, Fenwick, Greeley, Kama, Canfield, Marden, Cartier, Gravel, Ripley, Cutler, Keldon, Bremner.

THE RULES

1. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Liberty and members of their families.
2. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish two groups of place names in the United States or in Canada. Each group will contain either the first or last name of a well known motion-picture player. Only one player will be named each week. You may find the player's first name in the second group of places and the last name in the first group, or vice versa.
3. Save all names until you have a complete set of ten at the close of the contest. Then send them in at the same time, as a unit, together with a note of not more than 100 words on the subject, "The article, story, or feature that I have liked best in Liberty during the ten weeks of this contest, and why."
4. For the entry with the greatest number of correctly discovered names accompanied by the best letter of preference judged on the basis of clarity, logic, and convincingness, Liberty will award a First Prize of $500. For the next best entry on this basis Liberty will pay a Second Prize of $200. A Third Prize of $100, twenty prizes of $10 each, and one hundred prizes of $5 each will also be paid on this basis. In case of ties duplicate awards will be paid.
5. Address all entries to Man-Hunt Director, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
6. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, March 31, the closing date of this contest.
7. The judges will be the contest board of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Avoid ornamentation. Simplicity is best. No entries will be returned nor can Liberty enter into correspondence concerning any entry. Authorities used: Rand McNally Commercial Atlas, 1936, and United States Postal Guide, 1935.

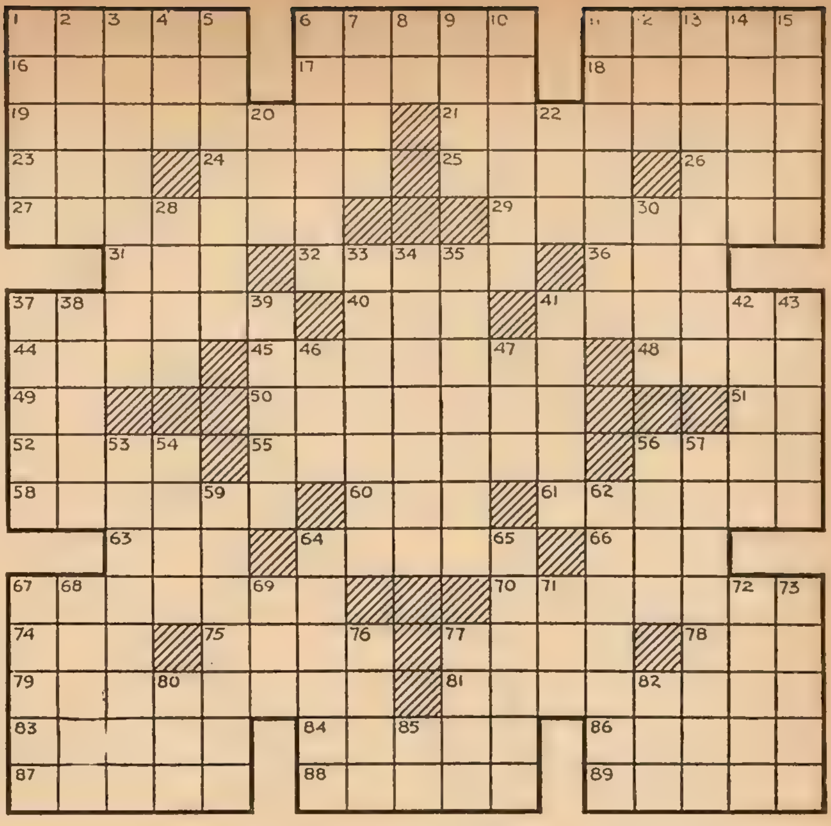
FIND THE COMPLETE NAME OF ONE OF THESE:

ETHEL MERMAN
GARY COOPER
VIRGINIA BRUCE
JEAN MUIR
WENDIE BARRIE
WINI SHAW
STAN LAUREL
DONALD COOK
MABEL COLCORD
FRANK MORGAN
GRADY SUTTON
WALTER KING
HELEN MACK
ELIZABETH ALLEN
FRANCES LANGFORD

MINNESOTA

Humbolt, Orleans, Lancaster, Roseau, Salol, Swift, Roosevelt, Pitt, Kennedy, Halma, Pelas, Skime, Indus, Emo, Devlin, Spooner, Stratton, Robbin, Donaldson, Karlstad, Winner, Faunce, Frontier, Manitou, Leo, Stephen, Bend, Florian, Gatzke, Llag, Lovedave, Ray, Duffy, Gappa, Bloomer, Holt, Grygla, Malcolm, Ludlow, Happyland, Wisner, Kinmount, Oslo, Warren, Viking, Jelle, Waskish, Big Falls, Lewis, Orr, Buyck, Tabor, Angus, Rhoda, Kelliher, Margie, Alvina, Haley, Ely, Gunflint, Omera, Dorothy, Wylie, Redby, Shooks, Orth, Kenny, Effie, McComber, Mallory, Fisher, Shirley, Brooks, Funkley, Wolf, Angora, Cook, Tower, Crookston, Cisco, Olga, Debs, Hines, Rosy, Popple, Embarrass, Babbitt, Harold, Erskine, McIntosh, Turtle, Farley, Louis, Virginia, Isabella, Climax, Flaming, Winger, Ebro, Bemidji, Coffey, Hibbing, Davis, Tofte, Hendrum, Ada, Gary, Bena, Nary, Gunn, Blackberry, Marcy, Wales, Yola, Perley, Syre, Arago, Walker, Jacobson, Island, Taft, Waldo, Split Rock, Moorhead, Crawford, Local, Frazee, Backus, Emily, Bain, Twig, Duluth, Romney, Pelican Rapids, Perham, Wadena, Crosby, Aitkin, Salo, Barnum, Breckenridge, Lyman, Aldrich, Baxter, Brainerd, Kerrick, Rutledge, Fergus Falls, Bertha, Clarissa, Finlayson, Banning, Gordon, McGrath, Elbow Lake, Alexandria, Nelson, Osakis, Darling, Gregory, Mora, Trego, Wheaton, Herman, Farwell, Lowry, Sauk Center, Opole, Rice, Milaca, Barry, Morris, Nora, Elrosa, Farming, Saint Cloud, Hasty, Zimmerman, Ortonville, Benson, Sunburg, Paynesville, Kimball, Anoka, Scandia, Appleton, Cokato, Spicer, Casey, Delano, Osseo, Crystal, Minneapolis, Madison, Dawson, Watson, Blomkest, Hopkins, Edina, Hugo, St. Paul, Maynard, Granite Falls, Olivia, Hutchinson, Waconia, Nicols, Langdon, Canby, Renville, Stewart, Jordan, Merriam, Shakopee, Hastings, Etter, Hendricks, Gibbon, Winthrop, Gaylord, Belleplain, Elko, Welch, Red Wing, Arco, Marshall, Wanda, Evan, Sleepy Eye, Faribault, Kenyon, Zumbrota, Florence, Tracy, Springfield, Mankato, Waterville, Skybery, Hammond, Airlie, Pipestone, Holland, Barrett, Madelia, Goodthunder, Rochester, Trosky, Jenkins, Elizabeth, Windom, Constance. Odin, Matawan, Winona, Jasper, Kenneth, Lockhart, Triumph, Wells, Moscow, Preston, Pengilly, Manley, Luverne, Adrian, Jackson, Blue Earth, Carlisle, Austin, Forbes, Org, Mack, Wilbert, Frost, Myrtle, LeRoy, Mabel, Choice, Morgan, Noyes, New Ulm, Gibbon, Freeborn, Horeb, Johnson, Wasioji, Brooten, Lake Johanna.

CROSSWORDS



HORIZONTAL

1 Boggy land
6 Gazes intently
11 A billiard shot
16 Ocean-going ship
17 Military student
18 Unfasten
19 Unpacked
21 Grappled with
23 Cat's cry
24 Becomes sunburned
25 Kind of pastry
26 Day before any important day
27 Pretense
29 Longed eagerly
31 Fabulous bird
32 Natives of former European country
36 Cause to be quit of
37 Summits
40 A constellation
41 Receives
44 Political radicals
45 Quiverings
48 River in Scotland
49 While
50 Rescinds
51 One of the Egyptian gods
52 Cried
55 Calcium phosphate-fluoride
56 Insect
58 Stellar
60 Cardinal number
61 Climbs
63 A bond
64 Great mass of ice (pl.)
66 Greasy liquid
67 Royal mace
70 Grazing land
74 A jar
75 Genus which includes the olive tree
77 Separate
78 Tatter
79 Member of a certain club
81 Charging with guilt
83 Concerning
84 To hash
86 A disease of animals
87 Years of adolescence
88 Narrow apertures
89 Sidled

VERTICAL

1 Sag
2 One who drinks fermented liquors
3 Replied
4 Encountered
5 Shield
6 Perfumes
7 Ill-bred fellows
8 Public notice (colloq.)
9 Salamander
10 Wanders
11 Condiment
12 Insect
13 Magnificent
14 A sifter
15 Concluded
20 To increase
22 Sooner than
28 Heave
30 Hoarfrost
33 Heighten
34 Farther away
35 Registering
37 Crops
38 Replace
39 Straggler
41 Equines
42 Concise
43 Breaks suddenly
46 A fabric
47 Steep
53 Receiver of a grant of rights
54 A journey
56 To stay in expectation
57 Enticing
59 Sharp replies
62 Garb
64 A kind of fish (pl.)
65 Intervals
67 An inferior cotton cloth
68 Withered old woman
69 High priest of Israel
71 Part of a circle
72 Extent of space
73 Incited
76 Indigo plant
77 Agreement
80 Woman's name
82 Downcast
85 Not so

D	E	B	U	T	A	N	T	E	S		W	O	O	D
S	N	A	P	■	T	A	N	G	O		A	N	T	I
C	O	R	S	E	T	S	■	O	L	A	F	■	I	S
		G	■	D	I	A	L	■	O	A	F	I	S	H
T	E	A	S	■	C	L	A	Y	■	A	L	L	■	P
E	R	I	C	H	■	■	K	E	G	■	E	L	M	A
C	A	N	O	E	S	■	E	A	R	S	■	S	O	N
H	S	■	T	A	N	G	■	R	A	H	S	■	A	H
N	E	B	■	T	I	L	L	■	B	A	N	A	N	A
I	R	O	N	■	P	I	E	■	■	W	O	M	E	N
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L	L	■	G	N	A	T	■	G	A	L	O	O	T	S
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Answer to last week's puzzle

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

SORE THROAT
LISTERINE SAYS
"Hurry-up"
to Nature's Healing Process

Feel chilly? . . . Uneasy? . . . With just a hint of rawness and tickle in the throat?

Do something about it, quick! before there is actual pain in swallowing.

Don't Treat Symptoms Get At the Cause

The irritated throat-surface is usually the result of infection by germs. Help the system in its fight to repel these germs by gargling with Listerine Antiseptic.

Every one of these surface germs which it reaches is almost instantly killed by full-strength Listerine. It destroys not only one type of germ, or two; but any and all kinds which are associated with the Common Cold and Simple Sore Throat. And there are literally millions of such germs in the mouth.

The effect of Listerine is definitely *antiseptic*—NOT *anesthetic*. It doesn't lull you into a feeling of false security by merely dulling the irritation in the throat. Listerine acts to check the infection, and so gives Nature a helping hand.

Fewer, Less Severe Colds Proved in Clinical Tests

Many users report best results with gargling every hour. If the inflammation still persists, it is advisable to consult your doctor. Four years of carefully supervised medical tests established the clear-cut finding that those who gargled regularly with Listerine Antiseptic had *fewer* colds . . . and got rid of them *faster* . . . than non-garglers.

This winter, why not make a test of your own case? Get a bottle of Listerine, *the safe antiseptic with the pleasant taste.* Keep it handy in the medicine cabinet. Use it regularly.

Then see if your experience doesn't check with that of millions who never accept anything but Listerine when they buy an antiseptic mouth-wash.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO.
St. Louis, Mo.

Vox Pop

Wh-e-e! The Storm Breaks Over Rah, Rah, Russia!

PINE BLUFF, ARK.—Just read the rehash of a legislative investigation of Commonwealth College which December 19 Liberty carried.

You must have been hard up for material to pay good money for such bull. And I also see that the article is signed by a Mr. Bull-och. It's a very sloppy piece of propaganda.

Why didn't Mr. Bulloch state the charge against Dr. Koch? *It would have probably shown that Dr. Koch was jailed in violation of the Constitution of the United States,* which you claim to value so highly. An investigation would have shown, probably, that Dr. Koch was acting at the time within his constitutional rights. I presume that you know a city marshal of eastern Arkansas has been convicted of slavery? If you doubt Dr. Koch's contentions that the tenants and share-croppers are being robbed and held in virtual slavery, I refer you to actual cases contained in the files of the Commissioner of Labor at Little Rock.

I have lived in Arkansas twenty years and have traveled over many states, and the things you relate I have seen in almost every other place. What happens at Commonwealth College is occurring every day among the elite.

In all my years in Arkansas I have never heard of any of the men who signed the letter to Senator Robinson which you published, excepting Governor Futrell and Minor Pipkin.

I have never been to Commonwealth College and all I know about Russia is the misinformation I receive from such magazines as Liberty.

There is one fact which I must admit and which Mr. Bulloch failed to mention in his article:

If there is a section of the United States where the principles of communism could take root and flourish, it is in Arkansas. And why? Because the basic principles of a real democratic government are ignored in Arkansas.—*Wilson E. Runton.*

DALLAS, TEX.—Rah, Rah, Russia! doesn't tell the sixth of it. I have known that vile and unspeakable Commonwealth College for more than a decade, and that means before the American Legion began its exposé of the place. My brother-in-law lived at Mena, Arkansas, and I first heard of the rotten institution while on one of several visits to that place. I passed the word on—and how!—*A. P. Watts, Colonel, U. S. Army, Retired.*

BRITISH SUBJECT REPROVES AMERICANS

WINDSOR, ONT.—As a loyal subject of the British Crown I wish to enter a protest against the treatment of the matter of our past King and an American divorcee.

In the first place, it's something utterly over your heads and we regard it as presumptuous that Yankees should criticize or even comment upon any action we may take in this unfortunate affair.

In plain words, it's none of your blooming business that we were forced to put Edward in his proper place.

After our Honorable Bishop had as good as offered to construct a love nest for Edward and this lady, anywhere, even under or behind the altar of St. Paul's Cathedral, and then being refused by him, we took the only course to uphold the honor and traditions of our English people.

We regret that our past King was, and is, so indiscreet; but we will see to it that our Royal Throne is not occupied, even in part, by others than whom God, in His Infinite Wisdom, intended it should be.

England will " muddle through."—*Percival Fittswilliam.*

"WHAT THE NEW DEAL SHOULD DO FOR US"

WATERTOWN, CONN.—Mr. Macfadden's editorial in December 26 Liberty is very much to the point and should be heeded by all those in authority and by capital and labor alike.

However, he has apparently overlooked what seems to me to be one important point. There is, I believe, in most corporations a lot of " dead wood " at the top.

I am of the opinion that if every man in the United States that has a job which he doesn't need would retire, there would be employment for those that do have to work, are willing to work, and could fill such places much better.—*William H. Whay.*

LAWRENCEVILLE, ILL.—It is doubtful if a more asinine conclusion could be crowded into so short a space as in Mr. Macfadden's editorial of December 26, entitled What the New Deal Should Do for Us.

We search in vain in the editorial for even a slight reference to Mr. Consumer, upon whom the ultimate success of any business depends.

Any copartnership, such as Mr. Macfadden suggests, that leaves the consumer out of its reckoning may secure a selfish group advantage for a time, but it will ultimately wreck any business because it violates every principle of brotherhood. It is suggestive of the same vicious round of increased wages, a higher percentage of profit, passed on to Mr. Consumer. It is not even a start in the right direction.—*J. H. Highsmith.*

MORE MAGAZINE, TEN CENTS

FRAMINGHAM, MASS.—Mrs. S. Goldsteen (December 26 Vox Pop) registers her only kick as being that there isn't enough of Liberty. I heartily agree with her. It is quickly read and then one has to wait a whole week for the next edition.

Her solution is more magazine at ten cents. My suggestion is that you change Liberty to a semiweekly publication. What do other readers think of this?—*Irene C. Page.*

MR. VANDERBILT AND THE BEAR

RICHMOND, CALIF.—I read Mr. Vanderbilt's articles, which I always find enlightening. But in his last two stories he seems to me to be rather inconsistent, in that he had the remarkable courage to travel through Spain, and yet while at the entrance of Yosemite Park he got scared at a bear (who evidently came out of the brush to listen to the music of his radio) and high-tailed to his car, where he remained until dawn.

These Yosemite bears are used to people and are kindly disposed, and I might add they are strong believers in cafeteria service. When visitors to the park who occupy cottages leave their doors open while they go out exploring, they invariably return to find their stock of provisions greatly depleted. Friendly bears have called during their absence and helped themselves.—*Mirth McIntyre.*

ASHAMED OF GRANDPAPPY

STAMFORD, TEX.—When I read Dear Boss, by Bert Green, in December 26 Liberty, I laughed and laughed. Not at those letters he wrote, but because we used to be so ashamed of grandpappy when he pulled stunts like that over the party line. We stayed indoors for days and hung our heads in shame. But now, in the year of our Lord 1937, it is no longer disgraceful but is actually funny—funny enough to get paid for writing it. It just goes to show we had no sense of humor in grandpappy's day—or something.

But I'm not shocked to see anything printed in Liberty. Maybe that's the reason I wouldn't miss a copy for anything.—*Les L. Gray.*

VILLON AS COOK

CHICAGO, ILL.—Master François Villon is without a doubt the Czar of Thieves, King of Knaves, and Prince of Lovers. But please don't add to his list of accomplishments by making him Chef of Potboilers.—*Forrest Page.*

FRESH LAUGHS, NICE DOLLARS

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Squirting tobacco juice in the other fellow's toddy may afford James Arduor a kick; but what if the other fellow switches drinks?

Robert Considine, author of Africa Speaks—Again, accomplishes this feat (December 12 Liberty) in his answer to Mr. Arduor's squawk.

Young authors must use the material at hand, if they are to eat. The crowd who await inspired originality wind up on WPA.

The late champion gag man David Freedman had the right idea. A new twist to an old gag is conducive of fresh laughs and nice dollars.—*George F. Sheridan.*

HAVE WENDEL TELL MORE!

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—I have been for a long time a reader of your magazine, and really must confess that the best article you have had in it has been Wendel Tells All.

I have heard many things regarding his "Asphalt Fight," mentioned in one of his installments. I believe it would be to the interest of your magazine and your readers if you could persuade Mr. Wendel to write an article regarding the same.—*C. Eugene Hames.*

BELLINGHAM, WASH.—Wendel Tells All. Who cares whether he does or not? Something screwy about a God-fearing (?) man who has a secret office about which even his family is ignorant.

It sounds like cheap meller-drammer—worse even than Jafsie's story, and less amusing.—*B. Brown.*

EXPLAIN IT, MR. GREEN

TUCSON, ARIZ.—When I started Wise Virgin, by Walton Green, in December 12 Liberty I thought, Here is a really entertaining and amusing story. But after reading the second installment I found it more amusing than entertaining. Mr. Green should find out more about the towns of which he writes.

When the lovely Serena went for a walk in the evening and decided to stroll out to the airport, she certainly did take a stroll, for the Tucson airport is seven miles from town. No wonder the poor girl "walked slowly back to town"! And if our hotels are "queer," our stores are "awful," our milk "anemic-looking" and "scarce," how does Mr. Green explain that Tucson is one of the leading winter resorts in the United States?

Dear little Walton is probably one of those persons who come to the Southwest expecting to have to run from the big bad Injuns!—*Betty Merchant.*

SPANISH RED HERRING?

BALTIMORE, MD.—Reading such claptrap as The Spanish Crown Prince Talks About the Throne, in December 26 Liberty, proves why the people of Spain were forced to take up arms against those exploiters, corrupters, etc.

How dare he try to pull the wool over the eyes of Americans and justify this inhuman war? Why doesn't he come out with the truth—that both Hitler and Mussolini fomented this war, are sending guns, ammunition, airplanes and flyers, have violated all rules of human decency, and that when those poor remaining ones are again back in everyday life they will be under the heels of Hitler and Mussolini?

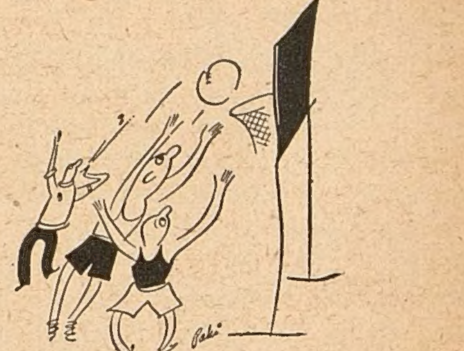
Instead of admitting the exploitation of the peasants and workers, they will swing the red herring. The Spaniards will have to think of something new—communism bores us. Besides, we are too intelligent to swallow his gaff—knowing that there are two sides to every question, and that the present government was elected by popular vote.

I can readily understand it upset those loafers to wake up and find themselves on their own! It is tough to work for a living—especially for misfits.—*Heloise Leblanc.*

ASKS FOR VOLLEYBALL

KANSAS CITY, MO.—I have just finished reading with a great deal of interest Nat Holman's article on the grand game of basketball (December 26 Liberty) but want to take issue with him when he states that it calls for the highest degree of team spirit and play of any game. I'd suggest that he witness a real fast tournament of volleyball and then write another article giving the Liberty public the low-down on a game that calls for the utmost in team play, as two listless players will make four outstanding players look like dubs.

Most people have the impression volleyball is still a sissy game. Let some one put them straight.—*James T. Sadler.*



FOR SIDEWALK FIRE CHIEFS

ABERDEEN, S. D.—There have been various pros and cons about Mr. Macfadden's editorials in Vox Pop. Well, why not give us the titles and have a weekly contest and print the one you think is best each week?

I think Mr. Macfadden would welcome the vacation, and some of our well informed sidewalk fire chiefs would have a chance to see how far they can get.—*A Long-Time Liberty Reader.*

CHANGING STORIES ON THE SCREEN

GREENVILLE, ALA. — Just read Dr. Sheldon's letter (December 26 Vox Pop) in regard to the picture made from his book In His Steps.

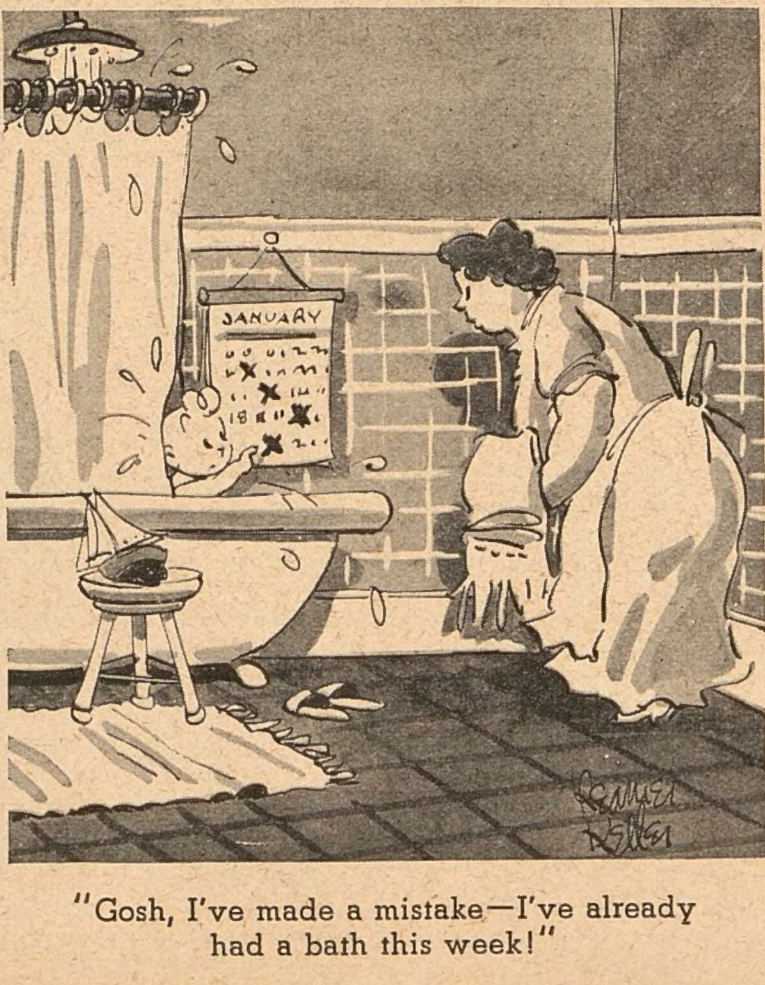
I have never vox-popped before and have been a reader of Liberty almost from its first copy. But I am going to have my say now, and it is this: Good for Dr. Sheldon!

I, along with other movie fans, have never been able to understand why Hollywood changes stories so that one would not recognize them.

Every time I go to see a picture made from some story I have read, I come away so disgusted that I make a vow I will never go to see another.

It seems to me that if the public liked the story well enough in its original form to want to see the picture, there is no need of changing it.—*Mrs. B. A. Stead.*

"HARDTACK"



"Gosh, I've made a mistake—I've already had a bath this week!"

TRUTH IS FUNNIER THAN FICTION

It Happened In

BIRMINGHAM, ALA. — Sergeant O. C. Quinn answered the police headquarters telephone.

"There's a drunk out here," mumbled the party at the other end of the line.

"Who is it?" asked the sergeant.

"Me," was the reply.

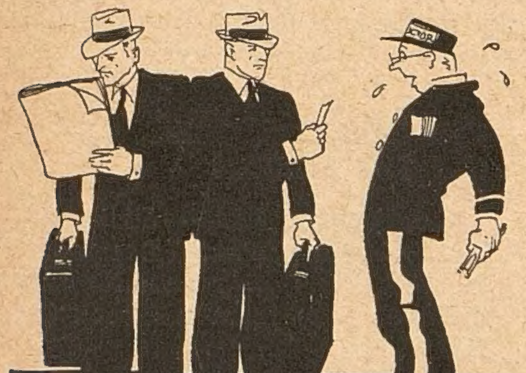
MADISON, WIS.—Among requests for special numbers on automobile license plates, Theodore Dammann, Secretary of State, had one from an upstate farmer who wants 1907 because that was the year his mother-in-law died.

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA. — A woman fainted in a hotel lobby, and a bellboy excitedly cried: "Is there a doctor present?" Half a dozen doctors promptly came forward, and about 290 more were in reserve, attending a clinical conference.

KEOKUK, IA.—Conductor George Kinning of the Burlington Railroad adds Siamese twins to the woes of railroading.

Bound from St. Louis to St. Paul, the twins tendered only one ticket to Conductor Kinning. Puzzled, he telegraphed the passenger agent at St. Louis for instructions and received this reply:

"If unable to collect the extra fare, make no attempt to put one of them off the train."



BUCHAREST, RUMANIA—Ion Glicherie, former church sexton, was arrested for selling space in heaven to peasants for sixteen lei (about fifteen cents) a square yard.

DETROIT, MICH.—When two defendants in court raised their right hands to be sworn in, two pairs of trousers dropped to the floor.

With the drop went out an order to police from indignant Judge Christopher Stein.

"Hereafter," the Court ordered police, "prisoners must be given their suspenders or belts before being brought into this court."

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any living person, it is purely accidental—a coincidence.

COVER PAINTED BY REVERE WISTEHUFF

Here's a new slant at the newest of our industries. Is it true that the fair sex, never particularly reluctant to adopt innovations, has proved coy in taking up airplane travel? Not only that, but is it true that they influence their menfolk to stick to the ground also?

AMELIA EARHART

Who needs no introduction to any reader, has been asking questions along these lines for a long time. She has unearthed some unusually interesting information which she passes on to you in Liberty next week under the title

ARE AMERICAN WOMEN HOLDING BACK AVIATION?

HOW THE AAA WILL BE REVIVED

What will the next four years bring to the farmer? And remember, whatever hits the farmer hits you! It is beyond question—in fact, it is one of the major beliefs of the present administration—that there can be no national prosperity without a financially healthy agricultural condition. What will the administration do about it? What about soil conservation? What about crop insurance? What about farm tenancy?

Dr. Stanley High, one of President Roosevelt's closest advisers, will reveal some firsthand information on these questions in Liberty next Wednesday—questions so vital that on the administration's ability to answer them properly will depend the welfare of every man, woman, and child in the whole country. This is decidedly an article you can't afford to miss!

Other stories and articles by Mary K. Rhodes, David Sarnoff, Sylvia Godwin, Peter Paul O'Mara, Edward Doherty, and others.

NEXT WEEK IN Liberty ON SALE FEB. 3

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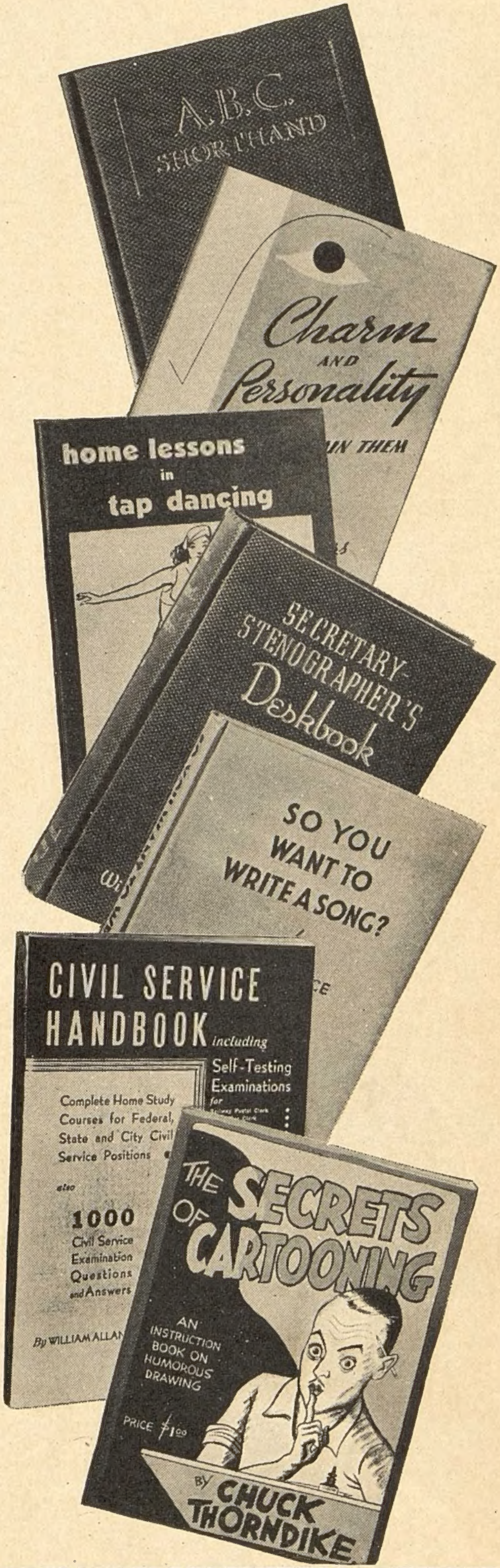
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